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TRADITIONS

OF

LANCASHIRE.

Second Series.

BY J. ROBY, M.R.S.L.

"Time has spared the epitaph on Adrian's horse,—confounded that of himself."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD STANLEY,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN ROBY.

PREFACE.

In presenting another and concluding series of Lancashire Traditions to the public, the author has to express his thanks for the indulgence he has received, and the spirit of candour and kindness with which this attempt to illustrate in a novel manner the legends of his native county has been viewed by the periodical press.

To his numerous readers, in the capacity of an author he would say farewell, did not the "everlasting adieus" everlastingly repeated, warn him that he might at some future time be subject to the same infirmity, only rendered more conspicuous by weakness and irresolution.

Rochdale, October, 1831.

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INTRODUCTION.

No method has yet been discovered for preserving the recollection of human actions and events precisely as they have occurred, whole and unimpaired, in all their truth and reality. Time is an able teacher of causes and qualities, but he setteth little store by names and persons, or the mould and fashion of their deeds. The pyramids have outlived the very names of their builders. "Oblivion," says Sir Thomas Browne, "blindly scatters her poppies. Time has spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, —confounded that of himself!"

Few things are so durable as the memory of those mischiefs and oppressions which Time has bequeathed to mankind. The names of conquerors and tyrants have been faithfully preserved, while those from whom have originated the most useful and beneficial discoveries are entirely unknown, or left to perish in darkness and uncertainty. We should not have known that Lucullus brought cherries from the banks of the Phasis, but through the details of massacre and spoliation,—the splendid barbarities of a Roman triumph. In some instances Time

displays a fondness and a caprice in which the gloomiest tyranny is seen occasionally to indulge. The unlettered Arab cherishes the memory of his line. He traces it unerringly to a remoter origin than could be claimed or identified by the most ancient princes of Europe. In many instances he could give a clearer and a higher genealogy to his horse. But that which time herself would spare, the critic and the historian would demolish. The northern barbarians are accused of an exterminating hostility to learning. It never was half so bitter as the warfare which learning displays against every thing of which she herself is not the author. A living historian has denied that the poems of Ossian had any existence save in the conceptions of Macpherson, because, he condescendingly informs us, "before the invention or introduction of letters, human memory is incapable of any faithful record which may be transmitted from age to age."

The account which Macpherson gave, may be a fiction, but it is admitted by those who know the native Scotch and Irish tongues, and have dwelt where no other language is spoken, that there are poems which have been transmitted from generation to generation, (orally it must be, since letters are either entirely unknown or are comparatively of recent introduction,) the machinery of which prove them to have been invented about the time when Christianity was first preached in these islands.

Tradition may well be named the eldest daughter of Time, and nursing-mother of the Muses—the fruitful parent of that very learning which would, in the cruel spirit of its pedantry and malice, make her the sacrifice, while it lays claim to the inheritance. What is learning,

but a laborious, often ill-drawn, and almost invariably partial deduction from facts which tradition has first collected? When we consider in whose hands learning has been, almost ever since its creation; the uses which have been made of it by priests and politicians; by poets, orators, and flatterers; by controversialists and designing historians;—how commonly has it been perverted to abuse the very senses of mankind, and to give a bias to their thoughts and feelings, only to mislead and to betray! Let the evidence be well compared, and a view taken of the respective amounts of doubt and certainty which appertain to human history as it appears in written records; and it will be seen that, to verify any given fact, so as to prevent the possibility of doubt, we must throw aside our reverence for the scholar's pen and the midnight lamp, which seem, like the faculty of speech, only given to men, as the witty Frenchman observed, to conceal their thoughts." This comparative process is precisely what has been adopted by M. L. Petit Radel, in his new theory upon the origin of Greece. "Not satisfied with the mythological equivocation and contradictory statements which till now have perplexed the question, after a residence of ten years this learned man returns with a new theory, which would destroy all our received ideas, and carry the civilisation and cradle of the Greeks much beyond the time and place that have till now been supposed. It is their very architecture that M. Petit Radel interrogates, and its passive testimony serves as a basis to his system. He has visited, compared, and meditated on the unequivocal vestiges of more than one hundred and fifty antique citadels, altogether neglected by the Greek and Roman authors. Their form and construction serve him,

with the aid of ingenious reasoning, to prove that Greece was civilised a long time before the arrival of the Egyptian colonies. He does not despair of tracing back the descent of the Greeks to the Hyperborean nations always by the analogy of their structures, which, by a singular identity, are found also among the Phœnicians. The Institute have pronounced the following judgment upon his theory:— 'If the developements which remain to be given to us suffice to gain the votes of the learned, and induce them to adopt this theory as demonstrated truth, M. L. Petit Radel may flatter himself with having made in history a discovery truly worthy to occupy a place in the progress of human genius.'"

Thus, the very time, in which a living historian of England has chosen to inflict an impotent blow, from the leaden sceptre of Johnsonian criticism, upon all facts which claim an existence anterior to the invention of books, appears pregnant with the discovery of a method of investigating the most remote eras, which presupposes an inherent spirit of fallacy and falsehood in all written records of their existence.

About three hundred years after the era of the Olympiads, the first date of authentic history, Herodotus astonished his countrymen by the writings he brought forth. Who kept the records out of which his work was elaborated, ere he was ready to stamp the facts with the only seal which our modern historians will acknowledge or allow? Tradition doubtless was his guide, which the learned themselves complain of as the source of what they term his errors and his fables. But the voice of tradition has often reinstated his claims to our belief, where it had been suspended either by ignorance or pretensions to superior knowledge. A modern traveller

found, in one of the isles of the Grecian Archipelago, undoubted vestiges of a state of society similar to that of the Amazons. The order of the sexes was wholly inverted. The wife ruled the husband, and his and her kindred, with uncontrolled and unsparing rigour, sanctioned and even commanded by the laws. Yet the very existence of any such people as the Amazons of ancient history has not only been questioned, but denied. Learning has proved it to be impossible.

The Marquess of Hastings told the Rev. Mr. Swan, Chaplain of the Cambrian, that he had found the germ of fact from which many of the most incredible tales in ancient history had grown, during his stay in India. One instance only we would relate. A Grecian author mentions a people who had only one leg. An embassy from the interior was conducted into the presence of the viceroy, and he could by no persuasion prevail upon the obsequious minister to use more than one of his legs, though he stood during the whole of a protracted audience.

But there are other forces now drawing into the field to support the long neglected claims of tradition. Etymology, which professed to settle doubts by an appeal to the elementary sounds of words, was banished from the politer and more influential circles of English learning by a decree as arbitrary as that pronounced on the poems of Ossian. It has come back with a new commission and under a new title; — Ethnography is the name given by our continental neighbours to this new science, which, in its future developements, may bring to light some of the most obscure and important circumstances affecting the human race, from its origin through every succeeding epoch of its existence. The distinguishing object of this

enquiry is to identify the fortunes, migrations, and changes of the human family, as to situation, policy, religion, agriculture, and arts by comparing the terms supplied by or introduced into the language of any one country with the names of the same objects in every other. There would be no such thing as chance in nature, could we know the laws which determine every separate accident. In like manner, there will scarcely be any doubt respecting the primitive history of man when this new science shall have accumulated and revealed all the treasures which it may be enabled to appropriate. An agreement in the primitive term which any object of cultivation, physical or moral, bears among many different tribes, spread over many and far distant regions, will be considered as the best evidence of one common origin. Disagreement in a similar case, accompanied with a great variety of terms of considerable dissonance, will be equally conclusive as to the object being indigenous or of a multifarious origin.

Already has Balbi, in his Ethnographic Atlas, given us a list of names and coincidences to an extent truly astonishing. Yet what is this, in fact, but a judicious use of Bacon's old but much neglected rule, of questioning nature about facts, instead of theories, — examining evidences, ere rhetoric had made language one vast heap of implied falsehood?

In a court of enquiry, we examine witnesses as to facts not opinions. But the historian reads mankind in cities; the philosopher in the clouds. He who is anxious for the truth should look abroad, on the plains, or in the woods, where man's first prerogative, the giving of names, was exercised. His knowledge of nature must

be wretchedly imperfect, who thinks that no grand outline of truth can possibly exist in the dim records of human recollection, ere the pen of the scholar was employed to depict the scenes that opinion or prejudice had created. How many pages of Clarendon's, Hume's, or even Robertson's history would be cancelled, if we had access to all the recollections of each event, and the evidence of the unlettered vulgar, who had witnessed the fact brought to our notice, even through the mouthpiece of tradition!

There is more truth than comes to the surface in that speech put into the lips of the father of lies by a late poet, where he says, —

"The Bible's your book, — history mine."

Savigny makes the same charge against one class of historians in his own country: — "However discordant," says he, "their other doctrines may appear, they agree in the practice of adopting each a particular system, and in viewing all historical evidence as so many proofs of its truth."

Were it not for that contempt we have already noticed as the offspring of pride and dogmatism, and which, in the administration of the republic of letters, has been entertained and openly proclaimed for every kind of history except that which its own acts may have originated, we should have been in possession of thousands of facts and notions now overlaid and lost irrecoverably to the philosopher and the historian.

The origin and the progress of nations, next after the school divinity of the middle ages, has occasioned the most copious outpouring of conjectural criticism. The

simple mode of research suggested by the works of Verstegan, Camden, and Spelman would, long before this time, have made the early history of the British tribes as clear as it is now obscure. Analogies in the primary sounds of each dialect; similarity or difference in regard to objects of the first, or of a common necessity; rules or laws for the succession of property, which are as various as the tribes which overran the empire; the nature, agreement, or dissimilarity in religious worship, with those vestiges of its ritual and celebration, which, by the "pious frauds" and connivance of the early church, still lurk in the pastimes of our rural districts: — the new science of which we have spoken, by taking cognisance of these and all other existing sources of legitimate investigation, will settle the source and affinities of nations upon a plan as much superior to that of Grotius and his school, as fact and reason exceed the guess-work of the theorist and the historian. Meantime we would cite a few examples that illustrate and bear more particularly on the subject to which our enquiries have been directed.

Nothing seems, at first sight, more difficult than to establish a community of origin between the gods of Olympus and those of the Scandinavian mythology. The attempt has often been made, and each time with increased success. Observe the process adopted in this interesting enquiry.

"Every country in Europe has invested its popular fictions with the same common marvels — all acknowledge the agency of the lifeless productions of nature; the intervention of the same supernatural machinery; the existence of elves, fairies, dwarfs, giants, witches, and enchanters; the use of spells, charms, and amulets, and

all those highly gifted objects, of whatever form or name, whose attributes refute every principle of human experience, which are to conceal the possessor's person, annihilate the bounds of space, or command a gratification of all our wishes. These are the constantly recurring types which embellish the popular tale; which have been transferred to the more laboured pages of romance; and which, far from owing their first appearance in Europe to the Arabic conquest of Spain, or the migrations of Odin to Scandinavia, are known to have been current on its eastern verge long anterior to the era of legitimate history. The Nereids of antiquity, the daughters of the 'sea-born seer,' are evidently the same with the mermaids of the British and northern shores. The inhabitants of both are fixed in crystal caves or coral palaces, beneath the waters of the ocean; they are alike distinguished for their partialities to the human race, and their prophetic powers in disclosing the events of futurity. The Naiads differ only in name from the Nixen of Germany and Scandinavia (Nisser), or the water-elves of our countrymen. Ælfric and the Nornæ, who wove the web of life, and sang the fortunes of the illustrious Helga, are but the same companions who attended Ilithyia at the births of Iamos and Hercules," the venerable Parcæ of antiquity.

The Russian Rusalkis are of the same family. The man in the moon has found a circulation throughout the world. "The clash of elements in the thunder-storm was ascribed in Hellas to the rolling chariot-wheels of Jove, and in the Scandinavian mythology to the ponderous wagon of the Norwegian Thor."

To the above extract, which is taken from the excellent

preface by the editor to Warton's History of English Poetry, may be added the number of high peaks bearing the name of Tor or Thor, seen more especially on both coasts of Devonshire, and which are supposed to signalise the places of his worship.* From the same source may be derived affinities equally strong between the Highland Urisks, the Russian Leschies, the Pomeranian or Wendish Berstucs, and the Panes and Panisci who presided over the fields and forests of Arcadia. The mountains of Germany and Scandinavia are under the governance of a set of metallurgic divinities, who agree with the Cabiri, Hephæsti, Telchines, and Idæan Dactyli. The Brownies and Fairies are of the same kindred as the Lares of Latium. "The English Puck, the Scottish Bogle, the French Esprit Follet, or Goblin, the Gobelinus of monkish Latinity, and the German Kobold, are only varied names for the Grecian Kobalus, whose sole delight consisted in perplexing the human race, and calling up those harmless terrors that constantly hover round the minds of the timid." "The English and Scottish terms, '*Puck*,' '*Bogle*,' are the same as the German 'Spuk,' and the Danish 'Spogelse,' without the sibilant aspiration. These words are general names for any kind of spirit, and correspond to the 'pouk' of Piers Ploughman. In Danish 'spog' means a joke, trick, or prank, and hence the character of Robin Goodfellow. In Iceland, Puki is regarded as an evil sprite; and in the language of that country, 'at pukra' means both to make a murmuring noise, and to steal clandestinely. The names of these spirits seem

* "They worshipped fire, as the representative of the Deity, which they kept continually burning on the tops of their highest mountains." — *Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XV.: Art. Popular Poetry*, p. 77.

to have originated in their boisterous temper, — 'spuken,' Germ., 'to make a noise; 'spog,' Dan., obstreperous mirth; 'pukke,' Dan., to boast, scold. The Germans use 'pochin' in the same figurative sense, though, literally, it means to strike, beat; and is the same with our *poke*."

However varied in name, the persons and attributes of these immaterial beings have no variance which will not readily be accounted for by the difference of climate, territorial surface, and any priority that one tribe had gained over another in the march of mind. The relics of such a system were much more abundant half a century ago, and many a tale of love and violence, garnished with the machinery of that *mythos*, might have been gleaned from the unwritten learning of the people. Who would expect to find amongst the rudest of the Irish peasantry, — whose ancestors never knew the use of letters, and by whom, even down to living generations, the English tongue has not been spoken, — a number of fictions, amongst the rest the tale of Cupid and Psyche — closely corresponding to that of the Greeks? * Who that has

* That Ireland has not always presented so degrading and uncivilised an aspect as now exists in that unhappy country, there is abundant testimony to convince the most incredulous. Camden, an author by no means partial on this score, says: — "The Irish scholars of St. Patrick profited so notably in Christianity, that, in the succeeding age, Ireland was termed '*Sanctorum Patria.*'" Their monks so excelled in learning and piety, that they sent whole flocks of most holy men into all parts of Europe, "who were founders of the most eminent monasteries both there and in Britain."

"A residence in Ireland," says a learned British writer, "like a residence now at an university, was considered as almost essential to establish a literary character." By common consent, and as a mark of

been a child does not recollect the untiring delight with which he listened to those ingenious arithmetical progressions, reduced to poetry, called, "*The House that Jack built*," and the perils of "*The Old Woman with the Pig*." Few even of those in riper years would suspect their Eastern origin. In the *Sepher Haggadah* there is an ancient parabolical hymn, in the Chaldee language, sung by the Jews at the feast of the passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. For the following literal translation we are indebted to Dr. Henderson, the celebrated orientalist: —

"1. *A kid, a kid* my father bought,
For two pieces of money,
A kid, a kid.

"2. Then came *the cat*, and ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

"3. Then came *the dog*, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

"4. Then came *the staff*, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,

---

pre-eminence, Ireland obtained the title of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*.

At the council of Constance, in 1417, the ambassadors from England were not allowed to rank or take any place as the ambassadors of a nation. The point being argued and conceded, that they were tributaries only to the Germans, "they claimed their rank from Henry being monarch of Ireland only, and it was accordingly granted." — *O' Halloran*.

That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money.

A kid, a kid.

" 5. Then came *the fire*, and burnt the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money.

A kid, a kid.

" 6. Then came *the water*, and quenched the fire,
That burnt the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money.

A kid, a kid.

" 7. Then came *the ox*, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burnt the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money.

A kid, a kid.

" 8. Then came *the butcher*, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burnt the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,

That my father bought,
For two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

" 9. Then came the *angel of death*, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burnt the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

" 10. Then came *the Holy One*, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burnt the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid."

The following is the interpretation by P. N. Leberecht, Leipzig, 1731.

" 1. — The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews.

" The father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew people.

" The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron,

through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

" 2. — The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

" 3. — The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

" 4. — The staff signifies the Persians.

" 5. — The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

" 6. — The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies, to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

" 7. — The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

" 8. — The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

" 9. — The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

" 10. — The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah."

To return to illustrations less remote, and of a more familiar nature : —

An ill-bred Londoner calls a shilling a *hog*, and half-a-crown a *bull*. He little knows what havock he is making with our modern theorists, who assert that nothing is worthy of belief, or ought to be relied upon, before the era of " legitimate " or written " history." These terms corroborate and identify themselves with the most ancient

of traditionary customs, long ere princes had monopolised the surface of coined money with their own images and superscriptions. They are identical with the very name of money among the early Romans, which was *pecunia*, from *pecus*, a flock. Among the same people, it is well known, the word *stipulatio* signified the striking of a bargain, which was done by placing two straws, *stipes*, one across the other. The same mode is practised to this day in the Isle of Man, existing, in all probability, from a period earlier than the foundation of Rome itself. Is the coincidence accidental or traditional? If the latter, what a history it tells of the migration of the species!

How much might be written of amulets, cups, and horns of magical power, from the divining cup of Genesis to the Amalthean horns, and the goblet of Oberon, which he gave to Huon of Bourdeaux, the supernatural power of which, passing into an hundred shapes of fiction, may be found in our baronial halls, — a pledge, to a certain extent, like the invulnerability of Achilles, of the good fortune of its possessor. It is wonderful that Shakspeare, who is so happy in the verisimilitude of his fairy lore, and so apt to embellish his plot with its mythology, should not have thought of causing the king-making Earl of Warwick to lose the horn of that prodigious cow, — no doubt one of those guardian pledges bestowed upon his family, — by way of presage to his fall. Deer's antlers, there can be little doubt, were placed in the halls of our forefathers, a votive offering to the Diana of the Scandinavian Pantheon; as it was the custom in like manner to ornament the temples with the heads of sacrificial victims in the Greek and Roman worship. The eagerness of our sportsmen for the "brush," as the first trophy in the chase, has,

in all probability, originated from the same propitiatory notion.

Few would expect to meet with fragments of the worship of Juno in the racing of country girls for an inner garment, and the hunting of the pig with his tail greased; yet practised, but rapidly becoming obsolete, in wakes and other pastimes from Scotland to the Land's End.

Thus far we have examined tradition by the test of positive experience. There is still a gleaning of poetry which might be culled, in some few districts, from the "lyre of the unlettered muse." There are songs scattered up and down our own and the neighbouring counties among the population least affected by the spread of literature, which are of great antiquity, and are not to be found in any books or writings now extant. A few of these might be gathered in; while to some, who love the tone and humour of the old ballads, they would be an acquisition of great value. But the intercourse between master and man, between town and country, and even amongst the learned themselves, becomes so cold and repulsive, either from increasing refinement or reserve, that there seems little hope of our finding any one who will take the trouble to collect them, or a sufficient number of real admirers of these relics, who would come forward to ensure a suitable reward for the labour. We are sorely disgraced among foreigners for inattention to the course and progress of our own learning. No work exists, like those which illustrate and embellish the French, Italian, and German literature, which professes to give a summary view of its history. The knowledge of its antiquities, its customs, manners, laws, modes of feeling, and pursuits, except in the instances before mentioned, and a few other praiseworthy

exceptions, have been shamefully obscured by an eagerness for supporting a system, the ridiculous rivalry of pretence, and by the discredit thrown upon such labours by modern pedantry. A new version of Camden, rectified by all the discoveries subsequent to his time; — that which is found useless or erroneous left out, and the work enlightened by new researches, entered into by a number of enquirers equal in all respects to the task, and exerted over every part of the country, would very much aid the cause of learning and the future progress of our knowledge.

The following traditions, we would fain hope, will not be found quite destitute of utility. They are some addition to our existing stock of knowledge, either as illustrating English history, manners, and customs now obsolete; or as a collection of legends, having truth for their basis, however disfigured in their transmission through various modifications of error, the natural obscurity arising from distance, and the distorted media through which they must necessarily be viewed. Perhaps a main source of this inaccuracy arises from the many and heterogeneous uses to which the breakings up, the fragments of tradition have been subjected and applied. Like those detached, yet beautiful remnants of antiquity, built up with other and absolutely worthless materials in the rude structures of the barbarian by whom they have been disfigured, traditions are generally presented to us torn from their original connection with edifices once renowned for beauty and magnificence. It is our wish, as it has been our aim, to rescue these ruins from degradation and decay. Gathered from many an uninviting heap of chaotic matter, they are now presented in a different form, and under a more popular aspect. We cannot pre-

tend to say that we have invariably assigned to them their true origin, or that their real character and position have been ascertained. Still, we would hope, that, as relics of the past, rescued from the oblivion to which they were inevitably hastening, they are not either an uninteresting or inelegant addition to the literature of our country.

CLITHERÓE CASTLE.

CLITHEROE CASTLE.

CLITHEROE, *the hill by the waters*, the ancient seat of the Lacies, carries back the mind to earlier periods and events — to a rude and barbarous age, — where justice was dispensed, and tribute paid, by the feudatories to their lords, whose power, little less than arbitrary, was held directly from the crown.

The Lacies came over with the Conqueror; and, on the defection of Robert de Poictou, obtained, as their share of the spoil, sixty knights' fees, principally in Yorkshire and Lancashire. For the better maintenance of their dignity, they built two castles, one at Pontefract, the principal residence, and another at Clitheroe. A *great fee*, or great lordship, as Pontefract, was a possession of the highest order; an honour, or seigniory, like Clitheroe, consisting of a number of manors, was the next in rank; and these manors were severally held by their subordinate lords in dependence on the lord paramount, the lord of the fee or honour.

What was the precise aspect of our county when the Normans possessed themselves of the land, it might be deemed an effort of the imagination perhaps to portray. "Yet," says Dr. Whitaker, in one of his happier moods, "could a curious observer of the present day carry himself

nine or ten centuries back, and, ranging the summit of Pendle, survey the forked Calder on one side, and the bolder margins of Ribble and Hodder on the other, instead of populous towns and villages, the castle, the old tower built house, the elegant modern mansion, the artificial plantation, the park and pleasure ground, or instead of uninterrupted enclosures, which have driven sterility almost to the summit of the fells; how great must then have been the contrast, when, ranging either at a distance or immediately beneath, his eye must have caught vast tracts of forest ground stagnating with bog, or darkened by native woods, where the wild ox, the roe, the stag, and the wolf had scarcely learned the supremacy of man—when, directing his view to the intermediate spaces, to the windings of the valleys, or the expanse of plain beneath, he could only have distinguished a few insulated patches of culture, each encircling a village of wretched cabins, among which would still be remarked one rude mansion of wood, scarcely equal in comfort to a modern cottage, yet then rising proudly eminent above the rest, where the Saxon lord, surrounded by his faithful cotarii, enjoyed a rude and solitary independence, owning no superior but his sovereign.

" This was undoubtedly a state of great simplicity and freedom, such as admirers of uncultivated nature may affect to applaud. But although revolutions in civil society seldom produce any thing better than a change of vices, yet surely no wise or good man can lament the subversion of Saxon polity for that which followed. Their laws were contemptible for imbecility, their habits odious for intemperance; and if we can for a moment persuade ourselves that their language has any charm, that proceeds less, perhaps, from any thing harmonious and expressive in itself, or any

thing valuable in the information it conveys, than that it is rare and not of very easy attainment; that it forms the rugged basis of our own tongue; and, above all, that we hear it loudly echoed in the dialect of our own vulgar. Indeed, the manners as well as language of a Lancashire clown often suggest the idea of a Saxon peasant; and prove, with respect to remote tracts like these, little affected by foreign admixtures, how strong is the power of traduction, how faithfully character and propensities may be transmitted through more than twenty generations."

The Normans were a more polished, a more abstemious people; as scribes and architects, they were men to whom this district was greatly indebted. Our only castle, our oldest remaining churches, our most curious and valuable records, are all Norman.

"Such was the state of property and manners, when the house of Lacy became possessed of Blackburnshire." The simplicity of the Saxon tenures was destroyed. A tract of country, which had been parcelled out among twenty-eight lords, now became subject to one; and all the intricacies of feodal dependence, all the rigours of feodal exaction, wardships, reliefs, escheats, &c., were introduced at once. Yet the Saxon lords, though dependent, were not, in general, actually stripped of their fees. By successive steps, however, the origin of all landed property within the hundred, some later copyholds excepted, is to be traced to voluntary concessions from the Lacies, or their successors of the house of Lancaster; not grants of pure beneficence, but requiring personal service from the owners, and yearly customs or payments, equivalent at that time to their value. Their present worth grew out of the operation of causes little understood in these ages

either by lord or vassal; namely, the certainty of the possession, the diminishing value of money, and the perpetuity of the title.

In four generations, or little more than one hundred years, the line of the Lacies became extinct; Roger Fitz-Eustace, lord of Halton and constable of Chester, coming into possession by right of his grandmother Awbrey, uterine sister of Robert de Lacy, the last of this illustrious race. Fitz-Eustace, however, took the title of De Lacy; but in the fourth descent from him the very name was lost. Henry de Lacy, the last and greatest man of his line, dying the 5th February, 1310, left one daughter only, who had married, during her father's lifetime, Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, and carried along with her an inheritance even then estimated at 10,000 marks per annum. On the Earl's attainder, the honour of Clitheroe, with the rest of his possessions, were forfeited to the crown. After undergoing many changes while it continued a member of the duchy of Lancaster, that is, until the restoration of Charles II., that prince, in consideration of the great services of General Monk, whom he created Duke of Albemarle, bestowed it upon him and his heirs for ever. Christopher, his son, dying without issue, left his estates to his wife, daughter and co-heiress of Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle; by her they were bequeathed to her second husband, Ralph, Duke of Montague, whose grand daughter Mary, married George Earl of Cardigan, afterwards Duke of Montague. Elizabeth, his daughter, married Henry Duke of Buccleugh, in whose family the honour of Clitheroe is now vested.

Clitheroe Castle is described by Grose as "situated on the summit of a conical insulated crag of rugged limestone

rock, which suddenly rises from a fine vale, in which, towards the north, at the distance of half a mile, runs the Ribble, and a mile to the south stands Pendle Hill, which seems to lift its head above the clouds."

"In the time of the Commonwealth it was dismantled by order of parliament; the chapel has totally disappeared; and nothing now remains but the square keep and some portions of the strong wall by which the building was surrounded."* The tower, though much undermined, remains firm as the rock on which it was built, and forms the principal object in our engraving.

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* Baines's Lancashire.

CLITHEROE CASTLE;

OR,

THE LAST OF THE LACIES.

—— " By that painful way they pass
Forth to an hill that was both steep and high;
On top whereof a sacred chapel was,
And eke a little hermitage thereby."

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

IT was midnight; and the priest was chanting the service and requiem for the dead, in the little chapel or chantry of St. Michael, which was built within the walls of Clyderhow or Clitheroe Castle. The *Dies iræ* from the surrounding worshippers rose in a simple monotone, like the sound of some distant river, now caught on the wing of the tempest, and flung far away into the dim and distant void, now rushing on the ear in one deep gush of harmony — the voice of Nature, as if her thousand tongues were blended in one universal peal of praise and adoration to the great Power that called her into being. Many a heart quailed with apprehension, many a bosom was oppressed

with doubtful and anxious forebodings. Robert de Lacy, the last of this illustrious race, fourth in descent from Ilbert de Lacy, on whom the Conqueror bestowed the great fee of Pontefract, the owner of twenty-eight manors and lord of the honour of Clitheroe, was no longer numbered with the living; and here, in the chapel of this lone fortress, before the dim altar, all that remained of this powerful baron, the clay, no longer instinct with spirit, was soon to be enveloped in the dust, the darkness, and the degradation of its kindred earth.

Many circumstances rendered this scene more than usually solemn and affecting. Robert de Lacy had died without issue to inherit these princely domains, the feudal inheritance of a family whose power had so wide a grasp, that it was currently said the Lacies might pass from Clitheroe Castle to their fortress at Pontefract, a journey of some fifty miles, and rest in a house or hostelrie of their own at every pause during their progress.

With him ended the male line of this great family. Failing in issue, he had devised all these vast estates to Awbrey, his uterine sister, daughter of Robert de Lizours, married to Richard Fitz-Eustace, lord of Halton and constable of Chester.

Thus ended the last of his race; and the inheritance had passed to a stranger.

The surrounding worshippers were mostly domestics and retainers of the family, save Robert de Whalley, the dean of that ancient church, supposed to have been founded by Augustine or Paulinus in the seventh century, and then called "The White Church under the Leigh." No tidings had been heard from the Fitz-Eustace at Halton, and in two days the body was to be carried forth on its

last pilgrimage to Kirkstall Abbey, founded by Henry de Lacy, father of the deceased, about forty years prior to this event.

The beginning of February, in the year 1193, when our story commences, was an epoch memorable for the base and treacherous captivity of Richard Cœur de Lion by the Duke of Austria; and for the equally base and treacherous, but short-lived, usurpation of John, the brother of our illustrious crusader. The nation was involved in great trouble and dismay. The best blood of England, and the flower of her nobility, had perished on the deserts of Palestine, or were pining there in hopeless captivity. The house of Fitz-Eustace, into whose possession the estates of the Lacies were now merged, had themselves been shorn of a goodly scion or two from the family tree during these "holy wars."

Richard Fitz-Eustace, the husband of Awbrey, died about the 24 Hen. 2. (1178), leaving one son, John, who founded the Cistertian abbey of Stanlaw, in Cheshire, the parent establishment of Whalley. He was slain at Tyre, in the crusade, A.D. 1190, the second of the reign of Richard I., leaving issue, Richard a leper, and Roger who followed his father to the Holy Land, but of whose fate no tidings had been heard since his departure thence on his return to Europe. Besides these were two sons, Eustace and Peter, and a daughter named Alice.

Roger Fitz-Eustace, and his friend William de Bellamonte — from whom are descended the Beaumonts of Whitley Beaumont, in Yorkshire — had fought side by side at the memorable siege of Acre; but whether alive or dead, the certainty was not yet known, though there might be good grounds for the apprehension generally entertained,

that they were held in captivity by infidels, or by princes miscalled Christian, the bitterest enemies to the faith they professed.

Clitheroe Castle was built by Roger de Poictou, or, as he is otherwise called, Roger Pictavensis, of a noble family in Normandy, and related to the Conqueror. He led the centre of William's army at the battle of Hastings. King William having given him all the lands between the Mersey and the Ribble, he built several castles and fortresses therein, providing largely for his followers, from whom are descended many families who are still in possession of manors and estates originally granted by this unfortunate relative of the Conqueror. He was twice deprived of his honours, many of them being escheated to the crown, while Clitheroe Castle, together with the great fee of Pontefract, was bestowed on Ilbert de Lacy, a Norman follower of William.

In a country not abounding with strong positions, an insulated conical rock of limestone, rising out of the fertile plain between Penhull (Pendle) and the Ribble, would naturally attract the attention of the invaders. Here, therefore, we find a fortress erected even earlier than the castle at Lancaster. The summit of this rock was not sufficiently extensive to admit of a spacious building, and probably nothing more was at first intended than a temporary retreat and defence from the predatory incursions of the Scots. The structure was, however, gradually enlarged, and became one of the chief residences of the Lacies. A lofty flanking wall ran along the brink of the rock, enclosing the keep and adjoining buildings, likewise the chapel of St. Michael, coeval with the foundation of the castle, and forming part of it, being amply endowed by the founder,

and licence procured from the Dean of Whalley for the purpose of having divine service performed, and the sacraments administered therein, to the household servants, foresters, and shepherds, who occupied these extensive and thinly inhabited domains.

In this little sanctuary now lay the remains of its lord. The cold February sleet pattered fitfully against the narrow panes; and the shivering mourners muffled themselves in their dark hoods, while they knelt devoutly on the hard bare pavement of the chapel. Oliver de Worsthorn, the old seneschal, knelt at the foot of the bier; his white locks covered his thin features like a veil, hiding their intense and heart-withering expression. He felt without a stay, or helper in his last hours — a sapless, worthless stem in this wilderness of sorrow.

Robert, the dean of Whalley, attended as chief mourner. Being descended from a distant branch of the Lacies, he had long thrown a covetous glance towards the inheritance. A frequent guest at the castle, he had been useful as an auxiliary in the management and control of the secular concerns; the spiritual interests of its head were in the keeping of another and more powerful agent, little suspected by the dean of applying the influence he had acquired to purposes of secular aggrandisement.

It may not be deemed irrelevant that we give a brief outline of the constitution or office of dean, as then held by the incumbents of Whalley. The beautiful abbey, now in ruins, was not as yet built. Some Saxon lord of Þpælleȝ had, about the seventh century, founded a parish church, dedicated to All Saints, called The White Church under the Leigh. The first erection was of wood, many years afterwards replaced by a plain building of stone. The

rectors or deans were also lords of the town, and married men, who held it not by presentation from the patron, but as their own patrimonial estate, the succession being hereditary. In this manner the deanery of Whalley was continued until the Lateran council, in the year 1215, which, by finally prohibiting the marriage of ecclesiastics, put an end to this order of hereditary succession, and occasioned a resignation of the patronage to the chief lord of the fee, after which the church of Whalley sunk, by two successive appropriations, into an impoverished vicarage.

Long before the Conquest, the advowson had become far more valuable than the manor, and the lords, who were also patrons, saw the advantage and convenience of qualifying themselves by inferior orders for holding so rich a benefice; and thus the manor itself in time ceased to be considered as a lay fee, and became confounded with the glebe of the church.*

The office of dean, at the period in which our history commences, had for centuries been considered as a dignity rather secular than ecclesiastical, and the pursuits of the incumbent had doubtless assimilated generally with those of his lay associates. Indeed, it is recorded that dean Liulphus, in the reign of Canute, had the name of Cutwulph, from having cut off a wolf's tail whilst hunting in the forest of Rossendale at a place called Ledmesgreve, or more properly Deansgreve. Like many other ancient and dignified ecclesiastics, they were mighty hunters, enjoying their privileges unmolested through a vast region of forest land then unenclosed, and were only inferior in jurisdic-

* Whitaker's History of Whalley.

tion to the feudal lords of these domains. "On the whole then, it appears," says Dr. Whitaker, "that the Dean of Whalley was compounded of patron, incumbent, ordinary, and lord of the manor; an assemblage which may possibly have met in later times, and in some places of exempt jurisdiction, but at that time probably an *unique* in the history of the English church."

Robert de Whalley, the incumbent before named, was not a whit behind his progenitors in that laudable exercise of worldly wisdom and forethought, as it regarded matters of a temporal and transitory nature. His bearing was proud, and his aspect keen; his form was muscular, and more fitted for some hardy and rigorous exercise, than for the generally self-denying and peaceful offices of the Catholic church. In his youth he had the reputation of being much disposed to gallantry; and the same proneness to intrigue was yet manifest, though employed in pursuits of a less transitory nature. His disappointment was, in consequence, greatly augmented when these long-coveted possessions were given to another, and his ambitious dreams dissipated. Yet was he not without hope that the succession of the Fitz-Eustace family might be frustrated. The leper would of necessity be passed over, and, Roger being either dead or in captivity, the revenues and usurpation of this distant and almost inaccessible territory might still be enjoyed without molestation or enquiry. Such were the meditations of this plotting ecclesiastic, as he knelt before the altar in that solemn hour, in the chapel of "*St. Michael in Castro.*"

The walls of the chapel, or rather chantry, were smeared with black; and in front of the screen were portrayed uncouth representations of the arms and insignia of the

deceased. A pall was thrown over the body, and a plate of salt, as an emblem of incorruptibility, placed on the corpse,—a heathenish custom borrowed from the Druids. The candles burnt dimly at the little altar, and the cold and bitter wind threw the shadows in many a grotesque and startling shape on the dark bare walls which enclosed them. It was an hour and a scene that superstition might have chosen for manifesting her power; and many an anxious glance was thrown towards the dark recesses out of which imagination was ready to conjure some grim spectre, invested with all the horrors that monkish legends had created. The priest who officiated was an unbeneficed clergyman, long known as an inmate of the castle. He was of a quiet and inoffensive disposition, but much attached to his lord: often during the service, grief stayed his utterance, and he mingled his loud sobs with those of the surrounding worshippers.

The *dirige* was concluded, and vespers for the dead were now commencing with the "*Placebo Domino.*" The priest with his loud rich voice sung or recited the anthem, and the attendants gave the response in a low and muttering sound. Just as he was beginning the fumigation with a sign of the cross, to drive away demons and unclean spirits from the body, suddenly a loud, deep, and startling blast was heard from the horn at the outer gate. The whole assembly started up from their devotions, and every eye was turned towards the dean, as though to watch and take the colour of their proceedings from those of his reverence. He lifted his eyes from the corpse, which lay with the face and shoulders uncovered; and, as if startled from some bewildering reverie, cried aloud—

"What untimely visiter art thou, disturbing the sad offices of the dead?"

He paused, as though the sound of his own voice had disturbed him; while, wrapping himself in his cloak, he hastily approached Oliver, who stood irresolute, not knowing how to act in this unexpected emergency. De Whalley pointed towards the door, and the seneschal prepared to obey, accompanied by the porter with a light, and one or two attendants.

Immediately outside the chapel, the way led down a steep angle of the rock, which Oliver, by dint of much use and experience, descended without any apparent difficulty, save what arose from the slippery state of the path, which rendered the footing more than usually precarious and uncertain.

Again, the blast brayed forth a louder and more impatient summons, startling the echoes from their midnight slumber, while the deep woods answered from a thousand unseen recesses.

"Hang thee for a saucy loon, whoever thou be! I'll warrant thee as much impudence in thy face as wind i' thy muzzle," said the disturbed seneschal. "Tarry a while, Hugo; ope not the gate without a parley, despite the knave's untimely summons."

Oliver, hobbling onward, reached the wicket, just then occupied by Hugo's broad and curious face, prying out cautiously into the misty and unintelligible void, without being a whit the wiser for his scrutiny.

"What a plague do ye keep honest men a waiting for at the gate," said a gruff voice from the pitchy darkness without, "in a night that would make a soul wish for a dip into purgatory, just by way of a warming?"

"Hush!" said Oliver, who was a true son of the church, and moreover, being fresh from the services appointed for the recovery of poor souls from this untoward place, felt the remark of the stranger as peculiarly impious and full of blasphemy — "Hush! thou bold-faced scorner, and learn to furbish thy wit from some other armoury — we like not such unholy jests — firebrands thrown in sport! Thy business, friend?"

"Open the gate, good master priest-poke," said the other, in a tone of authority.

"Not until thou showest thine errand," said the equally imperative interrogator within; who, having the unequivocal and somewhat ponderous advantage of a pair of stout-built and well-furnished gates to back, or rather face, him in the controversy, was, consequently, in a fair way for keeping on the strong side of the argument.

"Now, o' my troth, but ye be a pair of rude curs, barking from a warm kennel at your betters, who are shivering in the cold, without so much as a bone to pick, or a wisp of straw to their tails! Well, well, 'tis soon said; every dog, you know, — and 'twill be my turn soon. I come hither from the castle at Halton, where my Lady Fitz-Eustace would lay your curs' noses to the grinding-stone; but, rest her soul, she will not long be above ground, I trow. Know then, masters, I am her seneschal, whom she sends with a goodly train to the burying. Quick, old goat-face, or we will singe thy beard to light thee to our discovery."

The gates were immediately unbolted at this command, opening wide before so dignified a personage, who, as the representative of the Fitz-Eustace, was evidently impressed with a sufficient sense of his own importance, while

he and his attendants rode through the grim Norman arch into the court-yard. The uppermost extreme of this illustrious functionary was surmounted with a sort of Phrygian-shaped bonnet or cap, made of deer-skin, suitably ornamented. A mantle or cloak of a dark mulberry colour, fancifully embroidered on the hem, was clasped upon one shoulder by a silver buckle. Underneath was a short upper riding tunic made of coarse woollen, partly covering an under vest made of finer materials. A leathern girdle was buckled round his loins, having sundry implements attached thereto, requisite during the performance of so long a journey through a thinly inhabited region. The upper garment scarcely covered the knee, over which stockings of red cloth were seen, reaching half way up the thigh ; round the leg were bandages or cross-garterings well bespattered with mud; low boots or buskins protected the feet and ankles; to these spurs were fastened, the head being spear-shaped and something crooked in the shank. His beard was forked, and this appendage, apparently the result of a careful and anxious cultivation, he occasionally twisted with one hand whilst speaking. He carried a lance, or rather hunting spear, which he wielded with an air of great formality and display; his followers were likewise furnished each of them with a cloak and tunic, and a conical cap of coarse felt tied under the chin with a leathern band—a girdle of the same material was buckled round the waist with a scrip and other necessaries for the journey. They rode horses of the Welsh breed, small and stout-built; spoil captured, in all probability, from that rebellious and unruly nation.

The entry of this armed train was more like an act of

taking possession than that of a peaceable and formal embassage; and the newly arrived seneschal soon began to exercise the office of governor or castellan, seizing the reins of government with an iron grasp. He was a square carroty-headed personage, about the middle size, and of a ruddy aspect. He held an office of trust under the Fitz-Eustace, and, spite of his saucy garrulity, in which he indulged on most occasions, he was faithful, and would have challenged and immolated any one who had dared to question the right of the Fitz-Eustace to precedence before any other baron of the land. Long service rendered him more intrusive than would have been thought becoming, or even excusable, in any other enjoying less of his mistress's confidence.

"Now, my merry men all," said this authoritative personage, "a long and a weary path have we ridden to-day; and had we not been, as it were, lost in your savage wildernesses, — where our guide, whom we forced before us by dint of blows and hard usage, could scarce keep us in the right track, — we had been here before sunset. Thanks to this saint of yours, whosoever he be, for we saw the watchlights, at times, from the chapel, as we guessed, else had we been longer in hitting our mark, and might, peradventure, have supped with the wolves on a haunch of venison. Now for the stables. What! have ye no knaves hereabout to help our followers with the beasts?"

Oliver, much troubled at this loquacious and unceremonious address, replied with some acrimony, —

"The household are in the chapel, where it had been better thou hadst let us bide, and given the corpse a quiet watchnight — the vigils for the dead are not ended."

"Go to, master seneschal, for of this post I do adjudge

thee, and reverence thine office in respect of mine own, but let dead men make their own lanterns, we must have supper any how, and that right speedily."

Oliver, after seeing the gate secured, sent Hugo for help, whilst he led the way himself into the hall of this once formidable fortress. It was high and gloomy, the fire being apparently extinguished. A step on the floor showed where the higher table was placed, prohibiting those beneath a certain rank from advancing upon the skirts of their superiors; an indispensable precaution, when servants, and retainers of all sorts, ate their meals with the master of the feast. Perches for hawks, in form like unto a crutch, were placed behind his chair; for these birds were usually taught to sit hoodless in the evening among company undisturbed. Hunting-spears, jackets, chain-armour, shields, and helmets, decorated the walls; and many a goodly heritage of antlers hung, like forest boughs stripped of their verdure. There were two oriels furnished with leaning-stones for the convenience of loungers. Painted glass filled the higher portions of the windows, representing uncouth heads, hands, feet, and bodies of saints, in all the glowing and gorgeous magnificence which the beam of heaven can give to colours of more than earthly brightness, though disposed in forms of more than childish absurdity.

The hall, the usual rendezvous of the household, was now deserted for the dread solemnities of that cheerless night. But the stranger was much discouraged by reason of the coldness and gloom, shivering audibly at the comfortless appearance that was before him.

"St. Martin's malison light on ye — fire, billets, and all — I've seen nothing like to warm my bare nose and

knuckles since we left Halton, two long days agone. Verily, to my thinking, there's as much timber burnt there daily as ye would pile here for a winter's use."

"Prithee come with me into the kitchen, we may have better quarters peradventure among the fleshpots," said Oliver, leading the stranger through a small doorway on the left. This *coquinus* of our ancestors was usually placed near the hall, for the convenience of serving. Here, through a sliding aperture in the panel, the victuals were transferred with safety and despatch. It was built entirely of stone, having a conical roof with a turret at the top for the escape of steam and smoke. A fire was still burning, provided with a large caldron suspended on a sort of versatile gibbet, by which contrivance it could be withdrawn from the flame. Fire-rakes and fire-jacks were laid on the hearth, and around the walls were iron pots, trivets, pans, kettles, ladles, platters, and other implements of domestic economy. Huge dressers displayed symptoms of preparation for to-morrow's necessities, and a coarse kitchen-wench was piling fuel on the ever-burning fire.

The envoy, glad to be ensconced so near the blaze, quickly addressed himself to the task of improving it by a dexterous use of a huge faggot by way of poker. He had thrown off his upper clothing; and the grim walls soon reddened with the rising glow. So intent was he on an occupation which he evidently enjoyed, that he was not aware when Oliver departed, the latter slipping off unobserved to the chapel for the purpose of informing the dean of this arrival.

In one part of the kitchen was a long low-roofed recess, accessible only by a ladder, wherein dried meats, consisting of bacon, ham, deer's tongues, mutton, venison, and

other dainties of the like nature, were stored. To this inviting receptacle was the attention of our guest more especially directed. Without ceremony or invitation he ascended, and drawing out a formidable weapon from his belt he commenced a furious attack.

Oliver, on his return, found this worthy usurping the functions of both cook and consumer of the victual with great assiduity. He was accompanied by the dean, who addressed the intruder as follows: —

" How is it that we have none from the noble house of Fitz-Eustace save thou and thy company?"

The messenger looked askance from his occupation, disposing of a large mouthful of the viands with sufficient deliberation ere he vouchsafed a reply.

" Me and my company! As goodly a band, I trow, as ever put foot to stirrup or fist to crupper: yet will I resolve thy question plain as Beeston Castle. My lady is old, and her only son died long ago on a crusade. Her third grandson, now in the office of constable, is out amongst the Welsh — plague on their fiery blood! — by reason of the absence of his elder brother, Roger, yet abroad in these Holy Wars. Of the eldest born, Richard, we know not but that he is deceased. He left the castle many years ago, sorely afflicted, for he was a leper. So that, peradventure, my lady hath sent the best man she had, inasmuch as I am steward and seneschal, being appointed thereto through her ladyship's great wisdom and discretion."

Here he surveyed himself with an air of indescribable assurance and satisfaction.

" And, saving your presence," continued the deputy,

" I come here as castellan or governor, until he whose right it is shall possess it."

" And how know we that we be not opening our gates and surrendering our castle to some losel knave, whose only title may lie on the tip of his tongue, and his right on the end of his rapier? "

" By this token," said the seneschal haughtily, at the same time drawing out a formal instrument, to which was appended the broad seal of the ancient house of Fitz-Eustace.

The dean cast his eyes over the document, returning it to the messenger without either answer or enquiry, and immediately retired from the presence of this usurper on his long coveted possessions.

Much chagrined by so unexpected an interference, he left the castle, even at this untimely hour. Yet his footsteps were not bent towards the shadow of his own roof, the deanery at Whalley.

Outside the castle wall, and on the steepest side of the hill, was a little hermitage, wherein dwelt one of those reputed saints that dealt in miracles and prayers for the benefit of the " true believers." Many of these solitaries were well skilled in craft and intrigue; others, doubtless, deceived themselves as well as others in the belief that Heaven had granted them the power to suspend and control the operations of nature. To this habitation, occupied by one of these holy santons of the church, were the steps of the dean immediately directed. He raised the latch as though accustomed to this familiarity. The chamber, a high narrow cell, scooped out of the rock, was quite dark; but a voice was heard, a deep sepulchral tone, as though issuing from the ground —

" Art thou here so soon, De Whalley?"

" Sir Ulphilas," said the intruder hastily, and with some degree of agitation, " canst work miracles now? The Canaanites are come into the land to possess it; nor will threatenings and conjurations drive them forth."

" I know it," said the hermit, who, though unseen, had not, it seems, been an inattentive observer of the events of the last two hours. A light suddenly shot forth, enkindled as if by magic, showing the tall gaunt form of the " Holy Hermit of the Rock." He was dressed in a long grey garment of coarse woollen. It was said that he wore an iron corslet next his skin, for mortification, it was thought by the vulgar; but whether for this purpose, or for one of a more obvious nature, it would perhaps be easy to surmise. A girdle of plaited horse-hair encompassed his thin attenuated form. His head was uncovered; and he seemed to have just risen from his couch, a board or shelf, raised only a few inches from the rock on which it lay. His eye was wild, quick, and sparkling; but his cheek was deadly pale, and his features collapsed and haggard in their expression.

" I have dreamed a dream," said the visionary.

" And to what end?" enquired his visiter, seating himself with great deliberation.

" Nay, 'twas not a dream," continued the hermit: " St. Michael stood before me this blessed night, arrayed as thou seest him portrayed in the glass of his holy chapel above. His armour was all bright and glistering, and his sword a devouring flame. He flapped his wings thrice ere he departed, and said unto me, 'Arise, Ulphilas, and work, for thine hour is come!'"

"And what the better am I," said the irreverent priest, "for this saintly revelation? I must work too, or —"

"Hold," said the hermit, laying his hand on the other's shoulder with great solemnity; "speak not unadvisedly with thy lips; there be created intelligences within hearing that thou little knowest of."

"Thou didst promise; but verily the substance hath slidden from my grasp: whilst I, fond fool, embraced a shadow. Cajoled by thine assurance, that my blood should be with the proud current that inherits these domains, I forbore, and let thee work. But thou hast been a traitor to my cause I do verily suspect, nay, accuse thee of this fraud. Thy machinations and thy counsel were the cause. By thine accursed arts Robert de Lacy hath left his patrimony to a stranger!"

"True, I counselled him thus. What then?"

"I and mine are barred from the inheritance!"

"Shall the word of the Hermit of the Rock fall to the ground. Have I not promised that thy blood shall be with those that inherit these domains?"

"Promises are slender food for an hungry stomach," cried the unbeliever.

"If the promise fail, blame thy dastardly fears, and not my power. Thou shalt see the promised land thou shalt not inherit. Thy son shall receive the blessing."

The dean looked for a moment as though he could have fawned and supplicated for a reversion of the decree; but pride or anger had the mastery.

"And so," cried he, "thou findest thy predictions run counter to thy schemes, perdie; for thou dost mock me in them with a double sense."

"How, false one! Have I not wrought for thee? Hath not he, whose corpse now resteth in hope, overwhelmed thee with his favours through my counsel and contrivance? I owed thee a service, for thou wast my stay and sustenance when driven hither an outcast from the haunts of men. But thoughtest thou that I should pander to thy lust, and hew out a pathway to thy desire?"

"To me this!" said the covetous intruder, his voice quivering with rage.

"Yes, to thee, Robert de Whalley," replied the hermit: "because thou hast not leaped the last height of thine ambition, forsooth, — because thou art not lord of these wide domains, through my interest and holy communion with the departed, — and because I have not basely sold myself to thee, thou art offended. Beware lest the endowment be wrested from thy grasp, the glebe and manor pass away from thine inheritance."

"Thou hadst the privity and counsel of the deceased, and a whisper would have made it mine," said the dean with great dejection.

"Greedy and unblushing as thou art, know it was I who counselled him, and the deed is in my keeping. I sent a secret message unto Halton with the news, and Roger de Fitz-Eustace will be here anon!"

"Thou dreamest; he is in bondage, or slain at Ascalon."

"He will re-appear," replied the hermit, "and the banner of the Fitz-Eustace wave on yonder turret. Hence! ungrateful member of our holy communion; — to thy house, and let an old man rest in peace."

The disappointed priest departed in great haste: — ter-

ror, of which he could not divest himself, and for which he could not account, overpowered him in the presence of the hermit. He durst not provoke him farther; but as he crossed the court-yard again, a glimpse of hope shot suddenly on his soul.

"In thy keeping!" He spoke scarcely above his breath; but the walls seemed to give back the sound. He started like some guilty thing at the discovery of its crime.

Before morning light on the following day the castle bell began to toll. Preparations were making for the conveyance of the last of the Lacies to the abbey of Kirkstall, a journey which would occupy the greater part of two successive days. The pathway over the hills was narrow, and the mode of conveyance difficult, if not dangerous. A sort of litter was made for the corpse, and slung on a pole between two horses, covered, as in a bier, with the pall and trappings. A sword of ceremony was carried in front; the dean rode immediately before the body, the chanters preceding, and a priest with the cross and censer. Behind came the male domestics, and the seneschal of Halton with his train.

Psalms were sung at every halting place, and in the villages through which they passed, and torches were kept lighted during the greater part of the journey. These were for the purpose of being extinguished in the earth that should finally cover the body.

Thus attired and thus attended was this once powerful baron conveyed to his narrow dwelling-house in the dust.

We will not follow them further, nor detail the pomp of the funeral rites, that last mockery of greatness, but return to existing objects and events, — man's ever-gnawing ambition: so vast, when living, that the whole earth is

too narrow for its sphere: when dead, the veriest churl hath as wide a possession!

Weeks and months passed away, and the raw February wind grew soft in the warm and joyous impulse of another spring. One night, about the hour of vespers, two men, habited in monkish apparel, came to the cell of the Hermit of the Rock. After the usual salutation they entered, carrying with them staff and scrip, as if bent on a long and weary travel.

"Whence come ye, and whither bound?" said the hermit, surveying the intruders by the light of a solitary lamp that was burning in a niche, wherein stood a skull and crucifix, emblems of our faith and our mortality.

"We are from the abbey of Stanlaw, on our way to Kirkstall in the morning."

"Wherefore abide ye here? there is lodging, and better cheer withal, in the castle above."

"We are under a vow, and rest not, save on holy ground: We crave thy hospitality therefore, and shelter for the night."

"Is your errand to Kirkstall hidden, or is it an open embassage?"

"The lady Fitz-Eustace sendeth greeting by our ministry unto the holy abbot, through our superior at Stanlaw, beseeching that he would make diligent enquiry touching the will of Robert de Lacy, once lord of this goodly heritage. She hath had news of his demise, and likewise another message with an assurance that every of these possessions have been devised to the Fitz-Eustace, by his last will and testament. Yet this writing she has not yet seen, nor knoweth she into whose custody it hath been given. Apprehending the great favours which the Cister-

tian house at Kirkstall hath received from the Lacies, and the close intimacy which the Abbot once enjoyed, she doth conjecture that, in all likelihood, the testament is in his keeping."

"Your journey hath need of none other reference, for the will is in my custody."

"In thine, Sir Ulphilas?"

"How! know ye my name already?" said the hermit sharply, and a fierce glance shot from under his high and pallid brow.

"Holy St. Agatha! and has not the fame and sanctity of the Hermit of the Rock gone forth to many lands! Where the broad Mersey and the silver Dee roll their bright waters, thou art known by thy holiness and thy faith."

"And how is our good brother Roger, abbot of your monastery at Stanlaw?" enquired the hermit, not deigning to notice their fulsome and flattering epithets.

"Holy Virgin! how knowest thou his name?"

"And hath not the fame of your holy abbot, and the sanctity of your house, reached us even here?" said the hermit, with a look of scrutiny and scorn. The visiters were silent. The hermit seized the lamp, and surveyed their persons with much care and deliberation.

"Holy father," said the abashed intruders, "we crave thy blessing, and moreover a share of thy pittance; for our way hath been long and toilsome: since yesterday our journeying hath been over hills, and through deep forests, infested by wolves and noisome beasts, which we had much ado to escape."

The hermit drew a little table from the recess, blowing the wan embers until a cheerful blaze flashed brightly

through the cell. He then opened a cupboard scooped out of the solid rock, and took thence a scrap of hard cheese, a barley cake, and a few parched peas, with which the holy men commenced their supper. They ate their meal in silence, washing down the dainties with a draught from the spring. When the repast was finished, one of the brethren thus addressed his host: —

" And what shall be thy message to our holy abbot? wilt thou send the parchments to his grace?"

" Nay, brethren, that is not my purpose."

Another and a brief pause ensued.

" But the message? "

" Say that the will is here,"—he looked towards his bosom as he spoke, — " and at the appointed hour it shall be ready: when Roger de Fitz-Eustace comes hither, his claim shall be duly certified."

" Alas," said the wayfaring guests, in a tone of deep sorrow and apprehension, " he went on a warfare against the infidels."

" He will return," was the reply.

" The Virgin grant him a safe deliverance! but he tarrieth long, and a rumour hath lately been abroad that he fell at Ascalon."

" 'Tis false," cried the hermit, roused to an unexpected burst of wrath. His eyes kindled with rage, and he darted a glance at the intruders which made them cower and shrink from his rebuke. In a moment he grew calm, relapsing into his usual moody and thoughtful attitude. Taking courage, they again addressed him.

" Is this thy message to the abbot of Stanlaw? — if so, our errand hath but a sorry recompence."

" And what recompence should fall to the lot of mis-

creants like ye?" said the hermit, surveying them with a contemptuous glance. "I hear the sound of your master's feet behind ye. Tell Robert, the proud dean of Whalley, that when he sends ye next on so goodly an errand, to see that ye con your lesson more carefully, else will ye be known for a couple of errant knaves as ever went a mousing into an owl's nest! Hence, begone!" said the hermit, as he drave them from his threshold; and the counterfeit monks went back to Whalley in haste, reporting the ill success of their mission.

"Nevertheless," said De Whalley, "I have some clue to the search, if the glance of his eye, which these varlets have reported, do show truly where the treasure is hidden. I will foil the old fox yet with his own weapons."

This comfortable reflection, in all probability, moderated his anger at the unskilful disposition of his messengers, whom he dismissed with little ceremony from his presence.

In the mean time the new castellan was exercising his power with unsparing and immoderate severity. Oliver de Worsthorn was almost heartbroken; the old man suddenly found himself reduced to the condition of a mere dependant on the self-will and caprice of this petty tyrant; his authority having beeen usurped, and his office wrested from him, by the hand of a stranger. Adam de Dutton *

* At the commencement of a list of "*Senescalli de Blackburnshire*," occurs the name of "*Adam de Dutton, temp. Rog. et Joh. de Lacy.*" Dr. Whitaker says "This Adam de Dutton is one of the witnesses to the foundation charter of Stanlaw, A.D. 1178; and a Dominus Adam occurs as steward in the charters of John de Lacy, who succeeded Roger A.D. 1211: so that, if both these names design the same person, which I believe, he must have held the office of seneschal at least thirty-three years."

was the name of this new functionary, and he rode it out bravely over the necks of the servants and retainers, discharging some, punishing others, and making the whole community groan beneath the iron yoke of his oppression. Had there been a master-spirit to wield the elements of conspiracy, and unite the several members, so as to act from one common impulse, matters were just ripe for rebellion.

Early in the morning, after a day of more than ordinary discipline, Oliver bent his feeble steps to the hermitage. He laid his complaints before the occupier of the cell, who was ever ready to administer aid and comfort to the afflicted.

"Take little heed of the deputy now," said the holy man, "his master will be here anon. I hear the tramp of armed men, with the herald's trumpet. I see the red griffin, and the banner of the Fitz-Eustace."

"But holy father, Sir Ulphilas," replied the ejected steward, "there is no peace either by night or day, and we are nigh worn out with his waywardness and oppression. If it might be that your reverence would come with me, peradventure the churl would grow tame at your presence."

The hermit complying with his importunity accompanied Oliver to the castle.

In the hall Adam de Dutton was about consigning one of the villains, for some venial offence, unto the whipping-post and the stocks; the accused besought his inexorable judge for some remission of the sentence, falling on his knees before him just as the hermit, with great solemnity, entered the hall. His face was partly concealed by a large hood, and little of his countenance was visible above the

long beard which flowed over his bosom, and the fire of his eye, which seemed to glow through the dark shadows beneath.

"Whom bring ye next for our disposal?" enquired the castellan: but there was no answer; every eye was directed to the hermit, who came slowly forward, standing opposite to, and within a very short distance from, the dread arbiter of justice in the castle of the Lacies.

"What brings thee to our presence? Back to thy sanctuary; else we may deal with thee as with other knaves, who live by their wits and the witlessness of fools."

"What hath this man done amiss?" enquired the hermit, in a tone that showed his meekness to be disturbed, and his wrath evidently kindling; nor would the thunder be long ere it followed the flash.

"It is our pleasure!" answered Adam de Dutton, reddening with rage; "and furthermore our pleasure is, that thou get thee to thy cell, or, by the beard of St. Michael, my bowmen shall help thee thither, when this fellow hath had his allowance at their hands."

"Fool!" cried the hermit, in a voice which struck terror through the assembly; and even the judge himself started back with amazement.

"Begone, child," said Ulphilas to the culprit; "I dismiss thee of the punishment; peradventure thou hast deserved to suffer, but I give to this emissary a timely warning thereby."

The criminal was not loth to obey, disappearing speedily without hinderance, while the spectators were mute with amazement. The hermit, too, was silent before the usurper, who, almost frantic with vexation, cried out,—

"Seize him! — help, for the Fitz-Eustace! — treason against our lady of Halton!"

Uttering many rapid and incoherent expressions he approached the hermit, who stood unmoved, apparently the only unconcerned spectator in the rising tumult. The seneschal's guards were already in motion, but Adam was the first who attempted the seizure.

The holy man drew back, as though from some touch of pollution.

"Hold," cried he, "one touch, and 'tis thy last. Rash fool, thou hast provoked this rebuke!"

The hand of the seneschal had scarcely been put forth, when, lo, the astonished deputy shrunk back in dismay. A sudden change came over his angry countenance; a look of surprise mingled with horror; as though he could have wished the earth to gape and hide him from the object of his apprehensions. He stood trembling, speechless, pale as ashes, expecting immediate and condign punishment. So suddenly this change was wrought that the spectators fancied it to be some direct interposition from heaven; concluding that he was smitten for the sacrilegious and profane hand he had dared to stretch toward this holy man. Yet was the change not so sudden but that a quick-eyed observer, if such were there, might have seen the hermit's outer garment loosened for a moment, and a significant whisper which the other evidently heard with such visible tokens of alarm.

Ulphilas immediately retired to his cell, and from that hour the castellan discharged his official duties evidently under the control of some overmastering influence or apprehension.

Not long afterwards it was rumoured abroad, that

tidings had been heard from Roger de Fitz-Eustace, who was supposed either to be in captivity or to have fallen at the siege of Ascalon.

The king was still detained in prison by the Emperor, Henry VI., and it was only through the remonstrance of the German princes, and a threat of excommunication from the pope, that Henry, finding he could no longer hold him in durance, concluded a treaty for his ransom at the exorbitant sum of 150,000 marks, about 300,000*l.* of our money; of which sum two thirds were to be paid before he received his liberty, and sixty-seven hostages delivered for the remainder. The captivity of the superior lord was one of those cases provided for by the feudal tenures, and all vassals were, in that event, obliged to contribute towards his ransom. Twenty shillings were therefore levied on each knight's fee throughout England; but as this money came in slowly, and was not sufficient for the intended purpose, the voluntary zeal of the people readily supplied the deficiency.

The churches and monasteries melted down their plate to the amount of 30,000 marks; the bishops, abbots, and nobles paid a fourth of their yearly rent; the parochial clergy contributed a tenth of their tithes; and the requisite sum being thus collected, the queen-mother and Walter, Archbishop of Rouen, set out with it to Germany, paid the money to the Emperor and the Duke of Austria, at Mentz, delivered to them hostages for the remainder, and freed Richard from captivity.*

During these important negotiations, two messengers arrived at Clitheroe, who, in consequence of the deputy's

* Hume.

absence for a season, held a secret conference with the dean of Whalley ere they departed. An order was left that the castle should be forthwith in readiness for the reception of some distinguished guest. In those days tidings travelled slowly in such thinly populated districts; like the heath-fire, which extends rapidly where the fuel is thickly strewn, but is tardy in spreading where it is less abundant.

The dean, having received the messengers, took special care that the knowledge of their arrival should be kept, if possible, from the ears and eyes of Adam de Dutton, who happened for several days at that season to be hunting in the forest, where a mighty slaughter of game, wolves, bears, and such like, was the result; in which dangerous pastime, Geoffery, the dean's only son, acted a distinguished part. This bold adventurer was accounted the most skilful hunter in the whole range of these vast forests, where the venison was so strictly kept, that the life of a man was held in but little estimation, comparatively, with the care and preservation of a beast.

The deans of Whalley, as we have before seen, were mighty hunters in those days; and a wild and picturesque story is told in Dugdale's Mon. Angl. v. i. to which we have before alluded, to wit, that the great grandfather of the present incumbent, Liwlphus Cutwolph, cut off a wolf's tail whilst hunting, from which he acquired this surname. Geoffery inherited a more than ordinary passion for the chase. With his bow and hunting-spear he had been known to spend many days in these deep and trackless recesses, where the feet of man rarely trod, and the wild roe and the eagle had their almost inaccessible haunts. Adam was often his only companion; the

seneschal's partiality for the sport having rendered these dissimilar spirits more akin than their nature had otherwise permitted.

On the evening of a sultry day Ulphilas had thrown himself on his couch, when, without warning or intimation, the dean of Whalley stood beside him.

"The holy hermit hath betaken himself early to his repose. How fareth he in this hard cell? —'tis long since we have met."

"Peradventure it might have been longer, had not news travelled to thine ear touching the safety of the Fitz-Eustace and his speedy arrival," said the hermit, without so much as turning his eyes toward his visiter. — Robert de Whalley stood silent and aghast. This was a direct and unequivocal testimony to the prescience of the good father, for to no ears but his own had the tidings been communicated.

"Thou knowest of his return?"

"Yes, ere the knowledge was thine," said the hermit carelessly.

"There is little use in secrecy where the very walls possess a tongue; and seeing that the first part of mine errand is known, it may be thou art as well instructed in the latter, which is the true purport of my visit."

"I am," replied the other quickly, now for the first time fixing his eyes on the intruder, "and of the issue too, I trow!"

"Ah!" said the dean with a long-drawn exclamation of surprise, and a sudden gasp as though he would have held the secret more tightly to his bosom, "and who? —"

"Nay, thou art but obeying the impulse of thy nature," said the hermit, musing, "the brutes ye hunt obey their

common instinct — and thou —; yet the ravening wolf and the cunning fox ye follow, and worry to their death."

"Death!" cried the dean, "what meanest thou?"

"Did I not counsel thee to beware. But thou wilt tumble into thine own pit-fall. The trap is laid for thine own feet!"

The hermit sat on the low couch, and he gazed wildly round the cell as though pursuing some object visible only to himself.

"Give me the parchments committed to thy trust by De Lacy, and I will build a house to thy good saint, enriching it with rare endowments."

"Thou wouldest drive a thrifty bargain with Heaven. Verily thou shouldst have the best on 't, though," replied the hermit with a contemptuous smile.

"Truly I could but return to Heaven the bounties that it gave; yet would I, peradventure, build, for his honour and glory, to whom all things belong, a habitation, the like whereof hath not been seen for stateliness and grandeur," said the dean, with affected reverence and humility of spirit.

"Others may do that as well as thou."

"But will he, whose coming is now at hand, make so costly a sacrifice for the welfare of the church? I will found an abbey, holy father, consecrate to thy patron, wherein thou shalt be the ruler. I purpose to enrich it with half my possessions, even of those whereby, through thy ministry, I do become entitled from the death of Robert de Lacy."

"Which meaneth, if I but aid thee to rob another of some large and goodly inheritance, thou wilt give to Heaven, forsooth, a portion of what belongs not to thee."

"Once thou didst promise me thine aid."

"To robbery and rapine?"

"I have not wronged *thee!*"

"Nor I—"

"Thou hast—the inheritance is mine—thou hast robbed me of my right—but I will regain these lands or perish on them."

"And so thou mayest, unblushing traitor."

"Traitor!—ah!—this word to me?"

"Yes, to thee, Robert de Whalley!"

"Thou art in my power, old man; ere I entered thy cell I left a trusty keeper at the door," cried the dean, with a grin of savage exultation.

"In thy power!—never, miscreant."

"Give the deed to my keeping, and no harm shall happen thee; refuse, and thou art my prisoner. Force may accomplish my wishes without thy compliance."

The hermit's eyes glistened like twin fires in their hollow recesses. He stood erect, confronting his visiter, who, bold in audacity and guilt, repeated his demand.

"Never!" said the hermit.

"Then die, fond dotard!" cried De Whalley, and, sudden as the lightning-stroke, he drew a dagger from his vest, aiming a blow at the hermit's bosom; but, marvellous to relate, the steel hardly penetrated the folds of his drapery, glancing back with a dull sound, his person remaining uninjured. A look of unutterable scorn curled the features of the charmed, and apparently invulnerable, being before him.

"Cowardly assassin," he cried, "I hold thy threats at less worth than a handful of this base dust beneath my feet, and utterly defy thy power. I am free as the un-

trammelled air, and thou mayest as well attempt to grasp the shadow or the sunbeam!"

Swift as the words he uttered the hermit disappeared! The effect was so sudden, aided, in all likelihood, by the dimness and obscurity of the cell, that, to the astonished apprehension of De Whalley, Ulphilas had made himself more impalpable than the air he breathed, sinking, like a shadow through the rocky floor.

"Thou hast escaped me, fiend," said the dean, gnashing his teeth with vexation; "but I will overmatch thy spells—with the aid of this good hand I may yet retrieve the inheritance."

Saying this, he left the cell, and returned to his home at Whalley.

Early on the morrow the hermit entered the hall where Adam de Dutton was preparing for another expedition to the forest. The seneschal looked uneasy and surprised, but acknowledged his presence with great respect and humility.

"Adam de Dutton, thou hast other work to do," cried the holy man, "than rambling after these fools i' the forest!—Thy lord will be here anon."

"How! whom meanest thou?" enquired the castellan, with a vacant stare of astonishment.

"Roger de Fitz-Eustace. He is at hand, see thou prepare to meet him."

"Surely, thou mockest, Roger de ——"

"Peace!—The last beam of to-morrow's sun shall see the banner of the Fitz-Eustace beneath the gate."

"To-morrow!—Why—how cometh my lord? Surely, thou dreamest—or thy—"

"Once more, I warn thee of his coming; see to his re-

ception, or thy lord will be wroth; and Roger with the ready hand was not used to be over nice, or loth in the administering of a rod to a fool's back."

The hermit departed without awaiting the reply.

But great was the stir and tumult in the strong hold of the Lacies on that memorable day. The hurrying to and fro of the victuallers and cooks — the clink of armourers and the din of horses prancing in their warlike equipments —kept up an incessant jingle and confusion. A watchman was stationed on the keep, whose duty it was to give warning, when the dust, curling on the wind, should betoken the approach of strangers. The guards were set, the gates properly mounted, and the drawbridge raised, so that their future lord might be admitted in due form to his possession.

The sun went gloriously down towards the wide and distant verge of the forest, and the brow of Pendle flung back his burning glance. Nature seemed to welter in a wide atmosphere of light, from which there was no escape. Panting and oppressed, the hounds lay basking by the wall, and the shaggy wolf-dog crept, with slouching gait and lolling tongue, from the glare into the shadow of some protecting buttress. The watchman sat beneath the low battlements, hardly able to direct his aching eyes towards the forest path below the hill. The monotony of this dull and weary task was reiterated until the very effort became habitual, and he could scarcely recognise or identify any change of object from the absorption of his faculties by the listlessness it created. One slight curl of dust had already escaped him, another waved softly above the trees where the path wound upwards from the valley. Again it was visible, and the watchman seemed to awaken as from

a lethargy or a dream. Strangers were surely approaching; but without retinue, as the wreath of dust, from its slight continuance, would seem to intimate. Just as he came to this conclusion, two horsemen swept into view, where a broad turn of the road was visible, disappearing again, rapidly, behind the arched boughs of the forest.

Bounding almost headlong down the narrow stair, he ran immediately to the hall, informing the deputy of what he had seen. Scarce had he concluded, when a hoarse blast from the horn rung at the outer gate. Adam de Dutton hurried to the postern, where he saw two horsemen, bearing unequivocal signs of their allegiance to the renowned constable of Chester. They wore what was then considered a great novelty in dress, the tabard or *supertotus;* a sleeveless garment, consisting of only two pieces which hung down before and behind, the sides being left open.* Low-crowned yellow caps covered their heads, and the upper tunic was yellow, richly embroidered, reaching only to the knees. They wore forked beards, well pointed, and gloves and boots of beautiful Spanish leather. Their horses were low, but of an exquisite symmetry, and the beasts were pawing and champing before the gate when Adam hastened down into the courtyard. These were avant couriers or messengers from Roger de Fitz-Eustace, whom they announced as being nigh, and to be expected ere nightfall, with his daughter Maud, a maiden much renowned for her beauty.

As the sun sunk deeper into the gloom of the woods, and the shadows grew long on the green and sunny slope of the hill, the wild shrill notes of a clarion rung through

* Like the knave on playing-cards, who is still depicted in this dress.

the forest glades — a distant burst of martial music was heard, together with the roll of a drum; an instrument borrowed from the Saracens, and in use only after the crusades.

Now went forth Adam de Dutton and his train bare-headed, to meet their lord, whom they found riding at a slow pace, conversing familiarly but attentively, with the dean of Whalley. Behind him came the blushing Maud on a beautiful white palfrey, and beside her a comely youth, in a fair hunting-suit, the son of De Whalley, who, by his fervid and impassioned glances, showed himself apt in other and nobler exercises than the upland chase and the forest cover could afford.

Roger de Fitz-Eustace, the terror and scourge of the Welsh, and by them called "Hell," from the great violence and ferocity of his temper, was then about forty years old. He was clothed in a light suit of armour, the hauberk, with the rings set edgewise, reaching down to the knees. His helmet was cylindrical, the *avantaille*, or face-guard, thrown up. He wore a coloured surcoat; a fashion that seems to have originated with the crusaders, not only for the purpose of distinguishing the different leaders, but as a veil to protect the armour, so apt to heat excessively when exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It was of a violet colour, without any distinctive mark or badge. His highly decorated shield was borne behind him, the three garbs and the lions being chiefly conspicuous in the marshalling: the former, the original bearing of Hugh Lupus, was often used by the constables of Chester, in compliment to their chief lord. Its shape was angular, and suspended from the neck by a strap called guige or gige; a Norman custom of great antiquity. A

huge broad sword was carried by his armour-bearer, the person of the chief being without any farther means of impediment or defence than a French stabbing sword, fastened on one side of his pommel, and a stout battle-axe on the other. The horse was decorated with great and costly profusion. At a short distance rode William de Bellomonte, the baron's inseparable companion. A small train of archers and cross-bow men brought up the rear of the escort, save the baggage and sumpter horses, laden not only with provisions but cooking utensils, and even with furniture for the household. In those days it was a matter both of economy and necessity for the occupants or lords of several castles to travel with accompaniments of this sort; though possessing many residences, most of them had the means and even conveniences only for the furnishing of one.

The seneschal and his train alighted, doing homage to their lord, who was conducted with great pomp and ceremony into the fortress, now lapsed for ever from the blood and succession of the Lacies; yet Roger de Fitz-Eustace and his descendants, probably in commemoration of the source whence originated their great honours and endowments, were ever afterwards styled by the surname of De Lacy; and, strange as it may appear, his father John, constable of Chester, who died fifteen years previously to this event, and who founded the Cistertian abbey of Stanlaw, the parent establishment of Whalley, though he had not the slightest pretensions to the name of Lacy, was popularly invested with the name. It is still more singular that the mistake should have been committed by Henry de Lacy, the last of the line of the Fitz-Eustace, third in descent from Roger, in the foundation charter of

Whalley Abbey, where he expressly styles his ancestor "Joh. de Lacy, Const. Cest."

Accompanied by her father and her female attendants, the "gentle" maiden entered the hall. She was stately, and beautifully formed, with little show of her lineage, except the high forehead and well-formed nose of the Fitz-Eustace. She was enveloped from head to foot in a long gown or habit; over this was cast a richly embroidered purple silk surcoat or cloak, embellished with those ephemeral absurdities called pocketing-sleeves. These hung from the wrists almost to the ground, showing an opening or pocket which might have supplied the place of a lady's arm-bag in our own era. A wimple or peplus was thrown over the head; a sort of hood, which, instead of covering the shoulders, was brought round the neck beneath the chin like a warrior's gorget, giving an exceedingly stiff and muffled appearance to the upper part of the figure.

Geoffery was unremitting in his attentions, and his father seemed as assiduous in his court to the fierce crusader, who listened intently to some private intelligence which the dean was evidently much interested in communicating. The following were the only words that could be distinguished at the dismissal of the courteous De Whalley, as he retired a few paces ere he departed:—

"To-morrow be it," said Fitz-Eustace, "after matins, and we will hear thee further in this matter: let him then be conveyed to our presence."

The dean retired, but at dawn he was again present, in the chantry of St. Michael, within the castle.

Fierce came the beams of the morning sun through the eastern oriel of the hall, and the guards and retainers of

this feudal fortress were waiting the appearance of their lord. Lounging idly at the great entrance were those more immediately in attendance on their chief, some playing at *merelles*, or nine men's morris; others tilting with mimic arms, and twanging the bowstring. The pikemen were drawn up in the court yard, awaiting orders from their superior. Their glittering weapons flung back the morning light in sharp flashes to the sky; while on the tower the dark pennon hung motionless and drooping in the sultry air.

The news of his arrival had drawn hither not a few of the surrounding peasantry to gaze upon the pomp, and to pay homage at the court, of their feudal lord; and a crowd of idlers was accumulating beneath the walls of the fortress.

The breakfast meal being over, the baron entered through a side door behind a rude bench, overhung with faded drapery, which formed an elevation for the chief. His cheek was scorched and darkened with the burning suns of Palestine, while his beard seemed to have been whitened in that fiery clime. He was now habited in a rich purple cope or gown, fitting close, without sleeves or armholes, and embellished with a deep gold-coloured border, the Anglo Saxon mantle being now discarded by persons of distinction. The tunic underneath was of scarlet, bordered with real ermine, which, together with the low square cap or coronet that he wore, gave him something of a regal appearance. A leash of hounds crouched at his feet. Before, and below him, the heralds and officers of the household arranged themselves, amongst whom Adam de Dutton was conspicuous by his ludicrously solemn attitude and appearance. The whole scene had the aspect of

a military tribunal, especially when Roger de Lacy (by which name we shall now distinguish him) ordered that silence should be proclaimed, and that the dean of Whalley should be summoned to his presence.

Robert de Whalley immediately presented himself with arms folded, and an air of great ceremony in his behaviour.

"Thou hast been prompt to our bidding; the lark, I trow, had but newly risen from her bed, ere thou wast away from thine," said the Baron.

"Three weary miles through this grim forest is good speed ere matins; but I knew the occasion was urgent, and my lord's commands admit not of delay. The palfrey which you so pleasantly noted yestereen, is the sole companion of my pilgrimages to and fro, for the good of this noble house. I did offer prayers for the soul of the deceased ere matins this morning, in the chapel."

"Hast heard aught of, or communicated with, the traitor thou didst denounce to me privily yesterday?"

"Being holden as one of great sanctity, by common report, peradventure it were dangerous to lay hands on him without an express warranty from our chief."

"He shall be summoned to our court. Adam de Dutton—"

"Stay, my lord," said the wily dean. "I would, with all due submission, urge that caution were best in this matter."

"Caution, De Whalley! and to what end? are not the Lacies able to execute as well as to command? or is the lax ministration of justice now complained of throughout the realm prevailing here also? By the beard of Hugh Lupus, I will be heard, and obeyed too!"

"In good sooth, my lord, I see nor let nor hindrance in this matter, provided that he whom we seek were of such ordinary capacities that be common to flesh and blood, and subject to the same laws; but when we have to cope with the devil, we must use his subtilty. Pardon me, my lord," continued the accuser, seeing symptoms of impatience gathering on the brow of the haughty chieftain, "though I am plain of speech, yet is it the more easily understood. This delinquent of whom we speak hath not, as the general report testifieth, the same nature and existence as our own. He useth magic;—I have credible testimony thereto, my lord;—and anointeth his body so that it shall be invisible. The free unconfined air is not more accessible to the scared bird, than rocks and walls are to this impalpable mockery of our form: and yet he may be dealt with."

"Troth, a man of many faculties. How came he thus?"

"The vulgar do imagine that by dint of great macération and humility, by prayer and fasting, he hath attained communion with angels; but I suspect they be those of the bottomless pit!"

"And why should he withhold the deed?"

"I know not, save that he purposeth by fraud and subtilty to cast these fair possessions into the treasury of the holy church, and build an abbey hereabout, the like whereof hath not been seen for glory and magnificence."

"Doth he then deny our right to the inheritance? The lady Fitz-Eustace had a fair copy of the deed, purporting to be sent by the holy confessor who shrived the testator in his extremity.—But how hath this canting hermit gotten the writing into his possession?"

"I know not, my lord, unless it be that the like arts have enabled him to appropriate it by other means than those of honesty and good faith. But give me a band of men, together with leave so to deal with him as I shall see fit, and I trust ere long to render a good account of the matter. I will come upon him unawares, ere he can render his body inaccessible, and lay hold of the traitor."

"Traitor!" echoed a voice from behind a screen at the lower extremity of the hall. Every eye was turned in that direction; when, lo! the hermit himself, the end and object of their deliberations, stalked forth, unquestioned and unobstructed.

The baron rose, and his grim eyebrows were fiercely knit and contracted. He looked enquiringly towards the dean, who, for a moment, was confounded by this unexpected event. Yet his presence of mind, and fertility of expedient, did not forsake him.

"Let him be instantly bound, my lord," whispered De Whalley, "and holden by main force, or he will escape like a limed bird from the twigs. Let him be led forthwith to the dungeon, where I myself will question him. It is not fitting that this plotter should practise devilish devices upon our assembly."

At a signal from their chief, the soldiers surrounded him; but the hermit, whose features were still hidden by the cowl, took hold of the foremost, and with an incredible strength, dashed him to the ground. The others drew back intimidated.

"Treason, my lord, treason!" cried the dean, "you behold him even in your presence exercising forbidden arts. Away with him to the dungeon! Guards, do your office."

"Miscreant, beware!" said the hermit. De Whalley, though bold, and generally undaunted, started back at the sound.

"What, this lawless intromission to our face, and in our council too?" cried the baron; "seize that hooded kite, knaves, or I will hang every one o' ye on the Furca, ere the sun be two hours older!"

Roger de Lacy, in a threatening attitude, approached the guards, who now environed the hermit, using more caution than before. Suddenly they rushed upon him, and he was pinioned ere he could make the least resistance.

At this moment, so anxiously hoped for and expected by the dean, the latter pushed towards him. Thrusting his hand into the hermit's bosom, the long-coveted parchment was in his grasp, and in a twinkling it was conveyed to his own.

"How now!" cried the baron, "wherefore in such haste? I trow the deed is ours!"

With a great show of obedience and respect, he drew the parchment again from beneath his robe, and holding it cautiously beside him, exclaimed,

"My lord, ere this be read, is it not prudent that we convey the traitor to the dungeon, lest by his subtilty the writing be wrested from our grasp."

The hermit, yet held in close custody of the guards, cried with a loud voice,

"Who is the traitor, let the walls of my cell bear witness, when they heard him offer a heavy bribe that this the only evidence to the right of the Fitz-Eustace might be destroyed!"

"Fatherest thou the accursed progeny of thine avarice

upon me?" cried the dean, apparently indignant at so unjust an accusation.

"Give me the roll," said the constable, "and we will confront him by what he would have withheld. After we have made our own right secure, we adjudge him to his deserts."

The dean was obliged, however unwillingly, to obey; handing forward the parchment, which Roger de Lacy unfolded in the presence of the hermit. But it would be impossible to describe the consternation of the chieftain, when he read therein a formal grant, bequeathing the whole of these vast possessions to Robert de Whalley and his heirs for ever.

The dean, apparently with surprise, and a well-feigned indignation at the fraud which the hermit intended to have put upon him, exclaimed,

"I had a grievous suspicion, long ago, that this hoary hypocrite would play me false; and, indeed, his great unwillingness to show the deed led me to think that he meditated some deadly wrong."

"But wherefore," enquired the chieftain, "should there be messengers to Halton with news and credentials so explicit, that the estate was left without let or incumbrance to the lady Fitz-Eustace. A web of mystery is here, which we will speedily unravel. Who gave thee this deed? and wherefore shouldst thou conceal it?" said he, addressing the hermit.

"Roger de Fitz-Eustace," replied the prisoner, "thine honour is abused. That lying instrument was never in my charge."

"Why hast thou refused to render up the deed?"

"Lest it should fall into the hands of robbers, and thou

shouldest be cheated of thine inheritance. This traitor hath long had an eye to the possession."

"'Tis his," returned the constable sternly, "by this good title."

"'Tis a fraud — a base attempt put forth by this cut-purse to wrest it from thee. Search him, and if thou findest not another, and of a different tenor, hidden about his goodly person, let me die a traitor's death."

"I see not that our power hath need of such a pleasant exercise. Thou art accused by him of treachery; and verily 'tis a vain attempt to rid thee of the charge, — to throw back the accusation upon him thou hast wronged."

"My lord de Fitz-Eustace," said the dean, — but Roger looked displeased at this style and address, reminding him so soon of the departure of his lately assumed title De Lacy, — "your ear and mine have been too long abused by this plotting wizard. He is now subject to my authority. Hereby do I assume my rights, and arraign the culprit before my tribunal."

The ambitious churchman approached the judgment-seat, whereon he was just ascending; but the hermit, with one desperate effort, burst from his bonds, and, ere the guards could arrest him, he had grasped his adversary by the throat.

"Traitor, I warned thee beforetime. Now will I unrobe thy villainy to its very nakedness."

The hermit, thrusting one hand beneath the garment of his victim, drew forth the real deed, which had been dextrously exchanged by the wily priest for his own fraudulent imposture. He then loosened his grasp, and placed the real instrument in the hands of the baron.

"'Tis a forgery — a base disposal of my rights," roared out the infuriate and detected hypocrite.

But Roger de Lacy immediately saw that the deed was to a similar purport with the copy which had been sent by some unknown hand, immediately on the death of the testator, to Halton Castle.

With a look of devouring and terrible indignation, he cried out,

"Though thou wert the holy pontiff himself, and all the terrors of the church were at thy command, thou shouldst not escape my vengeance, thou daring priest! — To the Furca! — his offence is repugnant to my nostrils, — 'tis rank with treason!"

"Hold!" cried the mysterious hermit; "I have promised him protection, nor shall the promise be foregone.

"Thou!" cried the warrior with unfeigned astonishment; "and who art thou, that seemest here the arbiter of destiny, whether good or evil."

"A sinful, but heaven-destined man," replied the hermit, meekly.

"Our vengeance slumbereth not," said the chief; "the sentence is gone forth, and he dies ere sun-set."

"Not so," replied the hermit, again assuming the attitude of command.

"By the beard of Hugh Lupus, he dieth."

"He doth, — but not by thy decree!"

"How! methinks the fever of disloyalty hath seized you alk: the infection hath so tainted your nature, that a skilful leech, whom I employ in cases of emergency, will be of service — my headsman, or hangman, as shall seem most fitting. He dies, I tell thee, though the saints themselves were interceding."

" I have promised," said the hermit again, with the confidence of careless superiority.

Adam de Dutton, who had hitherto been waiting anxiously for an opportunity to communicate with his lord, now whispered something in his ear.

" How!" said the bewildered chieftain; " 'tis said thou wearest the badge of our house, and art thyself under some surreptitious disguise."

" I wear no disguise," returned the hermit calmly; " what thou seest is my badge, and will be, Heaven permitting, until I die."

" Who art thou?"

" A sinful mortal like thyself; but worn down with long vigils and maceration. Lord of as wide inheritance as thou, and yet a tenant only in a narrow cell!"

" Thou speakest riddles;— thy meaning?"

" I was an outcast, though heir to a vast heritage. I vowed that if He, whose prerogative it is, would cleanse me from my stains, my life should thenceforth be His, and consecrate to Heaven. I was a leper; but my prayer was heard! I washed in yonder holy well, which gushes from the rock, whose virtues had been reported to me. Washing daily, with faith and prayer, I was healed. I found, close by, a convenient hermitage; and many caverns and secret chambers, with hidden passages and communications, had been dug therefrom, by which I could pass to and fro, and thus visit the castle unseen. I was the confessor and companion of Robert de Lacy. At my desire, he left the whole of his domains to the Fitz-Eustace. But thou art not the eldest-born of thy father."

" My eldest brother has long been dead. He was a

leper: his cruel disease drove him from the haunts of men. The last we knew of him, he went forth with cup and clapper as they are wont. Soon after, news arrived of his decease."

"Was he not driven forth by rude and cruel taunts the rather?" said the hermit, gazing with unaverted eye on the haughty chieftain. "This noble birth and heritage are mine! Behold, 'tis thus I repay your injustice!"

He threw off his cloak; underneath appeared a complete suit of proof armour, and a surcoat, on which was emblazoned the badge of the Fitz-Eustace.

"I am Richard Fitz-Eustace, thine elder brother! Nay, put off that brow of discontent. I claim not my birthright — the vows of heaven are upon me — and to thee and thine will this good heritance devolve. One right only do I claim — this prisoner is free. Was he not my stay and sustenance, when the fiat of Heaven guided me hither? He sheltered me, and had pity on mine infirmity. Moreover, he had some well-founded expectancy towards these domains, by reason of kindred to the Lacies, had they not been devised by will to the Fitz-Eustace. His blood is noble as our own. He thinks there is injustice in the deed — but not to him shall the atonement come. Thou hast a daughter — and my prescience hath this consequence, that by her this rankling wound shall be healed. If so be that he have found favour in her sight, let her and the son of this ambitious priest be joined together in the bonds of holy wedlock; for my word is gone forth — his blood mingles with ours."

The whole assembly were aghast with this thrilling discovery. The baron would have embraced his brother;

but the gloomy ascetic forbade. He left the hall, returned to his cell, and but a short period elapsed, ere the grave he had prepared with his own hands was closed over his corpse; the period of his sojourn having been shortened, no doubt, by the austerities and mortifications he deemed himself called upon to endure.

Maud was shortly afterwards united to Geoffrey de Whalley, unto whom her father granted the villa de Tunley or Townley, and the manor of Coldcoats with Snodworth, as a marriage portion. From them is descended the present owner of Townley, nephew to that celebrated scholar and antiquary, Charles Townley, the twenty-ninth in descent from Spartlingus, the first dean of Whalley upon record. The latter was predecessor to Cutwulph, whose exploits in the days of Canute we have before noticed.

Soon afterwards died Robert de Whalley; his departure hastened, it is said, by grief and chagrin at the loss of these long-coveted possessions.

Roger de Lacy died October 1. A. D. 1211, after a long and active life, spent between his arduous wars and invasions of the Welsh, and his no less arduous journeyings to and fro between the castles of Clitheroe and Pontefract, where he spent the latter part of his days. He was succeeded by John de Lacy, his eldest son, who, by marriage with Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Robert, son of De Quincy, Earl of Winchester, became Earl of Lincoln by patent from Henry III., the monarch having re-granted this title to him and his heirs for ever.

THE

GREY·MAN OF THE WOOD.

THE GREY MAN OF THE WOOD;

OR,

THE SECRET MINE.

WADDINGTON HALL, the site of the following legend, says Pennant, "is a stone house, with some small ancient windows, and a narrow winding staircase within, now inhabited by several poor families; yet it formerly gave shelter to a royal guest. The meek usurper, Henry VI., after the battle of Hexham, in 1463, was conveyed into this county, where he was concealed by his vassals for an entire twelvemonth, notwithstanding the most diligent search was made after him. At length he was surprised at dinner at Waddington Hall, and taken near Bungerley Hippingstones in Clitherwood. The account which Leland gives from an ancient chronicle concurs with the tradition of the country, that he was deceived, i. e. betrayed, by Thomas Talbot, son and heir to Sir Edmund Talbot, of Bashal, and John his cousin, of Colebry. The

house was beset; but the king found means to get out, ran across the fields below Waddow Hall, and passed the Ribble, on the stepping-stones, into a wood on the Lancashire side, called Christian Pightle, but being closely pursued, was there taken. From hence he was carried to London, in the most piteous manner, on horseback, with his legs tied to the stirrups. Rymer has preserved the grant of a reward for this service, of the estates of Sir Richard Tunstall, a Lancastrian, to Sir James Harrington, by Edward IV., dated from Westminster, July 9th, 1465."

At that time Waddington belonged to the Tempests, who inherited it by virtue of the marriage of their ancestor, Sir Roger, in the reign of Edward I., with Alice, daughter and heiress of Walter de Waddington. An alliance had just been made between the Tempests and the Talbots. It may be presumed, that in order to save their estates (which they afterward were suffered quietly to possess), they agreed with Sir James to give up the saintly monarch, which was the reason that the latter had the reward for what the grant calls "his great and laborious diligence in taking our great traitor and rebel, Henry, lately called Henry VI."

Far different was the conduct of Sir Ralph Pudsey, of Bolton Hall, where the king was concealed for some months prior to his appearance at Waddington. Quitting Bolton, probably from some apprehension that his retreat was in danger of being discovered, he left behind him the well-known relics which are still shown to the curious. These are a pair of boots, a pair of gloves, and a spoon. The boots are of fine brown Spanish leather, lined with

deer skin, tanned with the fur on; about the ancles is a kind of wadding under the lining, to keep out wet. They have been fastened by buttons from the ancle to the knee; the feet are remarkably small (little more than eight inches long); the toes round, and the soles, where they join to the heel, contracted to less than an inch in diameter.

The gloves are of the same material, and have the same lining: they reach up, like women's gloves, to the elbow; but have been occasionally turned down, with deer skin outward. The hands are exactly proportioned to the feet, and not larger than those of a middle-sized woman. In an age when the habits of the great, in peace as well as war, required perpetual exertions of bodily strength, this unhappy prince must have been equally contemptible from corporeal and from mental imbecility.*

A well adjoining to Bolton Hall still retains his name. He is said to have ordered it to be dug and walled round for a bath; and it is much venerated by the country people to this day, who fancy that many remarkable cures have been wrought there.

It is not generally recorded that the science of alchemy was much encouraged by the royal visionary. Though he had commissioned three adepts to make the precious metals, and had not received any returns, his credulity remained unshaken, and he issued a pompous grant in favour of three other alchemists, who boasted that they could not only transmute metals, but could impart perpetual youth, with unimpaired powers both of mind and body,

* Whitaker's Craven.

by means of a specific called the *Mother and Queen of Medicines*, the *Celestial Glory*, the *Quintessence or Elixir of Life*. In favour of these "three lovers of the truth, and haters of deception," as they styled themselves, Henry dispensed with the law passed by his grandfather, Henry IV., against the undue multiplication of gold and silver, and empowered them to transmute the precious metals. This extraordinary commission had the sanction of parliament; and two out of the three adepts were the heads of Lancashire families; viz., Sir Thomas Ashton, of Ashton, and Sir Edmund Trafford, of Trafford. These worthy knights obtained a patent for changing metals, 24 Hen. VI. The philosophers, probably imposing upon themselves as well as others, kept the king's expectation wound up to the highest pitch; and in the following year he actually informed his people that the happy hour was approaching, when, by means of the *stone*, he should *be able to pay off his debts.**

With regard to the prophecy or denunciation made by him against the Talbots, recorded in our legend, Dr. Whittaker observes, — "Something like these hereditary alternations of sense and folly might have happened, and have given rise to a prophecy fabricated after the event; a real prediction to this effect would have negatived the words of Solomon, — 'Yea, I have hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me; and who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?'

"This, however, is not the only instance in which

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* Pennant.

Henry is reported to have displayed that singular faculty, the *Vaticinium Stultorum.*" *

In 798 this place was noted for the defeat of Wada, the Saxon chief, by Aldred, King of Northumberland. He was one of the petty princes who joined the murderers of King Ethelred. After this overthrow he fled to his castle, on a hill near Whitby, and dying, was interred not far from the place. Two great pillars, about twelve feet asunder, mark the spot, and still bear the name of " Wada's Grave."

* Hist. Whalley.

THE GREY MAN OF THE WOOD;

OR,

THE SECRET MINE.

"*Humph.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?
K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to;
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
Humph. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind, and that's enough.
Humph. But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?"

King Henry VI.

It was on a bright and glorious summer evening, in the year 1464, while the red glare of sunset was still in the

west, and a wide blush of purple passed rapidly over the distant fell and the blue and heath-clad mountain, that a group of labourers were returning from their daily toil through the forest glades that skirt the broad and beautiful Ribble, below Waddow. Some of them were of that class called hinds, paying the rents of their little homesteads by stated periods of service allotted to each; in this respect differing but little from the serfs and villains of a more remote era, their toil not a whit less irksome, though their liberty, in name at least, was less under the control and caprice of their lord.

Two of the peasants loitered considerably behind the rest, seemingly engrossed by a conversation too interesting or too important for the ears of their companions. The elder of the speakers was clad in a coarse woollen doublet; a belt of untanned leather girt his form; and on his head was a cap of grey felt, without either rim or band. His gait was heavy and slouching. Strong, tall, and muscular, he stooped considerably; but less through age and infirmity than from the laborious nature of his occupations. His companion, younger and more vivacious, was distinguished by a goodly and well thriven hump, and by that fullness and projection of the chest, which usually characterises this species of deformity. His long arms nearly trailed to the ground as he walked; huge and sprawling, they seemed to have been originally intended as an attachment to a frame of much more gigantic proportions. His face had that peculiar form and expression which always, more or less, accompanies this kind of malformation. Wide, large, angular; the chin sharp and projecting, supported on the breast; the whole head scarcely rivalling the shoulders in height and obliquity. His disposition was evidently wayward and

irascible, and a keen satirical humour lurked in every line of his pallid visage; generally at war with his species, and ready to act on the defensive; snarling whenever he was approached, and always anticipating gibe and insult from his fellows.

"Weary, weary,—ay, as a Tom-fool at a holiday feast," said the hunchback to his companion: "spade and axe have I lifted these twenty years, and what the better am I o' the labour? 'A groat's worth of wit is worth a pound o' sweat,' as my dame says. I'll turn pedler some o' these days, and lie, and cheat, and sell."

"Ay, Gregory," interrupted the other, "thee'd sell thy own paws, if so be they'd fetch a groat i' the market; but then, I warrant, the dame at the hall would lack her henchman at the churn."

"Tut! I care for nought living but my worthless carcass," replied the hunchback, surveying his own person; "why should I? there's nought living that cares for me. Sure as fate, if a wur dead beside, we'd ha' curran' baws i' the pot every day! What a murrain is it to this hungry maw whether Ned Talbot, or Joe Tempest, or any other knave o' the pack, tumbles into his birth, or is put to bed wi' the shovel, a day sooner or later. He maun budge some time. Faugh! how I hate your whining — your cat-a-whisker'd faces, purring and mewling, while parson Pudsay says grace over the cold carrion: he cares not if it waur hash'd and stew'd i' purgatory, so that he gets the shrift-money. Out upon't, Ralph, out upon it! this mattock should delve a' the graves i' the parish, if I could get a tester more i' my fist."

"Thou murdering tyke! would'st dig my grave?"

"Ay," shouted Gregory with a grin, displaying a huge

double crescent of white teeth, portals to a gulf, grim hideous, and insatiable; "ay, for St. Peter's penny."

"And leave me to knock at the gate, and never a doit to pay the porter?"

"Thou shouldst cry and howl till doomsday, though my pouch had the keeping of a whole congregation of angels."

"Keep out o' my way, cub — unlicked brute!" cried the infuriate Ralph; "keep back, I say, or I may send thee first on thine errand to St. Peter. Take that, knave, and —"

But the malicious hunchback stepped aside, and the blow, aimed with a hearty curse at this provoking lump of deformity, fell with a murderous force upon a writhen stem, which bore witness to the willing disposition with which the stroke was dealt. Gregory was laughing and mocking all the while at the impotent wrath of his companion.

"A groat's worth for a penny, I'm not yet boun' for St. Peter's blessing, though, old crump-face!" cried the leering impertinent, one thumb between his teeth, and the little finger thrust out in its most expressive form of derision and contempt.

"Hush — softly, prithee," said the offended party, his anger all at once under the influence of a more powerful feeling. He stood still, in the attitude of listening, earnestly bending forward with great solicitude and attention.

He pointed to some object just visible through the arches of the wood, in the dim twilight.

"There is the grey man o' the mine again, as I live. Gregory, we'd best turn back, for our companions are gone out of hearing." The terrified rustic was preparing for immediate flight, but Gregory caught him by the belt.

"How now! stand to thy ground, man," said he; "I've had speech at him not long ago. We came upon one another suddenly, to be sure, and I could not well escape, so I stood still. He did the same; shook his pale and saintly face, and, with a wave o' the hand, bade me pass on."

"But look thee," replied the other, "I'm bodily certain he walks without a shadow at his tail. See at that big tree there; why the boughs bend before he touches 'em, like as they were stricken wi' the wind. I declare if the very trees don't step aside as if they're afraid of him. I'll not tarry here, good man."

Disengaging himself from the other's gripe, Ralph ran through the wood in an opposite direction, and was soon out of sight. A loud shout from Gregory followed him as he fled, which only served to quicken his speed; and the hunchback was left alone. The figure which was the moving cause of this cowardly apprehension almost immediately disappeared behind a projecting crag, at the base of which grew a thick skirting of underwood; but Gregory pursued cautiously in the same direction. He had heard strange stories of demons guarding heaps of treasure; and it was currently reported that in former times a mine had been secretly worked in these parts for fear of discovery; all mines yielding gold and silver, so as to leave a profit from the working, being considered as "mines royal," and regarded as the property of the king.* Gregory's prevailing sin was avarice; and often-

* Webster, in his "Metallographia," mentions a field called Skilhorn, in the township of Rivington within Craven, "belonging to one Mr. Pudsay, an ancient esquire, and owner of Bolton Hall,

times this vice put on the appearance of courage, by rendering him daring for its gratification, though at heart

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juxta Bolland; who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, did get good store of silver ore, and convert it to his own use, or rather coined it, as many do believe, there being many shillings marked with an escallop, which the people of that country call Pudsay shillings to this day. But whether way soever it was, he procured his pardon for it, and had it, as I am certified from the mouths of those who had seen it." Webster further adds, "While old Basby (a chemist) was with me, I procured some of the ore, which yielded after the rate of twenty-six pounds of silver per ton. Since then, good store of lead has been gotten; but I never could procure any more of the sort formerly gotten; the miners being so cunning, that if they meet with any vein that contains so much ore as will make it a myne royall, they will not discover it."

Dr. Whitaker, in his History of Craven, says, "The following papers, lately communicated to me from the evidences of the Pudsays, put the matter out of doubt:—'Case of a myne royall. Although the gold or silver contained in the base metalls of a mine in the land of a subject be of less value than the baser metall, yet if gold and silver doe countervaile the charge of refining, or bee of more value than the baser metall spent in refining itt, this is a myne royall, and *as well the base metall* as the gold and silver in it, belongs to the crown.

Edw. Herbert, Attorney-General.	Jeoffry Palmer.
	Tho. Lane.
Oliver St. John, Solicitor-General.	Jo. Maynard.
	Edw. Hyde.
Orl. Bridgman.	J. Glynn.
Joh. Glanvill.	Harbottle Grimstone, &c.'

"So favourable at that time were the opinions of the most constitutional lawyers (for such were the greater part of these illustrious names) to the prerogative. But the law, on this head, has been very wisely altered by two statutes of William and Mary. — Blackstone, iv. 295.

"The other paper is of later date: —"To the King's most excellent Majestie. The humble petition of Ambrose Pudsay, Esq., sheweth, that your petitioner having suffered much by imprisonment, plunder,

a coward. He thought that if the treasure were once within his grasp, neither man nor demon should regain it.

For a short time past, this part of the forest had been commonly reported as the haunt of a spectre, in the likeness of a man clad in grey apparel; who, by some, was supposed to be an impalpable exhalation from a concealed mine existing in the neighbourhood. It is well known that these places are generally guarded by some covetous demon, who, though unable to apply the treasures to their proper use, yet strives to hinder any one else from gaining possession.

Gregory had once encountered it unexpectedly, face to face, but he did not then follow,—surprise and timidity preventing him. He however resolved that, should another opportunity occur, he would track the spectre to its haunt, and by that means find out the opening and situation of the mine.

He now crept slowly towards the crag, behind which the figure had retired. Looking cautiously round the point, he again saw the dim spectral form only a few yards distant. Suddenly he heard a low whistle, and the next moment the mysterious figure had disappeared,—not a vestige could be traced. He thrust his huge head between the boughs for a more uninterrupted survey, but nothing was seen, save the bare escarpment of the rock, and the low bushes, behind which the phantom had, a moment before, been visible. Though somewhat daunted,

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&c. for his bounden loyalty, and having many years concealed a myne royall, in Craven, in Yorkshire, prayeth a patent for digging and refining the same.'"

he crept closer to the spot, but darkness was fast closing around him, and the search was fruitless.

"Humph!" said the disappointed treasure-hunter audibly; "daylight and a stout pole may probe the mystery to the bottom. I'll mark this spot."

"Mark this spot," said another voice at some distance, repeating his words like an echo. The rock was certainly within "striking distance," and it might have been this accident which lent its aid to the delusion.

Gregory could not withstand so apparently supernatural an occurrence. He took to his heels, driven fairly off the field; nor did he look behind him until safely entrenched before a blazing fire in the kitchen at Waddington Hall.

"Out, ill-favoured hound!" said a serving-wench, who was stirring a blubbering mess of porridge for supper. But Gregory was not in the humour to reply: he sat with one long lean hand under his chin, the other hung down listlessly to his heels, which were drawn securely under the stool on which he sat. His thoughts were not on the victuals, though by long use and instinct his eyes were turned in that direction.

"Thee art ever hankering after the brose, thou greedy churl!" continued the wench, wishful to goad him on to some intemperate reply.

But Gregory was still silent. At this unwonted lack of discourse, Janet, who generally contrived to bring his long tongue into exercise, was not a little astonished. It needed no great wit, any time, to set him a grumbling; for neither kind word nor civil speech had he for kith or kin, for man or maid.

Looking steadfastly towards him, she struck her dark

broad fists upon her hips, and, in a loud and contemptuous laugh, abruptly startled the cynic from his studies. He eyed her with a grin of malice and vexation.

"Thou she-ape, I wonder what first ye'arn made for; the plague o' both man and beast,—the worst plague that e'er Pharaoh waur punished wi'. Screech on; I'll ha' my think out, spite o' thy caterwauling."

"Thou art a precious wonder, Master Crab. Squirt thy verjuice, when thou art roasting, some other way. I wonder what man-ape thy mother watch'd i' the breeding. She had been special fond o' children, I bethink me."

"And what knowest thou o' my dame's humours, thou curl-crop vixen?" said Gregory, unwarily drawn forth again from his taciturnity. "How should her inclinations be subject to thy knowledge?"

"She rear'd thee!" was the reply.

Two other hinds belonging to the household, who were watching the issue of the contest, here joined in a loud clamour at the victory; and Gregory, dogged with baiting, became silent, scowling defiance at his foe.

Waddington Hall was at that period a building of great antiquity. Crooks, or great heavy arched timbers, ascending from the ground to the roof, formed the principal frame-work of the edifice, not unlike the inverted hull of some stately ship. The whole dwelling consisted of a thorough lobby and a hall, with a parlour beyond it, on one side, and the kitchens and offices on the other. The windows were narrow, scarcely more than a few inches wide, and, in all probability, not originally intended to contain glass.

The chimneys and fire-places were wide and open; the apartments, except the hall, low, narrow, and inconvenient;

divided by partitions of oak, clumsy, and ill carved with many strange and uncouth devices. The hall was, on the right of the entrance, lighted by one long low window; a massy table stood beneath. The fire-place was on the opposite side, occupying nearly the whole breadth of the chamber. A screen of wainscot partitioned off the lobby, carved in panels of grotesque workmanship. Beyond the hall was the parlour, furnished as usual with an oaken bedstead, standing upon a ground floor paved with stone. In this dormitory, the timbers of which were of gigantic proportions, slept Master Oliver and Mistress Joan Tempest,—the latter not a little given to that species of uxorious domination which most wives, when they apply themselves heartily to its acquisition, rarely fail to usurp.

"Here," says Dr. Whitaker, (this being the general style of building for centuries, and scarcely, if at all, deviated from,)—"here the first offspring of our forefathers saw the light; and here too, without a wish to change their habits, fathers and sons in succession resigned their breath. It is not unusual to see one of these apartments now transformed into a modern drawing-room, where a thoughtful mind can scarcely forbear comparing the past and present,—the spindled frippery of modern furniture, the frail but elegant apparatus of a tea table, the general decorum, the equal absence of every thing to afflict or to transport, with what has been heard, or seen, or felt, within the same walls,—the logs of oak, the clumsy utensils, and, above all, the tumultuous scenes of joy or sorrow, called forth perhaps by the birth of an heir, or the death of an husband, in minds little accustomed to restrain the ebullitions of passion.

"Their system of life was that of domestic economy in

perfection. Occupying large portions of his own domains, working his land by oxen; fattening the aged, and rearing a constant supply of young ones; growing his own oats, barley, and sometimes wheat; making his own malt; and furnished often with kilns for the drying of corn at home, the master had pleasing occupation in his farm, and his cottagers regular employment under him. To these operations the high troughs, great garners and chests, yet remaining, bear faithful witness. Within, the mistress, her maid-servants, and daughters, were occupied in spinning flax for the linen of the family, which was woven at home. Cloth, if not always manufactured out of their own wool, was purchased by wholesale, and made up into clothes at home also."*

This is a true picture of the simple habits of our ancestors, and will apply, with little variation, to the scene before us.

Here might be seen the carved "armory;" the wardrobe, bright, clean, and even magnificent. On the huge rafters hung their usual store of dried hams, beef, mutton, and flitches of bacon. In the store-room, great chests were filled to the brim with oatmeal and flour. All wore the aspect of plenty, and an hospitality that feared neither want nor diminution.

In one corner of the hall at Waddington, sat Mistress Joan, her only daughter Elizabeth, and two or three female domestics.

They had been spinning, trolling out the while their country ditties with great pathos and simplicity.

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* Hist. of Whalley, p. 504.

Being nigh supper time, the group were just loitering in the twilight, ere they separated for the meal.

"Come, Elizabeth," said her mother, "lay thy gear aside; the strawberries are in the bowl, and the milk is served. Supper and to bed, and a brisk nap while morning."

The dame who addressed her was a perfect specimen of the good housewife in the fifteenth century. She wore a quilted woollen gown, open before, with pendant sleeves, and a long narrow train; a corset, fitted close to the body, unto which the petticoats were attached, and a bodice laced outside. She wore the horned head-dress so fashionable towards the close of the fourteenth century, and at that time still in use, giving the head and face no slight resemblance to the ace of hearts. An apron was tied on with great care, ornamented with embroidery of the preceding century. Her complexion was dark but clear, and her eyebrows high and well arched. Her mouth was drawn in, raised slightly on one side, — a conformation more particularly apparent when engaged in scolding the maids, or in other similar but indispensable occupations.

Her gait was firm, and her person upright. Her age —ungallant historians we must be — was verging closely upon sixty; yet her hair, turned crisp and full behind her head-dress, showed slight symptoms of the chill which hoar and frosty age, sooner or later, never fails to impart.

Elizabeth Tempest was young, but of a staid and temperate aspect, almost approaching to that of melancholic. Her complexion, pale and sallow; her eye, full, dark, and commanding; though occasionally more languor was on it than eyes of that colour are wont to express. She wore

a long jacket of russet colour, and a crimson bodice. Her hair, turned back from her brow, hung in dark heavy ringlets below the neck, which, though not of alabaster, was exquisitely modelled. In person she was tall and well shapen, and her whole manner displayed a mind of no ordinary proportions. She was well skilled in household duties, her mother having an especial desire that her daughter should be as notable and thrifty as herself in domestic arrangements.

"Elizabeth," or "Elspet," as she was indiscriminately called, cared little about her reputation touching these important functions. She could sing most of the wild legendary ballads of the time; her rich full voice had in it a sadness ravishingly tender and expressive, more akin to woe, and the deep untold agony of the spirit, than to lightness and mirth, in which she rarely indulged.

"Give us one of thy ditties ere supper," said the dame, who was just then laying aside her implements in the work press: "I wonder thy father does not return. The roofs of Bashall ring with louder cheer than our own, I trow. He is playing truant for the nonce, which is dangerous play, at best."

"Is he now at our cousin Talbot's?" enquired the maiden, with a look of more than ordinary interest.

"If he be not on the way back again," returned the dame, as though wishful to repress enquiry.

"The woods are not safe so late and alone. Comes he alone, mother?"

"Alone,—ay,—and why spierest thou?" The dame looked wistfully, though but for a moment, on her daughter; then changing her tone, as if to recommend a change of subject, she cried,—

"Come, ha' done, Elspet; we will wait no longer than grace be said. Now to thy song."

The maiden began as follows:—

1.

"There sits three ravens on yon tree,
Heigho!
There sits three ravens on yon tree,
As black, as black, as they can be;
Heigho, the derry, derry, down, heigho.

2.

"Says the first raven to the other,
Heigho!
Says the first raven to the other,
'We'll go and eat our feast together;'
Heigho, &c.

3.

"'It's down in yonder grass-grown field,
Heigho!
It's down in yonder grass-grown field,
There lies a dead knight just new kill'd;'
Heigho, &c.

4.

"There came a lady full of woe,
Heigho!
There came a lady full of woe,
And her hands she wrung, and her tears did flow,
Heigho, &c.

5.

"She saw the red blood from his side,
Heigho!
She saw the red blood from his side,—
'And it was for me my true love died!'
Heigho, &c.

6.

" ' Oh, cruel was my brother's sword,
Heigho!
Oh, cruel, cruel, was his sword,
But sharper the edge of one scornful word;'
Heigho, &c.

7.

" She laid her on his bosom cold,
Heigho!
She laid her on his bosom cold,
While adown his cheek her tears they roll'd;
Heigho, &c.

8.

" No word she spake, but one sob gave she,
Heigho!
No word she spake, but one sob gave she:
Said the ravens, ' Another feast have we,
And long shall thy rest and thy slumbers be;'
Heigho, the derry, derry, down, heigho!"

At the concluding stanza, in walked Oliver Tempest, who, as if to avoid notice, sat down, without uttering a word, in a dark corner at the opposite side of the hall. He looked moody, and wishful to be alone. Joan, for a while, forebore to interrupt his reverie, and the females finished their evening repast in silence.

" Is Sir Thomas Talbot yet returned from the Harringtons?" enquired the dame soon after, with an air of assumed carelessness.

" He returned an hour only ere I departed."

Another pause ensued.

" And his son Thomas, comes he back from the

Pudsays of Bolton. Does the gentle Florence * look on him kindly, or is the wedding yet delayed?"

"I know not," was the brief reply. After a short pause he continued; — "The wanderer has left Bolton, I learn, and, 'tis said, he bides at Whalley."

Here he cast a furtive look at the domestics, and then at his wife, as though wishful to ascertain if others had understood this intimation.

"Nay, some do boldly affirm that he has been seen i' these very woods," continued he, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"Which heaven forefend!" said the wary dame: "I would not that he should draw us down with him to the same gulf wherein his fortune is o'erwhelmed. No luck that woman ever brought him from o'er sea, and now she's gone —"

"They say that she hath escaped to Flanders," said Oliver, hastily interrupting her.

"I wish she had been so fortunate," said the dame; "what says our cousin Talbot?"

"Hush, dame; our plans are not yet ripe. But more of this anon."

Elizabeth listened with more interest than usual. Every word was eagerly devoured, and with the last sentence she could not forbear enquiring, —

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* This lady, whose attractions, or good fortune, must have been uncommon, says the historian of Craven, was daughter to Henry Pudsay of Bolton. She married, first, Sir Thomas Talbot of Bashall, who died 13 Hen. VII.; after which she became the second wife of Henry Lord Clifford, the shepherd; and, after his decease, by the procurement of Henry VIII., gave her hand to Richard Grey, youngest son of Thomas, Marquis of Dorset.

"And Edmund, — surely Edmund Talbot is not —"

"What?" sternly enquired her father; "what knowest thou of——. Said I aught whereby thou shouldst suspect us?"

"Hush, thou foolish one," said the more cautious dame; "thy thought alone was privy to it, and so no more. There be others listening."

The moonbeams now crept softly into the chambers, whither, too, crept the weary household; the master and his wife remaining for a short time together in the hall, apparently in earnest discussion. But Elizabeth retired not to her couch. She passed softly through the court-yard, looking round as though in search of some individual. This proved to be the hunchback Gregory, whom she found ensconced behind a peat-stack in marvellous profundity of thought. With a soft step, and one finger raised to her lips, she gently tapped him upon the shoulder.

Looking round, he saw her gesture, and was silent.

"Gregory, art thou honest?" she enquired in a whisper.

"Why, an' it be, Mistress Elspeth, when it suits with my discretion; that is, if discretion be none the worse for it, eh!"

"Thou art ever so, Gregory; and yet —"

"If ye want honesty, eschew a knave, and catch a fool by the cap. None but fools worry and distemper themselves with this same pale-faced whining jade, that will leave 'em i' the lurch at a pinch, Dame Honesty, forsooth. More wit more wisdom; and there is a plentiful lack of wit in your honest folk," continued the cynic, as though pursuing a train of thought to its ultimate developement.

"Gregory, thou art not the rogue thee seems. I

think beneath that rough and captious speech there lurks more honesty than thou art willing to acknowledge. Thou hast been angered with baiting until thou wouldest run at every dog that comes into the paddock, though he fawned on thee, and were never so trusty and well behaved."

Gregory was silent. He looked upwards to the bright moon, and the quenched orbs that lay about her path. Again Elizabeth whispered, first looking cautiously around.

"Wilt do me a service?"

"Ay, for hire," he quickly answered.

"If thine errand is done faithfully, thou mayest get more largess than thou dream'st of."

"Ye want a spoon belike, that ye soil not your delicate fingers?"

"Ay, Gregory, an' thou wilt, we'll first use thee."

"And then the spoon shall be broken, I trow. Well, if I am a spoon, I'll be a golden one, and I shall be worth something when I'm done with. Understand ye this, fair mistress?"

"Yes, knave; and thou shalt have thy reward."

"What! I shall swing the highest, eh?"

"Peace; I want a messenger. Take this."

"Not treason, I trow," said Gregory, as he eyed the billet with a curious, but hesitating glance.

"Go by the nearer path to the wood. Where the road divides to the ford and the farther pastures; take the latter, then turn to the right, where the old fir tree rises above the rock. Walk carefully through the bushes at the base of the crag. Near unto a sharp angle of the rock thy path will be stayed by a fallen tree. Grasp this with both hands, and whistle thrice. I know thou canst

be trusty and discreet. Yet, remember, thy life is in my power shouldst thou fail." She paused, pointing significantly at the billet. "Now, hasten. Bring back, and to me only, what shall be committed to thy care. I will expect thee at my window by midnight."

Now it so happened that this precise spot was identified to Gregory's apprehensions with the very place where his attention had that night been directed by the mysterious disappearance of the grey man of the mine. He would certainly have preferred making his second visit by daylight; but needs must when a woman drives, especially when that woman is a mistress, and gold is the goad. Besides, he might perchance get a glimpse of the treasure; and his pockets were wide and his gripe close. Thus stimulated to the adventure, he addressed himself to perform her behest.

The night was singularly clear, and the shadows lay on his path, still, and beautifully distinct. As he hastened onwards, the wood grew darker and more impervious. Here and there the moonbeams crept fantastically through the boughs, like fairy lamps glimmering on his path. Sometimes, preternaturally bright, the wood seemed lit up as though for some magic festival. He followed the directions he had received, pausing not until he saw the dark fir tree rearing its broad crest and gigantic arms into the clear and twinkling heaven. It looked like the guardian genius of the place, — a huge monster lifting its terrific head, as though to watch and warn away intruders. Beside this was the rock where his adventure must terminate.

With more of desperation than courage he scrambled

through the bushes. Not daring to look behind him, for he felt as though his steps were dogged, an idea for which he could not account, he made his way with difficulty by the crag, until he came to a fallen tree that had apparently tumbled from the rock. Laying hold of the trunk, he whistled faintly. It was answered! an echo, or something even more indistinct, gave back the sound. His heart misgave him; but he stood committed to the task, and durst not withdraw. Again he whistled, but louder than before, and again it was repeated. With feelings akin to those of the condemned wretch when he drops the fatal handkerchief, he sounded the last note of the signal. His breath was suspended. Suddenly he felt the ground give way beneath his feet, and he was precipitated into a chasm, dark, and by no means soft at the nether extremity.

This was a reception for which he was not prepared. He had sustained a severe shock; but luckily his bones were whole. Recovering from his alarm, he heard a low jabbering noise, and presently a light, which, it seems, had been extinguished by his clumsiness, was again approaching.

The intruder saw, with indescribable horror, a hideous black dwarf bearing a torch. He was dressed in the Eastern fashion. A soiled turban, torn and dilapidated, and a vest of crimson, showed symptoms of former splendour that no art could restore. This mysterious being came near, muttering some uncouth and unintelligible jargon; while the unfortunate captive, caught like a wolf in a trap, looked round in vain for some outlet whereby to escape. The only passage, except the hole through which he had tumbled, was completely filled by the

broad unwieldy lump of deformity that was coming towards him. The latter now surveyed him cautiously, and at a convenient distance, croaking, in a broken and foreign accent, —

" What, ho ! Prisoner by queen's grace. Better stop when little door shall open. Steps, look thee, for climb; hands and toes; go to."

Gregory now saw that steps, or rather holes were cut in the sides of the pit wherein he had fallen, or rather been entrapped. These he ought to have used when the trap-door was let down; and he remembered his mistress's caution, to hold fast by the tree. There were, however, no means of escape that way, as the door had closed with his descent.

The ugly thing before him was ten times more misshapen than himself; and at any other time this flattering consideration would have restored him to comparative good humour. He was not in the mood now to receive comfort from any source. He felt sore and mightily disquieted. Limping aside, he angrily exclaimed, —

" Be'st thou the de'il, or the de'il's footman, sir blackamoor? I'd have thee tell thy master to admit his guests in a more convenient fashion. Hang me, if my bones will not ache for a twelvemonth. My back is almost broke, for certain."

Here the other bellowed out into a loud laugh, pointing to Gregory's back, then surveying himself, and evidently with congratulation at his own more imaginary prepossessing appearance.

" Sir knight," said the black dwarf, " what errand comes to our mighty prince? "

"Tut! if it be his infernal kingship ye mean, I bear not messages to one of his quality."

"Thee brings writing in thy fist. Go to!"

"From a woman, fallen i' love wi' thee, belike. Well, quit me o' woman's favours, say I, if this be of 'em."

"Well-a-day, sir page," cried the grinning Ethiop, whose teeth looked like a double row of pearls set in a border of carnelian, "my mistress be a queen: I do rub the dust on thy ugly nose if that red tongue wag more, for make bad speech of her. Go to — clown!"

"Ill betide thee for a blackamoor ape," said Gregory, his courage waxing apace when his fears of the supernatural began to subside; "and wherefore? — Look thee, Mahound, though my mistress sent me, to such a lady-bird as thou art, Master Oliver shall know on't. Thou hast won her with spells and foul negromancie; but I've commandment from him to catch all that be poaching on his lands. Thou art i' the mine, too, as I do verily guess, therefore I arrest thee i' the king's name as a lifter of his treasure, and a spoiler of our good venison."

Gregory being stout-limbed, and of a more than ordinary strength for his size, proceeded forthwith to execute his threat; but the dwarf, with a short shrill scream, gave him a sudden trip, which again laid the officious dispenser of justice prostrate, without either loosing the torch from his hand, or seeming to use more exertion than would have thrown a child.

"Ah, ah, there be quits. — Lie still; go to; lick thy paws. — Know, dog, I'm body to the queen!"

"Body o' me, I think thee be'st liker fist and crupper. I would I had thee in a cart at holiday-time, and a rope

to thy muzzle," said the astonished Gregory. He had dropped his billet in the scuffle, which the dwarf seized, opening it without ceremony.

" A message. Good ; stay here, garbage ; I be back one, two, t'ree," and away straddled the black monster along the passage. Turning suddenly, before he was aware, into another avenue, leading apparently far into the interior, Gregory was left once more in total darkness. He heard the sound of retreating footsteps, but not a glimmer was visible, and he feared to follow lest he might be entangled in some inextricable labyrinth. He recollected to have heard a vague sort of tradition, that a subterraneous passage once led from the hall to the Ribble bank, whereby the miners had in former days kept their operations secret.

These were the haunts, too, of poachers and deer stalkers, who made use of such hiding places to screen their nocturnal depredations. He might be gotten unknowingly into one of their retreats, and he knew the character of such men too well to venture farther into their privy places without leave. But it was strange this ugly and insane thing should be kept here. Its outlandish accent, too, as far as Gregory could distinguish, was still more unaccountable ; and that his young mistress should hold any intercourse with such a mis-shapen mockery of the human form was a mystery only to be resolved by a woman ! After all, his first conjecture might be true, and this delicate sprite the ministering demon to some magician who brooded over the treasure.

He grew more timorous in the dark. His own breathing startled him. He revolved a thousand plans of escape ; but how was it possible to climb to the pit mouth without

help, and in total darkness? The door, too, would probably defy his attempts to remove it. Suspence was not to be endured. He would have been glad to see the ugly dwarf again, rather than remain in his present evil case.

He now tried to grope out his way, from that sort of undefinable feeling which leads a person to identify change of place with improvement in condition.

Ere he had gone many yards from the spot, however, he saw a light, and presently the flaming torch was visible, with the ugly form he desired.

"Sir messenger. Allez. Make scrape and go backward. Bah! What for, make lady chuse ugly lout as thee for page? — not know, not enquire. Up, this way; now mind the steps. Bah, not that, fool!"

With some difficulty Gregory was initiated into the mysteries of the ascent. The torch was brandished high above his head, and with fear and trepidation he prepared to obey.

"But, master sooty paws, my mistress will be a wanting of some token; some reply. Hast thou no memory of her sweet favours?"

"Begone, slave-dog, begone! Say we be snug as the fox that will keep in the hole when dogs go hunt. We not go up again till lady sends leave. Go to!"

Gregory mounted with great difficulty. When he approached the mouth, looking upward for some mode of exit, he saw the trap-door slowly open, and he leapt forth into the free air; the cool atmosphere and the quiet moonlight again upon his path. He soon cleared the bushes, and once more was on his way to the house. Elizabeth met him at the gate.

"What ho, sirrah!" said she, "hast thou been loitering

with my message. I left my chamber to look out for thee. What answer? quick."

"Why, forsooth, 'tis not easy to say, methinks, for such jabber is hard to interpret. By my lady's leave I think —

Here he paused; but Elizabeth was impatient for the expected reply. "Softly, softly, mistress. I but thought your worship were ill bestowed on yonder ugly image."

"Tut; I'm not i' the humour for thine. What message, simpleton?"

"None, good mistress; but that they be snug until further orders."

"'Tis well; to rest; but hark thee, knave, be honest and discreet; thou shalt win both gold and great honours thereby."

"What! shall I ha' my share o' the treasure?" enquired Gregory, his eyes glistening in the broad moonlight.

"What treasure, thou greedy gled?"

"Why they say 'tis a mine royal, and —"

"How! knowest thou our secret?"

"Ay, a body may guess. I've not found the road to the silver mine for nought. If I get my grip on't, the king may whistle for his share belike."

"The king! what knowest thou of the king?" said the maiden sharply.

"Eh! lady I know nought on him, forsooth. Marry it would be hard to say who that be now-a-days; for the clerk towd me —"

"Peace! whom sawest thou?"

"Why the ugliest brute, saving your presence, lady, that my two e'en ever lippened on."

"None else?"

"No, no; I warrant ye, the miners would na care to let me get a glint o' the gowd. I only had a look at the hobgoblin, who they have set, I guess, to watch the treasure."

"Oh! I see,—ay, truly," said the maiden thoughtfully; "the mine is guarded, therefore be wary, and reveal not the secret, lest he crush thee. Remember," said she at parting, "remember the demon of the cave. One word, and he will grind thy bones to grist."

Gregory did remember the power of this mysterious being, who, he began to fancy, partook more of the supernatural than he had formerly imagined.

Wearied with watching he slept soundly, but his dreams were of wizards and enchanters; heaps of gold and fairy-palaces, wherein he roved through glittering halls of illimitable extent, until morning dissipated the illusion.

Some weeks passed on, during which, at times, Gregory was employed by his mistress, doubtless to propitiate this greedy monster, in conveying food secretly to the mouth of the chasm. He did not usually wait for his appearance, but ran off with all convenient speed when his errand was accomplished. Still his hankering for the treasure seemed to increase with every visit. He oft invented some plan for outwitting the demon, thereby securing to himself the product of the mine. Some of these devices would doubtless have been accomplished had not fear prevented the attempt. He had no wish to encounter again the hostility of that fearful thing in its unhallowed abode.

His mistress, however, would, at some period or another, no doubt, be in possession of all the wealth in the cave, and he should then expect a handsome share. He had

heard, in old legends, marvellous accounts of ladies marrying with these accursed dwarfs for gold, and if he waited patiently he might perchance have the best of the spoil.

He brooded on this imagination so long that he became fully convinced of its truth; but still the golden egg was long in hatching.

One night he thought he would watch a while. He had just left a large barley cake and some cheese, a bowl of furmety, and a dish of fruit.

"This monster," thought he, "devours more victuals than the worth of his ugly carcass."

He hid himself behind a tree, when presently he heard a rustling behind him. Ere he could retreat, he was seized with a rude grasp, and the gruff accents of his master were heard angrily exclaiming, —

"How now, sir knave? — What mischief art thou plotting this blessed night? Answer me. No equivocation. If thou dost serve me with a lie in thy mouth, I'll have thee whipt until thou shalt wish the life were out o' thee."

Gregory fell on his knees, and swore roundly that he would tell the truth.

"Quick, hound; I have caught thee lurching here at last. I long thought thou hadst some knavery agoing. What meanest thou?"

Gregory pointed towards the provision which was lying hard by.

"Eh, sirrah, what have we here?" said his master, curiously examining the dainties. "Why, thou cormorant, thou greedy kite, is't not enough to consume victuals and provender under my own roof, but thou must guttle 'em

here too; I warrant there be other company to the work, other grinders at the mill. — Now, horrible villain, thou dost smell fearfully o' the stocks!"

"Oh, master, forgive me! — It was mistress that sent me with the stuff, as I hope the Virgin and St. Gregory may be my intercessors."

"Thy mistress! and for whom?"

"Why there's a hole close by, as I've good cause to remember."

"Well, sirrah, and what then?"

"As ugly a devilkin lives there as ever put paw and breech upon hidden treasure. — 'Tis the mine, master, that I mean."

"The mine! — What knowest thou of the mine?"

"I've been there, and —"

Here he related his former adventure; at the hearing of which Oliver Tempest fell into a marvellous study.

"Hark, thee," said he, after a long silence, "I pardon thee on one condition, which is, that thou take another message."

Here the terrified Gregory broke forth into unequivocal exclamations of agony and alarm.

"Peace," said his master, "and listen: thou must carry it as from my daughter. I suspect there's treason lurks i' that hole."

"Ay, doubtless," said Gregory; "for the neighbours say 'tis treason to hide a mine royal."

A mine royal! Ay, knave, I do suspect it to be so. By my troth, I'll ferret out the foulmarts either by force or guile. And yet force would avail little. If they have the clue, we might attempt to follow them in vain through its labyrinths, they would inevitably escape, and I should

lose the reward. Hark thee. Stay here, and I'll fetch the writing for the message. Stir not for thy life. Shouldst thou betray me, I'll have thy crooked bones ground in a mill to thicken pigs' gruel."

Fearful was the dilemma; but Gregory durst not budge.

The night grew dark and stormy, the wind rose, loud gusts shaking down the dying leaves, and howling through the wide extent of the forest. The moan of the river came on, like the agony of some tortured spirit. The sound seemed to creep closer to his ear; and Gregory thought some evil thing was haunting him for intruding into these unhallowed mysteries.

He was horribly alarmed at the idea of another visit to the cave, but he durst not disobey. He now heard a rustling in the bushes by the cavern's mouth. He saw, or fancied he saw, something rise therefrom and suddenly disappear. It was the demon, doubtless, retiring with his prey. He scarcely dared to breathe, lest the hobgoblin should observe and seize him likewise. But his presence was unnoticed. He, however, thought that the blast grew louder, and a moan more melancholy and appalling arose from the river. Again Oliver Tempest was at his side.

"Take this, and do thy bidding." He thrust the billet into his hand, which the unfortunate recipient might not refuse.

Trembling in every limb, he approached the place of concealment; but he was too wary now to let go his hold of the fallen trunk.

He whistled thrice, and the ground again seemed to give way. A light glared from beneath, and he cautiously descended the pit.

The grim porter was waiting for him below. He fell as though rushing into the very jaws of the monster, who was but whetting his tusks ere he should devour him.

"Here again!" croaked the ugly dwarf, "what bring thy long legs back from Christendom?"

"I know not, master; but if you are i' the humour to read, I've a scrap in my pouch at your high mightiness' service."

Gregory paid more deference to him now than aforetime, having conceived a most profound respect for his attributes, both physical and mental, since his former visit.

"He is himself either some wondrous enchanter," thought he, "or, at any rate, minister or familiar to some mighty wizard, who hath his dwelling-place in this subterraneous abode."

"I have a message here to my lord," said he aloud, handing him the billet at arm's length, with a mighty show of deference and respect. The uncourteous dwarf took the writing, and left Gregory in darkness again to await his return. He shook at every joint, while the minutes seemed an age. Again the light flickered on the damp walls, and the mysterious being approached. He addressed the envoy with his usual grin of contempt.

"Tell the lady, my master be glad. He will leap from his prison by to-morrow, as she say, and appear at dinner."

"The dickons he will," said Gregory, as he clambered up the ascent, not without imminent jeopardy, so anxious was he to escape.

"This is a fearful message to master," thought he, as he leapt out joyfully into the buoyant air; "but at any rate I'll now be quit o' the job." And the messenger

gave his report, for Oliver Tempest was impatiently awaiting his return.

" 'Tis well," said he, " and now hark thee, should one syllable of this night's business bubble through thy lips, thou hadst better have stayed in the paws of the hob-goblin. Away ! "

Gregory needed no second invitation, but scampered home with great despatch, leaving his master to grope out the way as he thought proper.

There was more bustle and preparation for dinner than usual on the morrow. Oliver Tempest had sent messengers to Bashall and Waddow ; but the guests had not made their appearance. About noon the hall table was furnished with a few whittles and well scoured trenchers. Bright pewter cups and ale flagons were set in rows on a side table, and on the kitchen hearth lay a savoury chine of pork and pease pudding. In the great boiling pot, hung on a crook over the fire, bubbled a score of hard dumplings, and in the broth reposed a huge piece of beef; these dainties being usually served in the following order, broth, dumpling, beef, according to the old distich,

" No broth, no ba' ;
No ba', no meat at a'."

Dame Joan of Waddington was the presiding genius of the feast, the conduit-pipe through which flowed the full stream of daily bounty, dispensing every blessing, even the most minute. In that golden age of domestic discipline, it was not beneath the dignity of a careful housewife to attend and take the lead in all culinary arrangements.

The master strode to and fro in the hall, and Elizabeth

was humming at her wheel. He looked anxious and ill at ease, often casting a furtive glance towards the entrance, and occasionally a side look at his daughter. She sometimes watched her father's eye, as though she had caught his restless apprehensions, and would have enquired the cause of his uneasiness. Suddenly a loud bay from a favourite hound, that was dozing on the hearth, announced the approach of a stranger. Oliver advanced with a quick step into the court-yard, and soon re-entered leading in a middle-sized middle-aged personage, slightly formed, whose pale and saintly features looked haggard and apprehensive, while his eye wavered to and fro, less perhaps with curiosity than suspicion.

He was wrapped in a grey cloak; and a leathern jerkin, barely meeting in front, displayed a considerable breadth of under garment in the space between hose and doublet. These were fastened together with tags or points, superseding the use of wooden skewers; with which latter mode of suspension not a few of our country yeomen were in those days supplied. His legs were protected by boots of fine brown Spanish leather, lined with deer-skin, tanned with the fur on, and buttoned from the ankle to the knee. He had gloves of the same material, reaching to the elbow when drawn up, but now turned down with the fur outwards. The hands and feet were remarkably small, but well shapen. A low grey cap of coarse woollen completed the costume of this singular visiter. There was, at times, in the expression of his eye, an indescribable mixture of imbecility and enthusiasm, as though the spirit of some Eastern fakir had re-animated a living body. A gleam of almost supernatural intelligence was mingled with an expression of

fatuity, that, in less enlightened ages, would have invested him with the dangerous reputation of priest or prophet, in the eyes of the multitude.

Oliver Tempest led the way with great care and formality. To a keen-eyed observer, though, his courtesy would have appeared overacted and fulsome; but the object of his assiduities seemed to pay him little attention, further than by a vacant smile that struggled around the corners of his melancholy and placid mouth.

Dame Joan Tempest now came forth, bending thrice in a deep and formal acknowledgment. The stranger stayed her speech with a look of great benignity.

"I know thy words are what our kindness would interpret, and I thank thee. Your hospitality shall not lose its savour in my remembrance, when England hath grown weary of her guilt, — when the cry of the widow and the fatherless shall have prevailed. I am hunted like a partridge on the mountains; but, by the help of my God, I shall yet escape from the noisome pit, and from the snares of the fowler."

Yet the look which accompanied this prediction seemed incredulous of its purport. He heaved a deep sigh, and his eyes were suddenly bent on the ground. Being introduced into the hall, the seat of honour was assigned him at the table.

Elizabeth, when she saw him, uttered an ill-suppressed exclamation of surprise, and her pale countenance grew almost ghastly. Her lips were bloodless, quivering with terror and dismay. Agony was depicted on her brow; that agony which leaves the spirit without support, to struggle with unknown, undefined, uncomprehended evil. Not a word escaped her; she hurried out of the hall, as

she thought, without observation; but this sudden movement did not escape the eye of her father. Triumph sat on his brow; and his cheek seemed flushed with joy at the result of his stratagem.

The servitors appeared; and the smoking victuals were disposed in their due order. The joints were placed at the upper end of the board, while broth and pottage steamed out their savoury fumes from the lower end of the table. At some distance below the master and his dame sat the male domestics, then the females, who occupied the lower places at the feast, except two, who waited on the rest.

The master blessed the meal, the whole company standing. The broth was served round to the lower forms, and the meat and dainties to the higher; but Elizabeth was still absent.

When she left the hall it was for the purpose of speaking to Gregory, whom she found skulking and peeping about the premises.

"Gregory, why art thou absent from thy nooning?" enquired Elizabeth, with a suspicious and scrutinizing glance.

"I'm not o'er careful to bide i' the house just now. Is there aught come that — that —" Here he stammered and looked round, confirming the suspicions of the enquirer.

"Gregory, thou art a traitor; but thou shalt not escape thy reward. I'll have thee hung, — ay, villain, beyond the reach of aught but crows and kites."

"Whoy, mistress, I'd leifer be hung nor stifled to death wi' brimstone and bad humours."

"None o' thy quiddities, thou maker of long lies and quick legs. Confess, or I'll —"

"Whoy, look ye, mistress, you've been kind, and pulled me out of many an ugly ditch."

"Why dost thou hesitate, knave? I'm glad thy memory is not so treacherous as thy tongue."

"Nay, mistress, I've no notion to sup brose wi' t' old one: those that dinner wi' him he may happen ask to supper; and he'd need have a long whittle that cuts crumbs wi' the de'il."

"Art thou at thy riddles again? Speak in sober similitudes, if thou canst, sirrah."

"Your father sent me on a message to the little devilkin last night. I was loth enough to the job; but he catch'd me as I went wi' the victuals."

"A message! — and to what purport?"

"Nay, that I know not. The invitation was conveyed in a scrap of writing, and I'm not gifted in clerkship an' such like matters."

A ray of intelligence now burst upon her. She saw the imminent danger which threatened the fugitive, who had been hitherto concealed principally by her contrivances. Gregory watched the rapid and changing hues alternating on her cheek. She saw the full extent of the emergency; and, though her father was the traitor, she hesitated not in that trying moment.

No time was to be lost, and measures were immediately taken to countervail these designs.

"What answer sent he?" she hastily enquired.

"The de'il's buckie said his master would be at the hall by dinner-time; and I'll not be one o' the guests where old clutie has the pick o' the table."

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" Thou witless runnion, haste, or we are lost! It is the king! I would I had trusted thee before with the secret. Mayhap thy wit would have been without obscuration. Supernatural terrors have taken thy reason prisoner. Haste, nor look behind thee until thou art under the eaves of Bashall. This to my cousin, Edmund Talbot; he is honest, or my wishes themselves are turned traitors," said the maiden wistfully. She scrawled but one line, with which Gregory departed on his errand.

Oliver Tempest grew uneasy at his daughter's absence. He enquired the cause, but all were alike ignorant. The king enquired, too, with some surprise; and a messenger was despatched with a close whisper in his ear.

The meal was nigh finished, when all eyes were turned towards the entrance. A little blackamoor page came waddling in. He made nor sign nor obeisance, but took his station, without speaking, behind his master's chair.

" Why, how now, my trusty squire?" said the disguised monarch; " thou wast not bidden to this feast."

The dwarf cast a scowling glance at the master of the house, and he replied, while a hideous grin dilated his thick stubborn features, —

" This be goodly wassail, methinks. I am weary of lurching and torchlight."

" Tempest," said the king, " I would crave grace for this follower of mine. He is somewhat fearsome and forbidding, but of an unwearied fidelity."

" Troth," said Tempest, still wishful to maintain the king's incognito, " the Turks having now taken Byzantium, the great bulwark of Christendom, I did fear me that the first of the tribe from that great army of locusts had descended upon us."

"Fear not," said the unfortunate monarch, with a smile; "this poor innocent will do no ill. His mistress brought him for me a present from her father's court; and, to say the truth, he has been a great solace in my trouble. He hath not forsaken me, when they who fattened on my bounty — who dipped their hands with me in the dish — have been the first to betray me. The knave is shrewd and playful, but of an incredible strength, being, as ye may observe, double-jointed. Madoc, let them behold some token of thy power."

The cunning rogue obeyed in a twinkling. He seized the host's chair with one hand, lifting its occupant without difficulty from the ground. With the other he laid hold on him by the throat, and would certainly have strangled him, but for the king.

The assault was so sudden and unexpected, that the domestics stood still a moment, as though rendered powerless by surprise.

The next instant they all fled pell-mell out of the hall, every one struggling to be foremost, apprehending that the great personification of all evil was there, bodily, behind them, and in the very act of flying off with their master.

In vain Joan shouted after the cowardly villains; her threats but increased their speed.

"Fly, King Henry," cried the dwarf, in a voice that sounded like the roar of some infuriated beast; "the rascal curs are barking; the stag is in the net. This traitor ——." Here he became at a loss for words; but his gesticulations were more vehement. "Fly!" at length he shouted, in a louder voice than before; "I've seen sword and armour glittering in the forest."

But the king was irresolute, as much amazed as any of the rest. He saw the imminent danger of his host, whose face was blackening above the gripe of this fierce antagonist, and he cried out—

"Leave go, Madoc; let the curs bark, we fear them not in this good house, Let go, I command thee."

With a look of pity and of scorn the savage loosened his hold saying,—

"Thou be'st not king now; but Henry with the beads and breviary; and here come thy tormentors."

A loud whistle rang through the hall, and in burst a band of armed men, led on by Sir Thomas Talbot of Bashall, and his oldest son of the same name, together with Sir James Harrington.

Tempest, recovered from his gripe, made a furious dart at the king;. but, ere he had accomplished his purpose, Edmund Talbot rushed between, at the peril of his life opening a way for the terrified monarch through the band that had nearly surrounded him.

The king fled through the passage made by his deliverer; and the dwarf, keeping his enemies at bay, heroically and effectually covered his retreat.

"Edmund Talbot, art thou traitor to thy kin?" said Sir Thomas, from the crowd. "Let me pass; 'tis thy father commands thee. 'Tis not thy king; he is a coward and a usurper."

"I care not," said the retreating and faithful Edmund. My arm shall not compass with traitors. Cowards attack unarmed men at their meals."

"Then take thy reward." It was the eldest brother of Edmund who said this, whilst he aimed a terrific blow; but the dwarf caught his arm ere it descended, and a

swinging stroke from a missile which he had picked up in the fray, would have settled accounts between the heir of Bashall and posterity, had he not stepped aside.

This unequal contest, however, could not long continue; though time, the principal object, was gained, and the king was fast hastening again towards the cavern. In the court-yard he met Elizabeth, who implored him to step aside into another place of concealment; but he was too much terrified to comprehend her meaning. Fear seemed to have bewildered him, and the poor persecuted monarch sped on to his own destruction. In the hurry and uncertainty of his flight, he unfortunately took the wrong path, which led by a circuitous route to the ford; and, as he stepped out of the wood, two of his enemies, having broken through the gallant defence of his adherents, had already gained, and were guarding, the stepping stones over the river, called "Brunckerley Hippins." Terrified, he flew back into the wood, but was immediately followed; and again his evil destiny seemed to prevail. He took another path, which led him back to the ford. Here he crossed, and, whilst leaping with difficulty over the stones, the pursuers came in full view. Having gained the Lancashire side, he fled into the wood, but his enemies were now too close upon him for escape, and the royal captive was taken, bound, and conveyed to Bashall. Many cruel indignities were heaped upon him; and he was conveyed to London in the most piteous plight, on horseback, with his legs tied to the stirrups. Ere he departed, it is said that he delivered a singular prediction, to wit, that nine generations of the Talbot family, in succession, should consist of a wise and a weak man by turns, after which the name should be lost.

THE FAIRIES' CHAPEL

THE FAIRIES' CHAPEL.

THE ancient mansion of Healey Hall was a cumbrous inconvenient dwelling of timber; but, the spirit of improvement having gone forth in the reign of Elizabeth, an ordinary hall house of stone was erected, about the year 1620, by Oliver Chadwick. On the south front was a projecting wing, and three gables, with a large hall window. The north front had two gables only, with a projecting barn. The north entrance, covered by a porch, was a thorough passage, answering to the screens of a college, having, on one side, the hall and parlour beyond; on the other were the kitchen, buttery, &c. On the river below was a corn mill; this, and a huge barn, being necessary appendages to the hospitable mansions and plentiful boards of our forefathers. Over the front door was this inscription: —

C. C. DOC T: R. C: I. C. A. C: R. B.
ANO. DOM'I. 1618.

About the year 1756, the east wall gave way, and a considerable fissure appeared on the outside. This event was considered, by many, as the usual foretokening that its owner, Charles Chadwick, of Healey and Ridware,

would speedily be removed by death from the seat of his ancestors; and so it proved, for, in the course of a few months, he died at Lichfield, *aged eighty-two.* His great age, though, will be thought the more probable token, the surer presage of approaching dissolution.

On a stone near the top of the building, on the north side, a human head was rudely carved in relief, which tradition affirms to have been a memorial of one of the workmen, accidentally killed while the house was building.

In 1773, the existing edifice was built, on the ancient site, by John Chadwick, grandfather to the present owner.

In Corry's Lancashire is the following document, furnished by the recent possessor, Charles Chadwick, Esq. It relates to the foregoing John Chadwick, his father: —

"In 1745, at the rebellion, when the pretender's son, and his Highlanders, reached Manchester, having obtained a list of the loyal subscribers, they began (of course) to enforce the payment of the money for their own use. An officer of the bĕlted plaid, of the second division, came to the house of Mr. C., in King Street, whilst the master of it was with his father at Ridware, and, on being told that he was from home, and his lady ill in bed, he went up stairs, and opening the chamber-door, where she was then lying-in, beckoned her sister to come to him on the stairs, where he told her (in a mild but decided tone) that the money before mentioned must be paid quickly for the use of "The Prince (who lodged at the house in Market Street, now called the Palace Inn), or the house would be burnt down." In this dilemma, the man-midwife calling first, and afterwards the physician, were both consulted by the ladies; when the

former (a tory) advised to send the money after them, whilst the latter (a whig) thought it better to keep it till called for; consequently, never being called for in their hasty retreat, the money was not paid. It may be proper to add, Captain Lachlan Mac Lachlan, of the first division (afterwards one of the proscribed), being quartered in the same house, behaved with the greatest civility and politeness; on a party of horse coming to the door for quarters, he called for a lanthorn, and, though he had a cold (for which white wine whey was offered him, which he called "Varra good stuff"), walked as far as Salford, and there quartered them; two of his Highlanders, in the mean time, were dancing reels in the kitchen, and in the morning gave each of the maids sixpence at parting."

The name Healey Dene denotes a valley or dale, *convallis*, enclosed on both sides with steep hills; *dene* being a Saxon word, signifying a narrow valley, with woods and streams of water convenient for the feeding of cattle. Here the river Spodden, which now keeps many fulling mills and engines at work, formerly turned one solitary corn mill only. It was built in the narrow dingle below the hall, for the supply of the hamlet. The feudal owners of most mansions usually erected corn mills (where practicable) within their own demesnes. After the family had removed to the more mild and temperate climate of Mavesyn-Ridware, in Staffordshire, about the year 1636, Healey mill was converted into a fulling mill, so that one of the principal features in our story no longer exists.

THE FAIRIES' CHAPEL.

" Farewell rewards and fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies,
Doe fare as well as they:
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late, for cleaneliness,
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?"

Percy's Reliques.

ABOUT two miles north from Rochdale lies the hamlet of Healey, a high tract of land, as its Saxon derivation seems to imply, heaȝe, *high*, and leaȝ, *a pasture*, signifying the "*high pasture.*"

Our Saxon ancestors chiefly occupied their lands for grazing purposes: hence the many terminations in ley, or leaȝ. Pasturage is still called a "ley" for cattle in these parts.

In this remote hamlet dwelt a family, probably of Saxon origin, whose name, De Heley, from their place of residence, had, in all likelihood, been assumed soon after the Norman conquest. Their descendants, of the same name, continued to reside here until the reign of Edward III.,

holding their lands as abbey lands, under the abbot of Stanlaw, soon after the year 1172, in the reign of Henry II., and subsequently under the abbot of Whalley, from the year 1296.* In 1483, John Chadwyke (or *Ceddevyc*, from the common appellation *Cedde*, and *vyc*, a mansion or vill, signifying Cedde's fort, peel, or fortified mansion,) married Alice, eldest daughter and co-heir of Adam Okeden, of Heley; and in her right settled at the mansion of Heley (or Healey) Hall, then a huge, unsightly structure of wood and plaster, built according to the fashion of those days. An ancestor of Adam Okeden having married "*Hawise, heir of Thomas de Heley*," in the reign of Edward III., became possessed of this inheritance.

The origin of surnames would be an interesting enquiry. In the present instance it seems clear, that the name and hamlet of Chadwick, are derived from Cedde's vyc, or Chad's vyc. This mansion, situated on the southern extremity of Spotland, or Spoddenland, bounded on the east by that stream, and southward by the Roche, was built on a bold eminence above the river, where Cedde, and his descendants, dwelt, like the Jewish patriarchs, occupied in the breeding of sheep and other cattle.

"But, though this hamlet had been named *Ceddevic*, from its subordinate Saxon chief, he himself could not have adopted it for his own surname; because surnames were then scarcely, if at all, known here. He must have continued, therefore, to use his simple Saxon name of *Cedde* only, and his successors likewise, with the addition

* Whitaker's Hist. Whalley, p. 441.

of Saxon *patronymics*, even down to the Norman conquest, when the Norman fashion of local names, or surnames, was first introduced into England."

But though the Norman addition of surnames "became general amongst the barons, knights, and gentry, soon after the conquest, yet Saxon patronymics long continued in use amongst the common people, and are still not unusual here. Thus, instead of John Ashworth, and Robert Butterworth, we hear of Robin o' Ben's, and John o' Johnny's;" meaning Robert the son of Benjamin, and John the son of John, "similar to the Norman Fitz, the Welsh Ap, the Scotch Mac, and the Irish O'; and this ancient mode of describing an individual, sometimes includes several generations, as Thomas O'Dick's, O'Ned's, O'Sam's," &c.

But, besides patronymics, nicknames (the Norman soubriquets) have been used in all ages, and by all nations, and are still common here; some of them coarse and ludicrous enough; the real surname being seldom noticed, but the nick-name sometimes introduced, with an alias, even in a law instrument. And why are not Poden Muz, Listing, &c., as good as "the Bald," "the Fat," "the Simple," &c., of the French kings; or "the Unready," "the Bastard," "Lackland," "Longshanks," &c. of our own? A lad, named Edmund, some generations back, attended his master's sons to Rochdale school, who latinised his name into "Edmundus;" then it was contracted into "Mundus," by which name his descendants are best known to this day: some, probably, knowing "Tom Mundus" well, who are ignorant of his real surname. Within late years individuals have been puzzled on hearing themselves enquired after by their own surname. At Whitworth you

might have asked in vain for the house of "Susannah Taylor," though any child would have taken you straight to the door of "Susy O'Yem's, O' Fair-off's, at top o' th' rake."*

Another derivation of the surname de Heley, not at all improbable, has been suggested; viz. that Hely Dene may have been an early corruption of Holy Dane, having formerly belonged to the church, and possibly, in remote ages, dedicated to the religious rites of the Druids. A clear rock spring, in a gloomy dell below the Hall, is still called "the Spaw," and often frequented by youths and maidens on May mornings. Hence some have imagined, that this Dene and its Spaw may have given to the river running through it the name of Spodden, or Spaw-Dene. Another spring, higher up, is called Robin Hood's Well, from that celebrated outlaw, who seems to have been the favourite champion of these parts, and who, according to some authorities, lies buried at Kirklaw, in the West Riding of York.†

Such holy wells were, in more superstitious, if not happier ages, the supposed haunts of elves, fairies, and other such beings, not unaptly denominated the rabble of mythology.

A warm sequestered dingle here conducts the Spodden through a scene of wild, woodland, and picturesque beauty. Drayton, in his "Polyolbion," has thus immortalised it:—

> "First Roche, a dainty rill, which Spodden from her springs
> A petty rivulet, as her attendant brings."

From the mansion of Healey, built on an elevated slope

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* Corry's Lancashire.

† Mag. Britan. York, p. 391.

above the dell, opens out an extensive prospect. Lime-park in Cheshire, Cloud End in Staffordshire, with the Derbyshire hills, may be distinctly seen. Over the smoke of Manchester, the banks of the Mersey are visible; and upon the horizon, rises up the barn-like ridge of Hellsby Tor*, in the Forest of Delamere. Towards the west may be seen, far out, like a vast barrier, the Welsh mountains, *Moel Famma* (mother of mountains), with the vale of Clwyd, like a narrow cleft in the blue hills, which extend until the chain of Penmaenmawr, and the Isle of Anglesey, abruptly terminate in the sea. Few situations, without the toil of a laborious ascent, show so commanding a prospect; while, under the very eye of the spectator, nature assumes an aspect of more than ordinary beauty.

One wild scene, the subject of our legend, the pencil, not the pen, must describe. It would be impossible, in any other manner, to convey an adequate idea of its extreme loveliness and grandeur. It is here known by its Saxon appellation, "the Thrutch," or Thrust, signifying a narrow, but deep and rugged channel in the rocks. Through this cleft the Spodden bursts with great force, forming several picturesque falls, which, though of mean height, yet, combined with the surrounding scenery, few behold without an expression of both wonder and delight.

The ancient corn mill was here situated, just below the mansion. From the "Grist Yate," by the main road to Rochdale, a winding horse-way,—paved with stones set on edge,—led down the steep bank, and pointed to the sequestered spot where, for ages, the clack of the hopper,

* Here vulgarly called the Tearn Barn (tithe barn) in Wales; distinctly seen in showery weather, but invisible in a settled season.

and the plash of the mill-wheel, had usurped a noisy and undisputed possession.

In the reign of our fourth Edward, we know not the precise year, an occurrence, forming the basis of the following legend, is supposed to have taken place,—when fraud and feud were unredressed; when bigotry and superstition had their "perfect work;" when barbaric cruelty, and high and heroic deeds, had their origin in one corrupt and common source, the passions of man being let loose, in wild uproar, throughout the land; when the wars of the roses had almost desolated the realm, and England's best blood flowed like a torrent. Such was the aspect of the time to which the following events relate.

It was in the beginning of the year, at the close of an unusually severe winter. The miller's craft was nigh useless, the current of the rivulet was almost still. Every thing seemed so hard and frost-bound, that nature looked as though her fetters were riveted for ever. But the dark and sterile aspect she displayed was bedizened with such beauteous frost-work, that light and glory rested upon all, and winter itself lost half its terrors.

Ralph Miller often looked out from his dusty, dreary tabernacle, watching the icicles that accumulated on his wheel, and the scanty current beneath the hard surface of the brook, scarcely dribbling out a sufficient supply for his daily wants.

Every succeeding morn saw the liquid element becoming less, and the unhappy miller bethought him that he would shut up the mill altogether, until the reign of the frozen king should expire.

A seven-weeks frost was rapidly trenching on the fair proportions of an eighth of these hebdomadal incon-

veniences, and still continued the same hard, ringing sound and appearance, as if the sky itself o' nights had been frozen too, — fixed and impervious, — and the darkness had become already palpable. Yet the moon looked out so calm, so pure and beautiful, and the stars so spark-like and piercing, that it was a holy and a heavenly rapture to gaze upon their glorious forms, and to behold them, fresh and undimmed, as when first launched from the hands of their Creator.

Want of occupation breeds mischief. Idleness being a thriftless carle, that leaves the house empty, and the door open to the next comer, — an opportunity of which the enemy is sure to avail himself. The miller felt the hours hang heavily, and he became listless and ill-humoured.

"'Tis an ill-natured and cankered disposition this," said he one night, when sitting by the ingle with his drowsy helpmate, watching the sputtering billets devoured, one after another, by the ravening flame: — "'Tis an ill-natured disposition that is abroad, I say, that will neither let a man go about his own business, nor grant him a few honest junkets these moonlight nights. I might have throttled a hare or so, or a brace of rabbits; or what dost think, dame, of a couple of moorcocks, or a cushat, for a pye?"

"Thy liquorish tooth will lead thee into some snare, goodman, ere it ha' done watering. What did Master Chadwyck say, who is to wed Mistress Alice, our master's daughter, if nought forefend? What did he promise thee, but a week agone, should he catch thee at thy old trade again?"

"A murrain light on the snivelling bully! Let him stay at his own home-stead, and not take mastership here,

to trouble us with his humours ere the portion be his. His younger brother, Oliver, is worth a whole pack of such down-looked, smooth-faced hypocrites. Oliver Chadwyck is the boy for a snug quarrel. His fingers itch for a drubbing, and he scents a feud as a crow scents out carrion. The other,—mercy on me!—is fit for nought but to be bed-ridden and priest-ridden like his father and his mother to boot."

"Hush, Ralph," said the cautious dame; "let thine hard speeches fall more gently on thy master's son, that is to be. His own parents too,—methinks the son of Jordan and Eleanor Chadwyck,—should earn a kinder word and a lighter judgment from thy tongue."

"Whew! my courteous dame. How now! and so because they are become part of the moveables of Holy Church, I trow, they must be handled softly, forsooth! Tut, tut, beldame, they are,—let me see, so it runs; the old clerk of St. Chad's rang the nomine in my ears long enough, and I am not like to forget it. They be 'Trinitarians,' said he, 'of the house of St. Robert near Knaresborough, admitted by brother Robert the minister of the Holy Trinity for the redemption of captives imprisoned by the Pagans, for the faith of Jesus Christ.' Gramercy, what a bead-roll of hard words! They say we are like to have a '*Holy War*' again, when we have settled our own reckonings; and the blood and groats of old England are again to be spent for the purchase of '*Holy Land*.' O' my halidome, wench, but I would let all the priests and friars fight for it. Cunning rogues! they set us together by the ears, and then run away with the pudding."

No doubt this profane speech rendered him easier of

access to the tempter, and the powers of evil; who, ever watchful for the slips of silly mortals, report such unholy words at head quarters, where Satan and his crew are assembled in full council.

The dame groaned deeply at this reply from her graceless husband.

"Some time or another," said she, "thou wilt rue these wicked speeches; and who knows whether these very words of thine may not have been heard i' the Fairies' Chapel, or whispered away beyond the forest to the witches' tryst!"

"I care not for all the imps and warlocks i' th' parish, hags and old women to boot. Let them come, face to face. Here am I, honest Ralph the miller, who never took toll from an empty sack, nor e'er missed the mouth of a full one. Tol de roll."

Here he stood, with arms a-kimbo, as if daring the whole fellowship of Satan, with their abettors and allies. This speech, too, was doubtless reported at the Fairies' Chapel hard by; for the dame vowed, ever after, that she heard, as it were, an echo, or a low sooning sound, ending with an eldritch laugh, amongst the rocks in that direction. This well-known haunt of the elves and fays, ere they had fled before the march of science and civilisation, was but a good bowshot from the mill, and would have terrified many a stouter heart, had not familiarity lulled their apprehensions, and habit blunted the edge of their fears. Strangers often wondered that any human being dared to sojourn so near the haunts of the "good people," and were sure that, sooner or later, the inhabitants would rue so dangerous a proximity.

A few evenings after this foolhardy challenge, Ralph

had been scrambling away, far up the dingle, for a supply of fire-wood. The same keen tingling air was abroad, but the sky, where the sun had thrown his long coronal of rays, was streaked across with a mottled and hazy light, probably the forerunner of a change. Ralph was labouring down the steep with his load, crashing through the boughs, and shaking off their hoary burdens in his progress. Suddenly he heard the shrill and well-known shriek of a hare struggling in the toils. At this joyful and refreshing sound, the miller's appetite was wonderfully stimulated; his darling propensities were immediately called forth; he threw down his burden, and, rushing through the brake, he saw, or thought he saw, in the soft twilight, an unfortunate puss in the noose. He threw himself hastily forward expecting to grasp the prize, when, lo! up started the timid animal, and limping away, as if hurt, kept the liquorish poacher at her heels, every minute supposing he was sure of his prey. Rueful was the pilgrimage of the unfortunate hunter. The hare doubled, and sprung aside whenever he came within striking distance, then hirpling onward as before. Ralph made a full pause, where a wide gap displayed the scanty waterfall, just glimmering through the mist below him. The moon, then riding out brightly in the opposite direction, sparkled on the restless current, tipped with foam. It was the nearest cut to the "Fairies' Chapel," which lies behind, and higher towards the source of the waterfall. The unlucky hare paused too, for a moment, as though afraid to leap; but she looked back at her pursuer so bewitchingly, that his heart was in his mouth, and, fearless of consequences, he rushed towards her; but he slipped, and fell down the crumbling bank. When sufficiently recovered from the

shock, he saw the animal stealing off, between the edge of the stream and the low copse-wood by the brink, towards the Fairies' Chapel. He made one desperate effort to lay hold of her, before she set foot upon enchanted ground.

He seized her, luckily as he thought, by the scut; when, lo! upstarted something black and "uncanny," with glaring eyes, making mouths, and grinning at him, as though in mockery. He felt stupified and bewildered. Fascinated by terror, he could not refrain from following this horrible appearance, which, as if delighted to have ensnared him, frisked away with uncouth and fiendish gambols, to the very centre of the Fairies' Chapel.

Ralph, puissant and valorous upon his own hearth-stone, felt his courage fast oozing out at elbows, when he saw the cold moonlight streaming through the branches above him, and their crawling shadows on the grotesque rocks at his side.

He was now alone, shivering from cold and fright. He felt as though undergoing the unpleasant process of being frozen to the spot, consciously metamorphosing into stone, peradventure a sort of ornamental fixture for the fairies' apartment. His great hoofs were already immoveable; he felt his hair congealing; his locks hung like icicles; and his whole body seemed like one solid lump of ice, through which the blood crept with a gradually decreasing current. Suddenly he heard a loud yelping, as though the hounds were in full cry. The sound passed right through the midst of the Fairies' Hall, and almost close to his ear; but there was no visible sign of their presence, except a slight movement, and then a shiver amongst the frost-bitten boughs above the rocks. He had not power to bethink him of his Pater-nosters,

and Ave Marias, which doubtless would have dissolved the impious charm. Ralph had so neglected these ordinances, that his tongue refused to repeat the usual nostrums for protection against evil spirits. His creed was nigh forgotten, and his "*salve*" was not heard. Whilst he was pondering on this occurrence, there started through a crevice, a single light, like a glowworm's lantern. Then a tiny thing came forth, clad in white, like a miniature of the human form, and peeping about cautiously, ran back, on beholding the unfortunate miller, bolt upright in the narrow glen.

Ralph now saw plainly that he had been enticed hither by some evil being, for no good. It might be for the malicious purpose of drawing down upon him the puny, but fearful vengeance of those irritable creatures the fairies; and soon he saw a whole troop of them issuing out of the crevice. As they came nearer he heard the short sharp tread of this tiny host. One of them mounted the little pillar, called the "Fairies' Chair," round which multitudes gathered, as if waiting for the fiat of their king. It was evident that their purpose was to inflict a signal chastisement on him, for his intrusion.

Ralph watched their movements with a deplorable look. Horrible indeed were his anticipations. The elf on the pillar, a little wrinkled being, with a long nose, bottle-green eyes, and shrivelled yellowish-green face, in a shrill, squeaking tone, addressed him courteously, though with an ill-suppressed sneer, enquiring his business in these regions. But Ralph was too terrified to reply.

"How lucky!" said the old fairy; "we have a mortal here, just in the nick of time. He will do our bidding rarely, for 'tis the stout miller hard by, who fears neither

fiend nor fairy, man nor witch, by his own confession. We'll put his courage to the proof."

Ralph was now thawing through terror.

"We would have punished this thine impertinent curiosity, had we not other business for thee, friend," said the malicious little devilkin. "Place thy fingers on thy thigh, and swear by Hecate, Merlin, and the Fairies' Hall, that within three days thou wilt fulfil our behest."

Ralph assented, with a hideous grimace, glad upon any terms to escape.

The whole company disappeared, but a faint, sulphur-like flame hovered for a while over the spot they had left.

Soon he heard the following words, in a voice of ravishing sweetness, —

"Mortal I must cease to be,
If no maiden, honestly,
Plight her virgin troth to me,
By yon cold moon's silver shower,
In the chill and mystic hour,
When the arrowy moonbeams fall
In the fairies' festive hall.
Twice her light shall o'er me pass,
Then I am, what once I was,
Should no maid, betroth'd, but free,
Plight her virgin vow to me."

The music ceased for a short space; then a voice, like the soft whisper of the summer winds, chanted the following lines, in a sort of monotonous recitation: —

"Mortal, take this unstain'd token,
Unpledged vows were never broken;
Lay it where a Byron's hand
This message finds from fairy-land, —

Fair Eleanor, the love-sick maid,
Who sighs unto her own soft shade: —
Bid her on this tablet write
What lover's wish would e'er indite;
Then give it to the faithful stream
(As bright and pure as love's first dream)
That murmurs by,— 'twill bring to me
The messenger I give to thee.

But the maiden thou must bring
Hither, to our elfin king,
Ere three days are come and gone,
When the moon hath kiss'd the stone,
By our fairy monarch's throne.
Shouldst thou fail, or she refuse,
Death is thine; or thou may'st choose
With us to chase the moonbeams bright,
Around the busy world. Good night!"

He now felt something slipped into his hand.

"Remember," said the voice, "when that shadow is on the pillar thou must return."

Immediately his bodily organs resumed their office, and the astonished miller was not long in regaining his own threshold. But he was a moody and an altered man. The dame could not help shuddering as she saw his ashen visage, and his eyes fixed, and almost starting from their sockets. His cheeks were sunken, his head was bare, and his locks covered with rime, and with fragments from the boughs that intercepted his path.

"Mercy on me!" cried she, lifting up her hands, "what terrible thing has happened? Oh! Ralph, Ralph, thy silly gostering speeches, I do fear me, have had a sting in their tail thou hast little dreamt of!"

Here she crossed herself with much fervour and

solemnity. She then turned to gaze on the doomed wretch, who, groaning heavily, seated himself on the old settle without speaking.

"He has seen the fairies or the black dog!" said the dame in great terror. — "I will not upbraid thee with thy foolish speeches, yet would I thou hadst not spoken so lightly of the good people. But take courage, goodman; thou art never the worse yet for thy mishap, I trow: so tell me what has befallen thee, and ha' done snoring there, like an owl in a barn riggin'."

A long time elapsed ere the affrighted miller could reveal the nature and extent of his misfortunes. But woman's wits are more fertile in expedients, and therefore more adroit for plots and counterplots than our own. The dame was greatly terrified at the recital, yet not so as to prevent her from being able to counsel her husband as to the plan he should pursue.

We now leave our honest miller for a space, while we introduce another personage of great importance to the further developement of our story.

Oliver Chadwyck was the second son of Jordan Chadwyck before named, then residing at their fort or peel of the same name, nearly two miles from Healey. Oliver had, from his youth, been betrothed to Eleanor Byron, a young and noble dame of great beauty, residing with her uncle, Sir Nicholas Byron, at his mansion, two or three miles distant. Oliver was a hot-brained amorous youth, fitted for all weathers; ready either for brotherhood or blows; and would have won his "ladye love" at the lance's point, or by onslaught and hard knocks.

Eleanor seemed to suffer his addresses for lack of other occupation. She looked upon him as her future

husband; but she would rather have been wooed to be won. The agonies of doubt and suspense, the pangs of jealousy and apprehension, would have been bliss compared to the dull monotony of the "betrothed." The lazy current would have sparkled, if a few pebbles had been cast into the stream. Her sensitive spirit, likewise, shrunk from contact with this fiery and impetuous youth; her heart yearned for some deep and hallowed affection. Strongly imbued with the witcheries of romance, she would rather have been sought by blandishments than blows, which, from his known prowess in the latter accomplishment, the youthful aspirant had no necessity to detail in the ears of his mistress. She liked not the coarse blunt manner of her gallant, nor the hard gripe and iron tramp for which he was sufficiently distinguished.

Yet was Oliver Chadwyck reckoned the best-looking cavalier in the neighbourhood, and, moreover, an adherent to the "Red Rose," under whose banner he had fought, and, even when very young, had gained distinction for his bravery; no mean recommendation, truly, in those days, when courage was reckoned a sure passport to a lady's favour, the which, it might seem, whoever held out longest, and struck the hardest, was sure to win.

One evening, about the time of the miller's adventure in the Fairies' Chapel, Eleanor was looking through her casement, listlessly, perhaps unconsciously. She sighed for occupation. The glorious hues of sunset were gone; the moon was rising, and she watched its course from the horizon of long dark hills, up to the bare boughs of the sycamores by the banks of the little stream below. Again she sighed, and so heavily that it seemed to be re-echoed from the walls of her chamber. She almost

expected the grim panels to start aside, as she looked round, half wishing, half afraid that she might discover the intruder.

Disappointed, she turned again to the casement, through which the moonbeams, now partially intercepted by the branches, lay in chequered light and darkness on the floor.

"I thought thou wert here. Alas! I am unhappy, and I know not why." While she spoke, a tear trembled on her dark eye-lashes, and, as the moonlight shone upon it, the reflection glanced back to the eyeball, and a radiant form apparently glided through the chamber. But the spectre vanished as the eyelid passed over, and swept away the illusion. She leaned her glowing cheek upon a hand, white and exquisitely formed as the purest statuary: an image of more perfect loveliness never glanced through a lady's lattice. She carelessly took up her cithern. A few wild chords flew from her touch. She bent her head towards the instrument, as if wooing its melody, — the vibrations that crept to her heart. She hummed a low and plaintive descant, mournful and tender as her own thoughts. The tone and feeling of the ballad we attempt to preserve in the following shape: —

SONG.

1.

"It is the stream,
Singing to the cold moon with babbling tongue;
Yet, ah! not half so wildly as the song,
Of my heart's dream: —
Is not my love most beautiful, thou moon?
Though pale as hope delay'd;
Methought, beneath his feet the wild flowers play'd,
Like living harps in tune.

2.

" We stood alone:
Then, as he drew the dark curls from my sight,
Through his transparent hand and arm of light,
The far skies shone.
List! 'twas the dove.
It seem'd the echo of his own fond tone;
Sweet as the hymn of seraphs round the throne
Of hope and love!"

But the moon was not the object of her love. Ladies are little apt to become enamoured of such a fit emblem of their own fickle and capricious humours; and yet, somebody she loved, but he was invisible! Probably her wild and fervid imagination had created a form—pictured it to the mind, and endowed it with her own notions of excellence and perfection; precisely the same as love in the ordinary mode, with this difference only, to wit, the object is a living and breathing substance, around which these halos of the imagination are thrown; whereas, in the case of which we are speaking, the lady's ideal image was transferred to a being she had never seen.

It was but a short period before the commencement of our narrative, that Eleanor Byron was really in love, and for the first time; for though her cousin Oliver, as she usually called him, had stormed, and, perchance, carried the outworks, yet the citadel was impregnable and unapproached. But she knew not that it was love. A soft and pleasing impression stole insensibly upon her; then dejection and melancholy. Her heart was vacant, and she sighed for an object, and for its possession. It was a silly wish, but so it was, gentle reader; and beware thou fall not in love with thine own dreams, for sure enough it was but a vision, bright, mysterious, and bewitching, that

enthralled her. Love weaves his chains of the gossamer's web, as well as of the unyielding adamant; and both are alike binding and inextricable. She saw neither form nor face in her visions, and yet the impalpable and glowing impression stole upon her senses like an odour, or a strain of soft and soul-thrilling music. Her heart was wrapped in a delirium of such voluptuous melody, that she chided the morning when she awoke, and longed for night and her own forgetfulness. Night after night the vision was repeated; and when her lover came, it was as though some chord of feeling had jarred, some tie were broken, some delicious dream were interrupted, and she turned from him with vexation and regret. He chided her caprice, which he endured impatiently, and with little show of forbearance. This did not restore him to her favour, nor render him more winning and attractive; so that the invisible gallant, a rival he little dreamt of, was silently occupying the heart once destined for his own.

One evening Ralph, in pursuance of the commands he had received, arrayed in his best doublet, his brown hose, and a huge waist, or undercoat, beneath which lay a heavy and foreboding heart, made his appearance at the house of Sir Nicholas Byron, an irregular and ugly structure of lath and plaster, well ribbed with stout timber, situated in a sheltered nook near the edge of the Beil, a brook running below Belfield, once an establishment of the renowned knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or knights templars.

Ralph was ushered into the lady's chamber; and she, as if expecting some more distinguished visitant, looked with

an eye of disappointment and impatience upon the intruder as he made his homely salutation.

"Thine errand?" enquired she.

"Verily, a fool's, lady," replied Ralph, "and a thriftless one, I fear me, into the bargain."

"Stay thy tongue. Yet I bethink me now," said she, looking earnestly at him, "thou art from my cousin; a messenger from him, I trow."

"Nay," said the ambiguous hind, "'tis from other guess folk, belike;—but—who—I—. Like enough that the Lady Eleanor will go a fortune-hunting with such a simpleton as I am."

"Go with thee?" said the lady in amazement.

"Why, ay—I was bid to bring you to the Fairies' Chapel, beyond the waterfall in the wood, by Healey, and that ere to-morrow night. But I am a doomed and a dying man, for how should the Lady Eleanor Byron obey this message?"

Here the unhappy miller began to weep; but the lady was dumb with astonishment.

"Forgive me, lady, in this matter; but I was, in a manner, bound to accomplish mine errand."

"And what if I should accompany thee? Wouldest thou be my champion, my protector from onslaught and evil?"

Here he opened his huge grey eyes to such an alarming extent, that Eleanor had much ado to refrain from smiling.

"If you will go, lady, I shall be a living man; and you—' a dead woman, probably he would have said; but the denunciation did not escape his lips, and the joy and surprise of the wary miller were beyond utterance.

"But whence thy message, friend?" said the deluded maiden, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Why, the message was whispered in my ear. A stranger brought it, together with a dismal threat, should I not bring you at the time appointed."

Here the miller again became uneasy and alarmed. A cold shudder crept over him, and he looked imploringly upon her.

"But they say, my trusty miller, that this chapel of the fairies may not be visited, forbidden as it is to all catholic and devout Christians after nightfall."

At this intimation the peccant miller displayed his broad thumbs, and looked so dolorous and apprehensive, sprawling out his large ungainly proportions, that Eleanor, though not prone to the indulgence of mirth, was mightily moved thereto by the cowardly and dismal aspect he betrayed.

"Nay, lady, I beseech you," he stammered out. "I am a dead dog — a piece of useless and unappropriated carrion, if you go not. Ha' pity on your poor knave, and deliver me from my tormentors!"

"Then to-morrow I will deliver thee," said the maiden, "and break thine enchantment. But the hour?"

"Ere the moonbeam touches the pillar in the Fairies' Hall."

"Agreed, knave. So begone. Yet, — and answer truly for thy life, — was no pledge, no token, sent with this message?"

Ralph unwillingly drew forth the token from his belt. Fearful that it might divulge more than he wished, the treacherous messenger had kept back the tablets intrusted to him. He suspected that, should she be aware

it was the good people who were awanting her, he would have but a slender chance of success.

She glanced hastily, anxiously, over the page, though with great surprise.

"How now?" said she, thoughtfully. "Here is a pretty love billet truly. The page is fair and unspotted; — fit emblem of a lover's thoughts."

"You are to write thereon, lady, your lover's wish, and throw it into the brook here, hard by. The stream, a trusty messenger, will carry it back to its owner."

Ralph delivered his message with great reluctance, fearful lest she might be alarmed, and retract her promise.

To his great joy, however, she placed the mystic token in her bosom, and bade him attend on the morrow.

This he promised faithfully; and, with a light heart, he returned to his abode.

Eleanor watched his departure with impatience. She took the tablets from her bosom. Horror seemed to fold his icy fingers round her heart. She remembered the injunction. Her mind misgave her, and, as she drew towards the lamp, it shot forth a tremulous blaze and expired. Yet, with desperate haste, bent, it might seem, on her own destruction, she hastily approached the window. The moonbeam shone full upon the page, as she scrawled, with great trepidation, the word "THINE." To her unspeakable horror the letters became a track of fire, but, as she gazed, a drop of dark blood fell on them and obliterated the writing.

"Must the compact be in blood?" said she, evidently shrinking from this unhallowed pledge. "Nay, then, farewell! Thou art not of yon bright heaven. My hopes are yet there, whatever be thy doom! If thou art

aught within the pale of mercy I am thine,—but not in blood!"

Again, but on another page, she wrote the word "THINE." Again the blood-drop effaced the letters.

"Never, though I love thee! Why urge this compact?" With a trembling hand she retraced her pledge; and the omen was not repeated. She had dared much; but her hope of mercy was yet dearer than her heart's deep and overwhelming passion. With joy she saw the writing was unchanged.

Throwing on her hood and kerchief, she stole forth to the brook, and in the rivulet, where it was yet dark and unfrozen, she threw the mystic tablet.

The following night she watched the moon, as it rose above the huge crags, breaking the long undulating horizon of Blackstone Edge, called "Robin Hood's Bed," or "Robin Hood's chair."*

One jagged peak, projected upon the moon's limb, looked like some huge spectre, issuing from her bright pavilion. She rose, red and angry, from her dark couch.

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* On a bleak moor, called Monstone Edge, in this hamlet, is a huge moor-stone or outlier, which (though part of it was broken off and removed some years ago) still retains the name of Monstone. It is said to have been quoited thither by Robin Hood, from his bed on the top of Blackstone Edge, about six miles off. After striking the mote or mark aimed at, the stone bounced off a few hundred yards, and settled there. These stones, however, in all probability, if not Druidical, were landmarks, the ancient boundary of the hamlet of Healey; and, as was once customary, the marvellous story of this ancient outlaw might be told to the urchins, who accompanied the perambulators, with the addition, probably, of a few kicks and cuffs, to make them remember the spot.

Afterwards a thin haze partially obscured her brightness; her pale, wan beam seemed struggling through a wide and attenuated veil. The wind, too, began to impart that peculiar chill, so well understood as the forerunner of a change. A loud sough came shuddering through the frozen bushes, moaning in the grass that rustled by her path. Muffled; and alone, she took her adventurous journey to the mill, where she arrived in about an hour from her departure. Ralph was anxiously expecting her, together with his dame.

"Good e'en, lady," said the latter, with great alacrity, as Eleanor crossed the threshold. She returned the salutation; but her features were lighted up with a wild and deceptive brightness, and her glowing eye betrayed the fierce and raging conflict within.

"The shadow will soon point to the hour, and we must begone," said the impatient miller.

"Lead on," replied the courageous maiden; and he shrunk from her gaze, conscious of his own treachery and her danger.

The hard and ice-bound waters were dissolving, and might be heard to gurgle in their deep recesses; drops began to trickle from the trees; the bushes to relax their hold, and shake off their icy trammels. Towards the south-west lay a dense range of clouds, their fleecy tops telling with what message they were charged. Still the moon cast a subdued and lingering light over the scene, from which she was shortly destined to be shut out.

Ralph led the way silently, and with great caution, through the slippery ravine. The moonlight flickered through the leafless branches on the heights above them, their path winding through the shadows by the stream.

"We must hasten," said her guide, "or we may miss the signal. We shall soon take leave of the moonlight, and perhaps lose our labour thereby."

They crept onwards, until they saw the dark rocks in the Fairies' Chapel. The miller pointed to a long withered bough, that flung out its giant arms far over the gulf from a great height. The moon threw down the shadow quite across to the bank on the other side, marking its rude outline on the crags.

"The signal," said Ralph; "and by your favour, lady, I must depart. I have redeemed my pledge."

"Stay, I prithee, but within hearing," said Eleanor. "I like not the aspect of this place. If I call, hasten instantly to my succour."

The miller promised, but with a secret determination not to risk his carcass again for all the bright-eyed dames in Christendom.

She listened to his departing footsteps, and her heart seemed to lose its support. An indescribable feeling crept upon her, — a consciousness that another was present, in this solitude. She was evidently under the control of some invisible agent; the very freedom of her thoughts oppressed and over-ruled by a power superior to her own. She strove to escape this thraldom, but in vain. She threw round an apprehensive glance, but all was still; — the dripping boughs alone breaking the almost insupportable silence that surrounded her. Suddenly she heard a sigh, and a rustling at her ear; and she felt an icy chillness breathing on her. Then a voice, musical but sad, whispered,

"Thou hast rejected my suit. Another holds thy pledge."

"Another! Who art thou?" said the maiden, forgetting her fears in the first emotion of surprise.

"Thou hast been conscious of my presence in thy dreams!" replied the mysterious visiter. She felt her terrors dissipated, for the being whom she loved was the guardian of her safety.

"I have loved thee, maiden," said the voice;—"I have hovered round thee when thou slept, and thou hast answered my every thought. Wherefore hast thou not obeyed? Why not seal thy compact and our happiness together?"

"Because it was unhallowed," replied she firmly, though her bosom trembled like the leaf fluttering from its stem.

"Another has taken thy pledge. Yet is it not too late. Renew the contract, even with thy blood, and I am thine! Refuse, and thou art his. If this hour pass, I am lost to thee for ever!"

"To whom," enquired Eleanor, "has it been conveyed?"

"To thy first, thy betrothed lover. He found the pledge that I would not receive."

The maiden hesitated. Her eternal hopes might be compromised by this compliance. But she dreaded the loss of her insidious destroyer.

"Who art thou? I fear me for the tempter!"

"And what boots it, lady? But listen. These elves be my slaves; and yet I am not immortal. My term is nigh run out, though it may be renewed, if, before the last hour be past, a maiden plight her hopes, her happiness to me! Ere that shadow creeps on the fairy pillar, thou art irrevocably mine, or his whom thou dreadest."

Eleanor groaned aloud. She felt a cold hand creeping on her brow. She screamed involuntarily. On a sudden

the boughs bent with a loud crash above her head, and a form rushing down the height, stood before her. This unexpected deliverer was Oliver Chadwyck. Alarmed by the cries of a female, as he was returning from the chase, he interposed at the very moment when his mistress was ensnared by the wiles of her seducer.

"Rash fool, thou hast earned thy doom. The blood be on thine own head. Thou art the sacrifice!"

This was said in a voice of terrible and fiendish malignity. A loud tramp, as of a mighty host, was heard passing away, and Oliver now beheld the form of his betrothed.

"Eleanor! Here? In this unholy place?" cried her lover. But the maiden was unable to answer.

"There's blood upon my hand!" said he, holding it up in the now clear and unclouded moonlight. "Art thou wounded, lady?"

"I know not," she replied; "I was alone. Yet I felt as though some living thing were nigh,—some unseen form, of terrible and appalling attributes! Was it not a dream?"

"Nay," said Oliver pensively; "methought another was beside thee!"

"I saw him not."

"How camest thou hither?"

"Let us be gone," said she trembling; "I will tell thee all."

She laid her head on his shoulder. It throbbed heavily. "I am now free. The accursed links are broken. I feel as though newly wakened from some horrible dream! Thou hast saved me, Oliver. But if thine own life is the price!"

"Fear not: I defy their devilish subtilty — in their very den too; and thus — and thus, I renounce the devil and all his works!"

He spat thrice upon the ground, to show his loathing and contempt.

"Oh! say not so," cried Eleanor, looking round in great alarm.

Oliver bore her in his arms from that fearful spot. He accompanied her home; and it was near break of day when, exhausted and alone, she again retired to her chamber. By the way, Oliver told her that he had found a mysterious tablet, on the edge of the brook, the same morning. He had luckily hidden it in his bosom, and he felt as though a talisman or charm had protected him from the spells in the "Fairies' Chapel."

Springtide was past, and great was the stir and bustle for the approaching nuptials between Oliver Chadwyck and the lady Eleanor. All the yeomanry, inhabitants of the hamlets of Honorsfield, Butterworth, and Healey, were invited to the wedding. Dancers and mummers were provided; wrestlers and cudgel players, with games and pastimes of all sorts, were appointed. The feasts were to be holden for three days, and masks, motions, and other rare devices, were expected to surpass and eclipse every preceding attempt of the like nature.

Eleanor sat in her lonely bower. It was the night before the bridal. To-morrow would see her depart in pageantry and pomp, — an envied bride! Yet was her heart heavy, and she could not refrain from weeping.

She sought rest; but sleep was denied. The owl hooted at her window; the bat flapped his leathern wings; the taper burnt red and heavily, and its rays were tinged as

though with blood: the fire flung out its tiny coffin; the wind sobbed aloud at every cranny, and wailed piteously about the dwelling.

"Would that I might read my destiny," thought she. Her natural inclination to forbidden practices was too powerful to withstand.

Now there was, formerly, an ancient superstition, that if, on the night before marriage, a taper were burnt, made from the fat of a young sow, and anointed with the blood of the enquirer, after sundry diabolical and cabalistical rites at midnight, a spirit would appear, and pronounce the good or evil destiny of the querent.

Eleanor had prepared the incantation ere she laid her throbbing head on the pillow. Whether or not she slept, is more than we can divulge. Such, in all probability, was the case;— dreams being the echo only of our waking anticipations.

She thought there came a rushing wind. The door flapped to and fro, the curtains shook, and the pictures glared horribly from the wall. Suddenly,—starting from the panel, with eyes lighted up like bale-fires, and a malignant scowl on her visage,—stalked down one of the family portraits. It was that of a female—a maiden aunt of the house of Byron, painted by one of the court artists, whom the king had brought from France, and patronised at a heavy cost. This venerable dame appeared to gaze at the spectator from whatsoever situation she was beholden. The eyes even seemed to follow you when passing across the chamber. A natural consequence though, and only marvelled at by the ignorant and illiterate.

This ancient personage now advanced from her hanging-

place, and standing at the foot of the bed, opened out a fiery scroll with these ominous words:—

> "Maid, wife, and widow, in one day!
> This shall be thy destiny."

Eleanor struggled hard, but was unable to move. She laboured for utterance, but could not speak. At length, with one desperate effort, a loud cry escaped her, and the vision disappeared. She slept no more, but morning disclosed her haggard cheek, and sunken eye, intimating that neither hope nor enjoyment could have been the companion of her slumbers.

It was a bright morning in June. The sun rode high and clear in the blue heavens. The birds had "sung their matins blythe," ere the bridegroom arrived with his attendants. Merrily did the village choristers acquit themselves in their vocation, while those that were appointed strewed flowers in the way. The bells of St. Chad trolled out their merry notes, when the ceremony was over, and the bride, on her snow-white palfrey, passed on, escorted by her husband, at the head of the procession. Gay cavaliers on horseback, and maidens prancing by their side, made the welkin ring with loud and mirthful discourse. The elder Byron rode on his charger, by the side of Jordan Chadwyck, and his eldest son, with whom rode the vicar, Richard Salley, nothing loth to contribute his folly to the festival.

As the procession drew nigh to the hall, a messenger rode forward in great haste, whispering to Byron, who, with angry and disordered looks, shouted aloud to Oliver,

"Away—away! The cowardly Traffords are at our threshold. They have skulked out, like traitors as they

be, knowing our absence at the feast. 'Tis an old feud, and a bloody one. Who is for Byron? Down with the Traffords!"

The old man here put spurs to his horse, and galloped off with his attendants.

"A Byron—a Byron!" shouted Oliver, as he followed in full cry, first leaving his wife under a suitable and safe escort. Soon they routed the enemy, but the prediction was complete; for Eleanor became

"Maid, wife, and widow, in one day!"

her husband being slain during the battle.

The blood of man was held of little account in those days, if we may judge by the following award on the occasion:

"In virtue of a writ of appeal of death, sued out against Sir John Trafford, Knight, his tenants and servants, the sum of sixty pounds was deemed to be paid by Trafford to Biroun, to be distributed amongst the cousins and friends of the late Oliver C., in the parish church of Manchester; on the award of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, *Lord Stanley*, viz. ten marks at the nativity of John the Baptist, and ten marks at St. Martyn, yearly, until the whole was paid, and all parties to be fully friends. Dated London, 24th March, 20 Edward IV., 1480."

THE

LUCK OF MUNCASTER.

THE LUCK OF MUNCASTER.

GAMEL DE PENNINGTON is the first ancestor of the family of whom there is any recorded account; he was a person of great note and property at the time of the conquest; and the family, having quitted their original seat of Pennington in Lancashire (where the foundation of a square building called the Castle is still visible), he fixed his residence at Mealcastre, now called Muncaster. It is said that the family originally resided nearer the sea, at a place not far from the town of Ravenglass, where at present are the ruins of an old Roman castle, called Walls Castle. The old tower of the present mansion house at Muncaster was built by the Romans, to guard the ford called St. Michael's Ford, over the river Esk, when Agricola went to the north, and to watch also the great passes into the country over the fells, and over Hard Knot, where is the site of another fortress constructed by them, apparent from the traces existing to this day.

Muncaster and the manor of Muncaster have long been enjoyed by the Penningtons, who appear to have possessed it about forty years before the conquest, and ever since,

sometimes collaterally, but for the most part in lineal descent by their issue male, to this very time.

There is a room in Muncaster Castle which still goes by the name of Henry the Sixth's room, from the circumstance of his having been concealed in it at the time he was flying from his enemies in 1461, when Sir John Pennington, the then possessor of Muncaster, gave him a secret reception.

The posts of the bed in which he slept, which are of handsome carved oak, are also in the same room in good preservation.

When the period for the king's departure arrived, before he proceeded on his journey, he addressed Sir John with many kind and courteous acknowledgments for his loyal reception, lamenting, at the same time, that he had nothing of more value to present him with, as a testimony of his good will, than the cup, out of which he crossed himself. He then gave it into the hands of Sir John, accompanying the present with the following blessing:—"The family shall prosper as long as they preserve it unbroken;" which the superstition of those times imagined would carry good fortune to his descendants. Hence it is called "the *Luck of Muncaster.*" It is a curiously-wrought glass cup, studded with gold, and white enamel spots. The benediction attached to its security being then uppermost in the recollection of the family, it was considered essential to the prosperity of the house at the time of the usurpation, that the Luck of Muncaster should be deposited in a safe place; it was consequently buried till the cessation of hostilities had rendered all further care and concealment unnecessary. Unfortunately, however, the person commissioned to disinter this precious jewel, let the box fall,

in which it was locked up, which so alarmed the then existing members of the family, that they could not muster courage enough to satisfy their apprehensions. It therefore (according to the traditionary story still preserved in the family) remained unopened for more than forty years, at the expiration of which period, a Pennington, more hardy or more courageous than his predecessors, unlocked the casket, and exultingly proclaimed the safety of the Luck of Muncaster.

When John Lord Muncaster, (the first of the family who obtained a peerage) entered into possession of Muncaster Castle, after his elevation in 1793, he found it still surrounded with a moat, and defended by a strong portcullis. The family having of late years entirely resided upon their estate of Wartee, in Yorkshire, the house was in so very dilapidated a state, that Lord Muncaster was obliged to rebuild it almost entirely, with the exception of Agricola's Tower, the walls of which are nine feet thick. The elevation of the new part is in unison with that of the Roman Tower, and forms altogether a handsome castellated building. The situation is eminently striking, and was well chosen for commanding the different passes over the mountains. It is surrounded with mountain scenery on the north, south, and east, while extensive plantations, a rich and cultivated country, with the sea in the distance, makes a combination of scenery, than which it is scarcely possible to imagine any thing more beautiful or more picturesque.

We are tempted to conclude this description with the words of John Lord Muncaster, who himself so greatly contributed to its renovation. Upon being requested to give an outline of its beauties, he replied that it consisted of "wood, park, lawn, valley, river, sea, and mountain."

The reason or excuse we give for introducing within our Lancashire series this tradition, of which the occurences took place in a neighbouring county, is, that the family was originally native to our own. By the village of Pennington, situate about midway between Dalton and Ulverstone, is the Castle Hill, the residence of this family before the conquest. The area of the castle yard appears to have been an octagon or a square, with obtuse angles, about forty-five yards in diameter. The south and east sides have been defended by a ditch about ten yards wide, and by a vallum of earth, still visible. There are no vestiges of the ancient building. It stood apparently on the verge of the precipice, at the foot of which flows a brook with great rapidity. The site commands an extensive view of the sea-coast and beacons, and was excellently situated for assembling the dependants in cases of emergency. The name is diversely written in ancient writings, as Penyngton, Penington, Pennington, and in Doomsday book, *Pennegetun*, perhaps from *Pennaig*, in British "a prince or great personage," to which the Saxon termination *tun* being added, forms Pennegetun, since smoothed into Pennington.

THE LUCK OF MUNCASTER.

K. Hen.—"From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight."
King Henry VI.

"It shall bless thy bed, it shall bless thy board,
They shall prosper by this token;
In Muncaster Castle good luck shall be,
Till the charmed cup is broken."

PART FIRST.

"COME hither, Sir John de Pennington,
Come hither, and hearken to me;
Nor silver, nor gold, nor ladye-love,
Nor broad lands I give unto thee."

" I care not for silver, I care not for gold,
Nor for broad lands, nor fair ladye;
But my honour and troth, and my good broad sword,
Are the king's eternally.

" Come hither, Sir John, thou art loyal and brave,"
Again the monarch spake;
" In my trouble and thrall, in the hour of pain,
Thou pity didst on me take.

" The white rose withers on every bough,
And the red rose rears its thorn;
But many a maid our strife shall rue,
And the babe that is yet unborn.

" I've charged in the battle with horse and lance,
But I've doff'd the warrior now;
And never again may helmet of steel
Bind this burning, aching, brow!

" Oh, had I been born of a simple churl,
And a serving-wench for my mate,
I had whistled as blithe as yon knave, that sits
By Muncaster's Castle gate!

" Would that my crown were a bonnet of blue,
And my sceptre yon shepherd's crook,
I would honour, dominion, and power eschew,
In this holy and quiet nook.

" For England's crown is a girdle of blood,
A traitor is every gem;
And a murderer's eye each jewel that lurks
In that kingly diadem!

" Hunt on! hunt on, thou blood-hound keen;
I'd rather an outcast be,
Than wade through all that thou hast done,
To pluck that crown from thee!"

" Then tarry, my liege," Sir John replied,
" In Muncaster's Castle gate;
No foeman shall enter, while shelter'd here
From Edward's pride and hate."

" I may not tarry, thou trusty knight,
Nor longer with thee abide;
Ere to-morrow shall rise on these lordly towers,
From that gate shall a monarch ride.

" For a vision came to my lonely bed,
And that vision bade me flee;
And I must away, ere break of day,
O'er the hills to the south countrie.

" But take this cup, — 'tis a hallow'd thing,
Which holy men have bless'd;
In the church of the Holy Sepulchre,
This crystal once did rest;

" And many a martyr, and many a saint,
Around its brim have sate;
No water that e'er its lips have touch'd,
But is hallow'd and consecrate.

" 'Tis thine, Sir John; not an empire's worth,
Nor wealth of Ind' could buy
The like, for never was jewel seen
Of such wondrous potency.

"It shall bless thy bed, it shall bless thy board,
They shall prosper by this token;
In Muncaster Castle good luck shall be,
Till the charmed cup is broken!"

Sir John he bent him on his knee,
And the king's word ne'er did err,
For the cup is call'd, to this blessed hour,
"THE LUCK OF MUNCASTER."

PART SECOND.

"Oh haste, Sir William of Liddislee,
My kinsman good at need,
Ere the Esk's dark ford thou hast passed by,
In Muncaster rest thy steed;

"And say to my love, and my lady bright,
In Carlisle I must stay,
For the foe is come forth from the misty north,
And I cannot hence away;

"But I must keep watch on Carlisle's towers
With the banner of Cumberland;
Then bid her beware of the rebel host,
Lest they come with sword and brand.

"But bid her, rather than house or land,
Take heed of that cup of grace,
Which King Henry gave to our ancestor,
The 'Luck' of our noble race.

"Bid her bury it deep at dead of night,
That no eye its hiding see.
Now do mine errand, Sir William,
As thou wouldst prosperous be!"

Sir William stay'd nor for cloud nor shine,
He stay'd not for rest nor bait,
Till he saw the far gleam on Esk's broad stream,
And Muncaster's Castle gate.

"From whence art thou in such fearful haste?"
The warder wondering said;
"Hast thou 'scaped alone from the bloody fight,
And the field of the gory dead?"

"I am not from the bloody fight,
Nor a craven flight I flee;
But I am come to my lady's bower,
Sir William of Liddislee."

The knight to the lady's bower is gone,
"A boon I crave from thee,
Deny me not, thou lady bright,"
And he bent him on his knee.

"I grant thee a boon," the lady said,
"If it from my husband be;"
"There's a cup of grace," cried the suppliant knight,
"Which thou must give to me."

"Now foul befa' thee, fause traitor,
That with guile would our treasure win;
For ne'er from Sir John of Pennington
Had such traitorous message been."

"I crave your guerdon, fair lady,
'Twas but your faith to try,
That we might know if the 'Luck' of this house
Were safe in such custody.

" The message was thus, thy husband sent;
He hath look'd out from Carlisle wa',
And he is aware of John Highlandman
Come trooping down the snaw;

" And should this kilted papistry
Spread hither upon their way,
They'll carry hence that cup of grace,
Though thou shouldst say them nay.

" And thy lord must wait, for the traitor foe,
By the walls of merry Carlisle;
Else he would hie to his lady's help,
And his lady's fears beguile.

" Thy lord would rather his house were brent,
His goods and his cattle harried,
Than the cup should be broken, — that cup of grace,
Or from Muncaster's house be carried."

The kinsman smiled on that fond lady,
And his traitor suit he plied:
" Give me the cup," the false knight said,
" From these foemen fierce to hide."

The lady of Muncaster oped the box
Where lay this wondrous thing;
Sir William saw its beauteous form,
All bright and glistering.

The kinsman smiled on that fond lady,
And he view'd it o'er and o'er: —
" 'Tis a jewel of price," said that traitor then,
" And worthy a prince's dower.

" We'll bury the treasure, where ne'er from the sun
One ray of gladness shone,
Where darkness and light, and day and night,
And summer and spring are one:

" Beneath the moat we'll bury it straight,
In its box of the good oak tree;
And the canker'd carle, John Highlandman,
Shall never that jewel see."

The kinsman took the casket up,
And the lady look'd over the wall:
" If thou break that cup of grace, beware,
The pride of our house shall fall!"

The kinsman smiled as he look'd above,
And to the lady cried,
" I'll show thee where thy 'Luck' shall be,
And the lord of Muncaster's pride."

The lady watch'd this kinsman false,
And he lifted the casket high:
" Oh! look not so, Sir William,"
And bitterly she did cry.

But the traitor knight dash'd the casket down
To the ground, that blessed token;
" Lie there," then said that false one now,
" Proud Muncaster's charm is broken!"

The lady shriek'd, the lady wail'd,
While the false knight fled amain:
But never durst Muncaster's lord, I trow,
Ope that blessed shrine again!

PART THIRD.

THE knight of Muncaster went to woo,
And he rode with the whirlwind's speed,
For the lady was coy, and the lover was proud,
And he hotly spurr'd his steed.

He stay'd not for bog, he stay'd not for briar,
Nor stay'd he for flood or fell;
Nor ever he slacken'd his courser's rein,
Till he stood by the Lowthers' well.

Beside that well was a castle fair,
In that castle a fair lady;
In that lady's breast was a heart of stone,
Nor might it softened be.

"Now smooth that brow of scorn, fair maid,
And to my suit give ear;
There's never a dame in Cumberland,
Such a look of scorn doth wear."

"Haste, haste thee back," the lady cried,
"For a doomed man art thou;
I wed not the heir of Muncaster,
Thy '*Luck*' is broken now!"

"Oh, say not so, for on my sire
Th' unerring doom was spent;
I heir not his ill luck, I trow,
Nor with his dool am shent."

"The doom is thine, as thou art his,
And to his curse, the heir;
But never a luckless babe of mine
That fearful curse shall bear!"

A moody man was the lover then;
But homeward as he hied,
Beside the well, at Lord Lowther's gate,
An ugly dwarf he spied.

"Out of my sight, thou fearsome thing;
Out of my sight, I say:
Or I will fling thine ugly bones
To the crows this blessed day."

But the elfin dwarf he skipp'd and ran
Beside the lover's steed,
And ever as Muncaster's lord spurr'd on,
The dwarf held equal speed.

The lover he slacken'd his pace again,
And to the goblin cried:
"What, ho, sir page, what luckless chance
Hath buckled thee to my side?"

Up spake then first that shrivelled thing,
And he shook his locks of grey;
"Why lowers the cloud on Muncaster's brow,
And the foam tracks his troubled way?"

" There's a lady, the fairest in all this land,"
The haughty chief replied;
" But that lady's love in vain I've sought,
And I'll woo none other bride."

" And is there not beauty in other lands,
And locks of raven hue,
That thou must pine for a maiden cold,
Whose bosom love ne'er knew?"

" Oh, there is beauty in every land,"
The sorrowing knight replied;
" But I'd rather Margaret of Lonsdale wed,
Than the fairest dame beside."

" And thou shalt the lady Margaret wed,"
Said that loathly dwarf again;
" There's a key in Muncaster Castle can break
That maiden's heart in twain!"

" Oh never, oh never, thou lying elf,
That maiden's word is spoken;
The cup of grace left a traitor's hand,
Proud Muncaster's '*Luck*' is broken."

Then scornfully grinn'd that elfin dwarf,
And aloud he laugh'd again;
" There's a key in thy castle, sir knight, can break
That maiden's heart in twain!"

The knight he turn'd him on his steed,
And he look'd over hill and stream;
But he saw not that elfin dwarf again,
He had vanish'd as a dream!

The knight came back to his castle hall,
And stabled his good grey steed;
And he is to his chamber gone,
With wild and angry speed.

And he saw the oaken casket, where
Lay hid that cup of grace,
Since that fearful day, when the traitor foe
Wrought ruin on his race.

"Thou cursed thing," he cried in scorn,
"That ever such 'Luck' should be;
From Muncaster's house, ill-boding fiend,
Thou shalt vanish eternally."

He kick'd the casket o'er and o'er,
With rage and contumely;
When, lo! a tinkling sound was heard,
Down dropp'd a glittering key!

He remembered well the wondrous speech
Of the spectre dwarf again,
"There's a key in Muncaster Castle can break
A maiden's heart in twain!"

He took the key, and he turn'd the lock,
And he open'd the casket wide;
When the cause of all his agony
The lover now espied.

The holy cup lay glistering there,
And he kiss'd that blessed token,
For its matchless form unharmed lay,
The "Luck" had ne'er been broken!

The loud halls rung, and the minstrels sung,
And glad roll'd the Esk's bonny tide,
When Lonsdale's Lady Margaret
Was Muncaster's winsome bride!

Now prosper long that baron bold,
And that bright and blessed token;
For Muncaster's Luck is constant yet,
And the crystal charm unbroken!

THE

PEEL OF FOULDREY.

Drawn by R. Wehnert.

Engraved by Edw.d Finden.

THE ISLE OF FOULDREY.

London, Published by Longman & Co.r 1831.

THE PEEL OF FOULDREY.

THE ancient castle or Peel of Fouldrey, the island of fowls, stands a little beyond the southern extremity of the isle of Walney. The castle and its site belong to the ladies of the liberty of Furness.

The ruins, seen from the heights above Rampside, are beautifully picturesque. Though the sea has wasted part of the outworks, yet the remains exhibit a complete specimen of the principles and plan upon which these ancient defences were usually constructed. It may not be thought out of place to give the reader some account of its present appearance. West, in his Antiquities of Furness, inserts the following account of his visit to this delightful spot; and as it is detailed with a good deal of graphic simplicity, if not elegance of style, we prefer it to our own record of an expedition to this place.

"Choosing a proper time of the tide," says he, "for our excursion, we set out from Dalton, early on a pleasant summer's morning, and, having crossed the sands in Walney channel, we followed the eastern shore of the isle of Walney from the small village of Northscale, by the chapel to Bigger. Leaving this hamlet, and crossing

over a small neck of land, by a narrow lane, winding amongst well cultivated fields, smiling with the prospect of a plenteous harvest of excellent grain, but principally of wheat, which the land in Walney generally produces of a superior quality, we again came to the shore, and having a pretty distinct view of several parts of the ruinous fabric which was the object of our excursion, we took the distant castle for our guide, and entered upon a trackless sand, which, by the route we pursued, is about two miles and a half over. It is soft and disagreeable travelling in many places; but there is no quicksand. Those, however, who are unacquainted with the road to the Peel of Fouldrey, should take a guide from Bigger.

"About half way over the sand, the mouldering castle, with its extensive shattered walls and ruinated towers, makes a solemn, majestic appearance. Having arrived on the island, which is destitute of tree or shrub, except a few blasted thorns and briers, we left our horses at a lonely public house, situated close by the side of the eastern shore, and proceeded to inspect the ruins of the castle. The main tower has been defended by two moats, two walls, and several small towers. We crossed the exterior fosse or ditch, and entered the outer bayle, or yard, through a ruinous guard-tower, overleaning a steep precipice formed by the surges of the sea. The ancient pass, where the drawbridge over the outer ditch was fixed, has been long washed away. The greater part of the outer wall is also demolished, for in those places which are out of the reach of the tide, the stones have been removed for various purposes.

"The drawbridge over the exterior ditch of these castles used commonly to be defended by a fortification,

consisting of a strong high wall with turrets, called the barbacan or antemural; the great gate or entrance into the outer bayle or yard was often fortified by a tower on each side, and by a room over the intermediate passage; and the thick folding doors of oak, by which the entrance was closed, were often strengthened with iron, and faced by an iron portcullis or grate, sliding down a groove from the higher part of the building.

"A chapel commonly stood in the outer bayle: accordingly, just at our entrance into that part, we saw the ruins of a building which is said to have been the chapel belonging to this castle.

"At the inside of the yard we came to the inner fosse, moat, or ditch, and arriving at the place where the drawbridge had been fixed, we entered the inner bayle or court by the ancient passage through the interior wall, the entrance whereof had evidently been secured by a portcullis, and defended by a room over the passage.

"We now proceeded to the entrance into the main tower or keep; but the doorway into the porch, which precedes it, being walled up, we were obliged to creep into the edifice by a narrow aperture. The entrance has been secured by a portcullis. The main tower has consisted of three stories, each divided into three oblong apartments, by two interior side walls being carried from bottom to top.

"The rooms on the ground floor have been very low, and lighted by long apertures, extremely narrow, at the outside of the walls, but a considerable width in the inside, perhaps so constructed for the use of the bow. The apartments have communicated with each other; and there has been a winding staircase leading from one of

them to the rooms above, and to the top of the castle. Under the ground floor of these ancient castles, used commonly to be dark and dismal apartments, or dungeons, for the reception of prisoners, but nothing of the kind is known to be here. The porch is called the dungeon.

"The second floor has been on a level with the first landing at the principal entrance. The rooms have been lofty, and lighted by small pointed windows, and many of them have had fire-places. The apartments on the third floor have been apparently similar to those on the second. The side apartments have been lighted by several small pointed windows, but those in the middle have been very dark and gloomy.

"The great door of the castle opens into one of these intermediate apartments. On the left hand side of the entrance has been a spiral staircase, leading to the rooms above, and to the top of the castle, which has had a flat roof, surrounded by a parapet, and several turrets. The walls of this tower are very strong and firm, a deep buttress is placed at each corner, and one against the middle of each side wall. A small square tower has stood at the southern corner, but the greater part of it has been thrown down by the sea. The foundation of one side wall is also undermined the whole of its length, and as it in some places overhangs the precipice, formed by the waste of the sea, and as the castle is not situated upon a rock, but upon hard, loamy soil, this side must inevitably fall in a few years.

"Many huge fragments of the wasted walls are scattered upon the shore, under the cliff from whence they have fallen; and notwithstanding the concussion they have received in falling from a great height, and the frequent

surges of the sea, they are as firm as ever, and in many places exhibit the shape of the edifice.

" The corners and doorcases of the guard-towers, the buttresses, window-frames, and several parts of the main-tower, are constructed with red freestone; but all the other parts of the walls, which in general are about six or seven feet in thickness, are formed of round stones collected from the adjacent shores. The inside of the walls has been constructed with small stones, and plenty of fluid mortar to fill the interstices.

" To this mode of construction, to the excellent binding quality of the stones, and to the slow drying of the grout-work in the inside, may be attributed the great tenacity of the walls of this fabric, more than to any uncommon or unknown method of composing the mortar.

" The roofs of the numerous guard-houses in the surrounding walls of this castle have apparently been flat. Upon these, and along the walls, which, in most castles were topped by a parapet, and a kind of embrasure, called crennels, the defenders of the castle were stationed during a siege, and from thence discharged arrows, darts, stones, and every kind of annoyance they could procure, upon their enemies.

" There were often subterraneous passages leading from the lowest part of the main tower to a great distance; and by these the besieged could make their escape in time of imminent danger, when the outworks were carried by storm.

" On the north-east side of the outworks of this castle has been a large pond or reservoir for supplying the ditches with water, in cases of sudden emergency. There has also been a fish-pond on the north-west side.

"Though many variations were made in the structure of castles, as the plan was often modified by the architect according to the site occupied by the edifice, yet the most perfect and magnificent were generally constructed with all the different parts we have mentioned.

"The walls contain no decorations of art, and are equally destitute of all natural embellishments; the rugged outlines of dilapidation, associating with the appearance of past magnificence, are the qualities which chiefly interest the imagination, while comparing the settled tranquillity of the present, with the turbulent ages that are past, and contemplating the view of this mouldering fabric.

"The island of Fouldrey has certainly been much larger at the erection of the castle than it is at present; but the sea, having reduced it to its present small compass, has abated the rapid career of its destruction. It now wastes the western shore of Walney, and forms a new tract out of the ruins, which proves a barrier to its progress upon the Peel of Fouldrey, and, at some future period, may be an accession to this island, in place of the land which it has lost."

The period when it was reduced to ruins is not well ascertained, but it is probable that this was one of the fortresses which fell under the dismantling orders of the commonwealth.

The port is very large and commodious, and would float a first rate ship of war at low water.

In 1789, a body of commissioners and trustees appointed to improve the navigation of the river Lune, built a light-house on the south-east end of the isle of Walney. It is an octagonal column, placed upon a circular foundation of a little more than twenty feet in

diameter. At the plinth, its diameter is eighteen feet, and diminishes gradually with the elevation through fifty-seven feet to fourteen. The ascent, from the bottom to the lantern, is by a staircase, consisting of ninety-one steps, winding up the inside of the pillar. The whole height is about sixty-eight feet. At the base of the column there is a small dwelling for the keeper and his family.

THE PEEL OF FOULDREY.

" True, treason never prospers; what's the reason?
When treason prospers, 'tis no longer treason!"

It was in the " merrie month of May," in the year 1487, scarcely two years after Richard's overthrow at Bosworth, and Earl Richmond's usurpation of the English crown by the title of King Henry the Seventh, that a great armament, landing on the barren island of Fouldrey, took possession of the castle, a fortress of great strength commanding the entrance to the bay of Morecambe, and a position of considerable importance to the invaders. It occupied, with the outworks and defences, nearly the whole area of the island, — a few acres only; — two or three fishermen's huts, at that time, being irregularly scattered on the beach below. Built by the monks of Furness, in the first year of Edward III., as a retreat from the ravages of the Scots, and a formidable barrier against their approaches by sea, it was now unexpectedly wrested from its owners, becoming a point of resistance from whence the formid-

able power of Henry might be withstood, and, in the end, successfully opposed.

A royal banner floated from the battlements, — the fortress had been formally taken into possession by the invaders in the name of their king, previously proclaimed at Dublin by the title of Edward the Sixth. The youth was crowned there with a diadem taken from an image of the Virgin, priests and nobles espousing his cause with more than ordinary enthusiasm; and Henry, in the second year of his reign, was threatened, from a source as unexpected as it was deemed contemptible, with the loss of his ill-gotten sovereignty.

Lambert Simnel, according to some historians, was the real name of this "pretender;" but there be others who scruple not to assert, that he was in reality the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, son to Clarence, elder brother of Richard III., and that he had made his escape from the Tower, where he long suffered an ignominious confinement by the cruel policy of Henry. The prior claims of this young prince to the English crown could not be doubted, and Margaret, the "bold" Duchess of Burgundy, sister to Edward IV., had furnished the invader with a body of two thousand chosen Flemish troops, commanded by Martin Swartz, a brave and experienced officer. With them came the Earl of Lincoln, related to Edward IV. by intermarriage with Elizabeth, the king's eldest sister.

This nobleman had long entertained ambitious views towards the crown; his uncle Richard, it is said, in default of issue to himself, having expressed the intention of declaring Lincoln his successor. The Lord Lovel, too, a bitter enemy of the reigning prince, who had fled to the court of Burgundy before-time for protection, was

intrusted with a command in the expedition. To these were joined the Earl of Kildare, the king's deputy for Ireland, with several others of the nobility from the sister kingdom. The countenance thus unexpectedly given to the rebellion by persons of the highest rank, and the great accession of military force from abroad, raised the courage and exultation of the Irish to such a pitch, that they threatened to overrun England, nothing doubting but their restless and disaffected spirit would be fully met by a similar disposition on the part of those whom they invaded. In supposing that the inhabitants in the north of England, and especially in Lancashire, would immediately join their standard, they had not calculated wisely. The king, in crushing the hopes of the Yorkists, had made himself, at that period, too popular in the county; — the reluctance, too, which it may be supposed that Englishmen would feel, in identifying themselves with a troop of foreign adventurers, as well as their general animosity against the Irish, to whom the "northerns" never bore any good will, being too near neighbours to agree, — these circumstances taken into account, the ultimate failure of the expedition might have been easily prognosticated. Sir Thomas Broughton, a gentleman of some note in Furness, was the only person of weight and influence in the county who joined their standard, and he soon found himself a loser by his defection.

This brief preliminary statement we have thought essential to the right understanding and developement of our plot.

The evening was dark and lowering; the sky, broken into wild irregular masses of red and angry clouds. The sun, after throwing one fierce look over the broad and

troubled sea, had sunk behind a hard, huge, battlement of cloud, on the round waving edges of which ran a bright burning rim, that looked like a train of fire ignited by the glowing luminary behind.

The beach round the little island of Fouldrey is mostly covered with pebbles, thrown up by the tide, occasionally intermingled with rock, and patches of dark verdure. A few boats may be seen with their equipments, and two or three straggling nets upon the shore. A distant sail occasionally glides across the horizon; but the usual aspect is that of solitude, still, and uninterrupted, the abode of sterility and sadness. Now, the narrow bay by the island was glittering with gallant streamers. Ships of war, in all their pride and panoply, majestically reposed upon its bosom. All was bustle and impatience. The trumpet note of war brayed fiercely from the battlements. Incessant was the march of troops in various directions. Tents were pitched before the castle. Guards were appointed; and this hitherto peaceful and solitary spot resounded with the din of arms, and the hoarse clang of preparation for the approaching strife.

Messengers were constantly passing to and from the main land. The insignia of royalty were ostentatiously displayed, and the captains and leaders within the fortress, fulfilled the duties of this mimic and motley court, in honour of their anticipated sovereign.

Under a steep cliff, washed by the sea at high water, but of no great height, and above which the higher walls of the castle or keep might be discovered, sat two fishermen, the owners, or rather occupiers, of one of the cottages, built under the very walls of the fortress, where these peaceful inhabitants had placed their little nests,

protected and covered by the wing of their loftier, but more exposed, and dangerous neighbour.

The place they had chosen for their conference was secluded from general observation, and their low and heavy speech was concealed from the prying sentinels above by the hoarse and impetuous voice of the retiring waves. Not many paces distant was the inlet to a subterraneous passage, supposed to lead under the deepest foundations of the castle; but its termination was now a mystery, at any rate to the present occupiers and inhabitants of the place. Many strange and horrible stories were told, and believed, of its uses and destination in times past. Being burdened with a bad name, — "some uncleansed murder stuck to it, — "the place ran little risk of disturbance or intruders. When the tides ran high this outlet was inaccessible, being partly flooded by the sea. From neglect and disuse an accumulation of sand and pebbles, washed by the violence of the waves into the cavity, was deposited there, so that the entrance, which, according to tradition, was once wide and sufficiently lofty for a person to walk upright, was now dwindled into a narrow and insignificant looking hole, scarcely big enough to admit an urchin.

"Thee hasna seen it thysel', then," said one of the fishermen to his companion.

"Nea; I waur it' hoose man when it cam'; but ——" the speaker looked wistfully towards the dark entrance we have named; "but I'se sure Dick wouldna seay sae if——"

"Dick 's a starin gowk, an' a coward too. I'se warrant there waur plenty o' room 'twixt his carcass and the wa'. That I'd bin there i'stead! There shouldn't ha' bin room

to cram a herrin' tail atween me an' the ghost's substance. I would ha' hedged him up thus, an' then master ghost, taken a-back, says, 'Friend, by yere sweet leave I would pass;' but I make out elbows and arms this'n, facing till him so.—Help! murder!"

This sudden change in the voice and attitude of the speaker, this sudden exhalation of his courage, unfortunately arose from the parties having, in the heat and interest of the discourse, turned their backs to the haunted entrance, and, so intent was Davy in accommodating the action to the valiant tenour of his speech, that it was only on turning round, for the purpose of showing to his companion the way in which he would have disputed a passage with the ghost, that he was aware, for the first time, of the presence of that terrible thing, and within a very few inches too of his own person. They stayed not for any further exemplification of this theory of ghost-laying, but, in an instant, were beyond observation, bounding over the beach, nor once looking behind them until safe in their little hut, and the door fastened against the fearful intruder. Davy, being foremost in the race, sat down, followed by his companion, George, who, maugre his great apprehensions, could not forbear laughing heartily at the sudden melting away of the big-mouthed valour of this cowardly boaster.

"Praised be our lady of Furness," said the merry taunter, with many interruptions from laughter and want of breath, "thy heels are as glib as thy tongue; for which,—oh, oh! I am breathed; blown,—dispossesed of my birthright, free quaffing o'the air. Ha, ha! I cannot laugh. Oh! what a mouth didst thou make at old black sleeves. Gaping so, I wonder he mistook not thy muzzle for one

of the vents into his old quarters. A pretty gull thee be'st, to swallow yon black porpoise."

"I tell thee, messmate," returned the other gravely, "thou hast miss'd thy tack. It waur but a slip, may be a kin' of a sudden start which took me, as they say, by the nape. I jumped back, I own, — a foul accident, by which he took advantage. He comes behind me, thou sees, and with a skip 'at would have seated him upo' the topmost perch o' the castle, he lights whack, thump, fair upo' my shoulders. I ran but to shake the whoreson black slug fro' my carcase. Saints ha' mercy, but his legs waur colder than a wet sheet. I soon unshipp'd my cargo, though, — I tumbled him into the sea, — made a present of old black sleeves to the fishes!"

"Thou lying chub," said George, angrily, "did not I watch thee? Why, thou cub, thou cormorant, thou maker of long lies and quick legs, didst not o'ershoot me, ay, by some fathoms? I followed hard i' thy wake, but I see'd nought of all this bullscuddering of thine. Faith, but thou didst ply thy courses with a wet sail!"

"Go to, Geordie — go to; a juggle I tell thee; sheer malice of the enemy, fow' an' fause as he be." Here he spat on the floor to show his detestation and contempt; but George, either too ignorant or too idle to reply, took down a dried flook from the chimney, and warming it on the glowing turf for a few minutes, was soon occupied in disposing of this dainty and favourite repast. Their hut was of the rudest construction. The walls were of boulder stones from the beach, loosely set up with mud and slime, and in several places decidedly deviating from the perpendicular. The roof was thatched with rushes, and shaped like unto a fish's back, having a marvellous big

hump in the middle, upon which grew a fair tuft of long lank herbage, while bunches of the biting yellow stone-crop clung in irregular patches of bright green verdure about the extremities. The interior was lighted by a single casement, showing an assemblage of forms the most homely and primitive in their construction. The floor, paved with blue pebbles; the fire-place, a huge hearth-flag merely, on which lay a heap of glowing turf, an iron pot depending from a crook above. The smoke, curling lazily through a raft of fish, drying a few feet above the flame, and acquiring the requisite flavour, with considerable difficulty reached a hole in the roof, where the adverse and refractory wind, not unfrequently, disputed its passage, and drove it down again, to assist the colds and rheums by its stimulating propensities. A broken chair, a three-legged stool, and a table with no greater number of supporters, a truckle bed, and an accumulation of nets, oars, and broken implements of the like nature, were the usual deposits about the chamber. The two fishermen were partners in their gainful trade, and not having tasted the bliss of conjugal comforts, enjoyed a sort of negative good, from the absence of evil, and lived a tolerably quiet and harmonious life in these outskirts of creation.

The few simple and primitive inhabitants of the island had been so bewildered and confounded by the turmoil and disorder, consequent upon the invasion of their hitherto peaceful and quiet resting-place, that some half dozen of them, for the first time in their lives, had quitted their homes; others, secure from their poverty and insignificance, still remained, though much disturbed with wonder and silly surmises, and ready to catch at any stray

marvels that fell in their way. The subterraneous and half-concealed passage in the rock, or rather shale, on which the castle stands, always under the ban of some vague and silly apprehension, had been reported of late, as manifesting more than equivocal symptoms of supernatural possession. Dick Empson, or long-nebbed Dick, a sort of shrewd, half-witted incarnation, it might be, of the goblin or elfin species, a runner of errands from the abbey of Furness to the castle, and a being, whose pranks and propensities to mischief were well known in the neighbourhood, had affirmed, but a few hours before, that he saw a black figure on the previous night, issuing from the hole; and that there was no connection or understanding between this ghostly appearance and the present occupiers of the castle, was evident, from the mystery and secresy that attended its movements. This was doubtless the phantom or goblin that, from time immemorial, had been the cause of such sinister dispositions towards the "haunted passage." Davy and his friend, had unexpectedly stumbled upon its track, for they had not calculated on its appearance, at any rate, before midnight.

In the castle, Peel, or Pile of Fouldrey, on that night too, there was a mighty disturbance, not unaccompanied with vexation and alarm. It was soon after the first watch. The new made monarch was asleep in his chamber, — an ill-furnished apartment on the second floor of the main tower or keep, looking out by a narrow window towards the sea. The next, or middle chamber, was on a level, and communicating with the first landing or principal entrance. The latter apartment, in which were the guards, and others immediately about the king's person,

served the purposes of an ante-room to the presence-chamber.

The room opposite, for there were three divisions on each floor, was subdivided into several parts, and occupied by the Earl of Lincoln and his attendants; the rooms above being devoted to Swartz, Lovel, and Fitzgerald, with their trains. Below, were the guard rooms, and offices assigned to the staff, with the war stores and munitions belonging to the expedition.

In the same chamber with the king lay his confessor and chief adviser, one Simon, a wily and ambitious priest, who was the prime agent, if not mover, in this attempt to overturn the reigning power. No other individual was suffered to remain through the night in the king's apartment.

It was about the first watch, as before mentioned, when the guards and attendants were alarmed by loud cries from the royal chamber. They hastened to the door, but it was bolted, and their apprehensions for that time were allayed by the voice of the priest assuring them that the king was safe, but that an ugly dream had awakened him. Lincoln, whom this tumult had quickly brought to the spot, retired grumbling at so unseasonable a disturbance. Scarcely had an hour elapsed, ere the cries were repeated. Unsheathing his sword, the proud Earl of Lincoln marched angrily to the door, and swore a loud broad oath, that he would see the king or burst open the barrier. With him came others from the rooms overhead, so that the priest was forced, however unwillingly, to open the door, and Lincoln, accompanied by his friends, beheld the young pretender in bed, pale, and with a rueful countenance, still retaining the traces of some deadly horror.

"What hath disturbed your highness? we would fain know the cause of this alarm, and punish, ay, punish home the traitor!" said Lincoln, darting a furious look at the confessor, to whom he bore no good will.

"Nay, friends, I shall—I shall be well presently. I beseech you be not disturbed. 'Tis a dream—a vision that hath troubled me. I thought I was in the tower,—in my prison chamber,—and the tyrant came and grasped me by the throat. With that I jumped up, and, as Heaven is my witness, I saw a dark figure slip through the floor, by yon grim buttress, behind which is the private staircase to the summit."

Every eye was turned towards the corner of the chamber near the bed, on the outside of which a winding staircase ran up from below, but they were ignorant of any communication from these stairs into the king's chamber. Lincoln examined the buttress with his sword, and Swartz, the Fleming, with his fingers; but there was no apparent opening or crevice that could betoken any outlet or concealment. The floor was examined, and with the same result; so that they were fain to depart, little doubting that the whole was the effect of some mental disturbance.

With the morning dawn came Sir Thomas Broughton. A grand council was appointed for that day, in which the final arrangement of their plans was to be discussed. A royal banquet was prepared, and the Flemish gunners were to give a specimen of their craft, from the battlements.

The forenoon came on chill and squally, with a low scud driving rapidly from the west. A drizzling rain was the result, which increased with the coming tide.

The little island was covered with tents, forming an encampment of no mean extent and appearance.

Sir Thomas, with a few attendants, after being ferried over the channel which separates the island of Fouldrey from the main land, was conducted through avenues of tents, and armed men. The Flemish soldiers, fierce and almost motionless, looked like an array of grim statues. The Irish levies, in a state of more lax discipline, were collected in merry groupes, whiling away the time in thriftless and noisy discourse.

Sir Thomas Broughton, descended from an Anglo Saxon family of great antiquity, was, by virtue of this hereditary and aboriginal descent, of a proud and pompous bearing. Being allied to most of the principal families in these parts, he was won over, by solicitation from the Duchess of Burgundy, as one of the confederates in her attempt to restore the line of York to the English crown. Fond of show, and careful as to his own personal appearance, he was clad in a steel coat of great beauty; this ponderous form of defence having been brought to great perfection in the preceding reign. His sword-belt was so disposed, that the weapon remained in front, while a dagger was attached to the right hip. Over his armour he wore a scarlet cloak, and, as he strode proudly up the avenues to the gate, he looked as though he felt that on his fiat alone depended the very existence of those he beheld. After he had passed the first drawbridge into the outer court, or bayle, a band of archers, drawn up in full array, opened their ranks to receive this puissant chieftain. These were the most efficient of the troops, and partly English, having been brought from Ireland by the deputy. They were clad in shirts of chain-mail, with wide sleeves, over which

was a small vest of red cloth, laced in front. They had tight hose on their legs, and braces on their left arms. Behind them, and on each side, were part of the infantry, consisting of billmen and halberdiers; but the most formidable looking soldiers were the Flemish gunners, or harquebusiers, so named from the barbarous Latin word *arcusbusus*, evidently derived from the Italian *arcabouza;* i. e. a bow with a tube or hole. It was made with a stock and trigger, in imitation of the crossbow. The match, no longer applied by the hand to the touch-hole, was fixed into a cock, which was brought down to the pan by the motion of the trigger. This, being, at the time, a recent invention, excited no little curiosity and admiration.

At the inner court, and near the main entrance to the keep, Sir Thomas was received in great state by the Earl of Lincoln, whose high, but easy and pleasant bearing, bespoke him to have been long the inmate and follower of courts, while the stiff attitudes and formal demeanour of Sir Thomas, were rendered more apparent by the contrast.

"Welcome, Sir Thomas, to our court in this fair haven. Your presence, like your fidelity, hath a goodly savour in it, being alway before, and better than our expectation or our fears. How fareth our cousin, and our pretty dames in Furness?"

"My lord, I thank you for your good word. My poor services are repaid tenfold, in their acceptance by the king," said Sir Thomas, bending, but with an ill grace, by reason of little use in that excellent art.

"Into our council-chamber, Sir Thomas, where you shall render homage to the king in person."

This council-chamber was none other than the king's

bedroom, whither, with great ceremony, Sir Thomas was conducted. In this mimic court there was a marvellous show of ceremony, and a great observance of, and attention to, forms and royal usages,—ridiculous enough where a few acres formed the whole of the monarch's territory, and an ugly ill-contrived castle his palace. But his followers behaved as though England's sovereignty were theirs, being well inclined to content themselves with the shadow, having little hold or enjoyment of the substance.

Before a long narrow table, near the bed, and on a high-backed oaken chair, sat the young pretender. He was dressed in a richly embroidered gown, the sleeves wide, and hanging down from the wrists like lappets. On his head was a low cap, surmounted by long waving feathers, and his manners and appearance were not devoid of grace and gentility. He displayed considerable self-possession, and wore his kingly honours with great assurance. He was of a fair and sanguine complexion, pale rather than clear, and his hair clustered in heavy ringlets on his shoulders. A rapid and somewhat uncertain motion of the eye, and his mouth not well closed, showed, that although he might have been schooled to the exhibition, and could wear the outward show of firmness and decision, yet in the hour of emergency, and in the day of trial, his fortitude would in all likelihood forsake him.

At his right hand sat the priest, in a white cassock and scapulary. A black hood, thrown back upon his shoulders, exhibited the form and disposition of his head to great advantage. His features were large, expressive and commanding. The fire of a brilliant grey eye, was scarcely tempered by his overhanging brows; though, at times, the spirit seemed to retire behind their grim shadows, to

survey more securely, and unobservedly, the aspect and appearances without.

Swartz, the Flemish general, a blunt military chieftain, was at his side. A black, bushy beard, some inches in advance of his honest, good-humoured face, was placed in strong contrast with the wary, pale, and somewhat dubious aspect of the priest.

Kildare, the Irish deputy, and Lovel, with several of the senior officers and captains, were assembled round the table.

The room was lofty, lighted by a small pointed window, and contained the luxury of a fire-place, in which lay some blazing embers; a grateful and refreshing sight in that chill and ungenial atmosphere.

The needful ceremonies being gone through, Sir Thomas was honoured with a place at the board near to where it rested against the buttress before mentioned, the priest addressing him as follows:—

"My lord Abbot of Furness, Sir Thomas, what news of him? Hath he yet signified his adherence to our cause? We hope you bring tidings of such auspicious import."

"He doth yet procrastinate, I hear, until he have news from the court," replied Sir Thomas; "yet I trust his want of zeal and obedience will not hinder our march."

"And the proud nobles of Lancashire, how stand they affected towards our good prospering?"

"Truly, they are, as one may say, neither cold nor hot; but of a moderate temperature, midway, it would seem—"

"Which is an indication of neither zeal nor obedience," said Swartz, suddenly cutting short the tedious verbosity

of Sir Thomas's intended harangue. "Open enemies before lukewarm friends!"

"Prithee, general," said the priest, with a placid smile, during which his eyes seemed to shrink within their dim sockets, "be not over hasty. We cannot reasonably hope that they should flock to our standard almost ere we unfurl it for their gathering."

"Your speech hath a reasonable property in it," replied Sir Thomas, "and, as we may say, savoureth of great judgment, which, being of an excellent nature in itself, doth thereby control and exercise, in its own capacity, the nature and excellence of all others."

This formidable issue of words was delivered with much earnestness of enunciation; but of its use or meaning, probably, the speaker was fully as ignorant as his hearers. Even at the fountain-head his ideas were sufficiently obscure, but when fairly rolling forth from the spring, they sometimes begat such a froth and turbidity in their course, that no reasonable discernment could fathom their depth or bearing.

A short silence was the result, which none, for a while, cared to disturb, lest he should betray his lack of understanding in dark sentences.

"We know your loyalty," said the king, "which hath a sufficient impress on it to pass current without scrutiny. Your example, Sir Thomas, will be of competent weight, without the casting or imposition of vain words into the scale. We acknowledge your ready zeal in our just cause."

"Your highness' grace, my liege," said Lincoln, ere Sir Thomas could gather words for a fitting reply, "doth

honey your confections well. Men swallow them without wincing or wry faces."

Sir Thomas would not thus be deprived of his right to a reply; and was just commencing with a suitable attitude for the purpose, when, lo! the trenchant knight, who sat on a small stool beside the corner buttress, with a loud cry, suddenly disappeared, and a gaping cavity in the floor sufficiently accounted for the precipitate mode of his departure. Uprising on the ruins of Sir Thomas, started forth a grotesque figure from the chasm, clad in coarse attire, a ludicrous solemnity on his strange and uncouth visage, as, with a shrill and squeaking tone, he cried, —

"Ay, ay, masters; but my master will gi'e me a blessing for the finding o' this mouse-nest; and a priest's blessin' is worth a king's curse, any time; and so good morrow, knaves."

"Stay," said Lincoln, seizing the intruder, none other than our light-witted acquaintance, "lang-nebbit Dick," whose prying propensities were notorious, and who had taken upon himself, that morning, the arduous task of exploring the subterraneous passage into which he had seen the mysterious figure insinuate itself. After many perils and impediments, he had come to a flight of steps, ascending which, his progress was interrupted by a trap-door over head. He soon discovered a wooden bolt, the unloosing of which led to the precipitation of Sir Thomas through the aperture. Dick's light was struck from his hand; escaping himself, however, he left Sir Thomas to his fate, and emerged, as we have seen, into the council-chamber. They were much alarmed by this unexpected disturbance, and, looking down, they beheld a narrow

flight of steps, at the bottom of which lay the unfortunate knight, sore bruised by his fall.

"If the abbot catch ye here," said Dick, with a vacant grin, "he'll gi'e every one o' ye a taste o' the gyves, and so pray ye gang awa', and let me gang too. As for that calf beastie, that baas so at the bottom, gi'e me a groat, and I'll gather him up again sune."

Here Dick held out a paw that would not have disgraced the extremities of a bruin for size and colour.

"Holloa, guards," cried Lincoln, "take this knave to the dungeon by the porch, and keep him safe until we have need of him."

The prying vagabond was removed without ceremony, kicking all the way, and bellowing out threats and vengeance against his enemies, while Sir Thomas and his bruises were brought to light.

"'Tis the good hand of Providence that hath revealed to us, through the means of this crack-brained intruder, so dangerous an outlet, by which our sovereign's life might have been brought into jeopardy. To show unto us that He works not by might nor by strength, does Heaven employ the feeblest instruments for our ruin or our deliverance." The priest, after this profane speech, resumed his station at the board, whence the king, with a proper and becoming dignity, had not arisen. But the council did not proceed in their deliberations after this interruption. Contenting themselves with devising precautions against another surprise, they separated, hoping that to-morrow would bring them despatches from abroad, for which they began to feel somewhat anxious and impatient.

The sun was now some hours past meridian. The

broad sea, and the breakers, were foaming on. A wide and impetuous phalanx of waves appeared upon the horizon. Gouts of muddy foam were beginning to froth among the blue pebbles on the beach. The tide was rapidly filling the channels, and patches of dark sand were vanishing beneath the waves, when the two fishermen, launching their little boat into a narrow bay between the rocks, prepared for their daily toil.

"Lords o' the court they be," said David to some enquiry from his more ignorant companion, as he generally affected to consider him. Indeed, with but little wit, and less valour, he wished to foist himself upon one possessing both, as a being of extraordinary wisdom and fortitude. And truly, if loud words and big lies could have done this, he would have had no lack either of courage or discretion.

"Didst never see a lord to his shirt?" continued this indomitable boaster.

"Nea, marry, but I've seen 'em to their shifts, for one of 'em couldna loup ower t' stones here without help."

"Help thy silly face, thou be'st hardly company fit for they 'at have seen knowledge, as 't waur, to its verra nakedness. I tell thee I've looked on lords' flesh; an' no more like thine than thee be'st like fish."

"Some of 'em will cudgel thy leesing out o' thee, I hope. Thee could'stna speak truth to save thy neck fro the rope. Didst get any o' the crumbs at the dinner to-day? for I ken thou throw'd up thy greasy cap, and cried out 'Hurra for the king.' Thy tongue would ever wag faster at a feast than thy fist at a fray."

"I tell thee, George, 'ware thy gibes an' gallimaufreys. A man can but bear what he can, thee knows; an' so

stop thy din. Let me see, I heard as I cam' doon that this same ghost 'at frightened thee sae, appeared to the king an' the lords at the feast; an' they waur fain to run for it, as thee did last night, thee knows, for verra fearsomeness, an' —"

Here he looked round, as though fearing a visit of the like nature.

"They say he came an' gobbled up more nor his share; an' he sent the guests a packing like a bream of short-sized kippers from a creel. We looked for our share of the victuals, but they told me old bl — bl —" again he hesitated, evidently afraid that some "unsonsy" thing was behind him. His voice sunk down to a tremulous whisper. "They said that old split-feet brought a whole bevy of little devilkins with him, that cleared decks in the twinkling of a bowsprit."

"And yet thou durst not say him nay, though thy craw were as empty as my basket. — Come, bear a hand, or we shall lose the tide; it is already on the rocks."

The invading fleet were still moored in the harbour, yet the fishermen shot past unheeded by these leviathans of the deep. As they came nearer to the opposite shore, they saw an individual making signals, as though he would be taken across. His monkish garb was a passport to their obedience; and the friar was received on board with great reverence and respect. With a sullen air he demanded, rather than requested, to be conveyed to the castle, which the simple fishermen undertook with great alacrity and good humour. Left to the care of the guards, below the ramparts, he was speedily forwarded through ranks of armed men, and the barriers flew open

at his presence;—an embassage from the abbot of Furness was not to be lightly entreated.

Again was there a summons that the council should assemble, and the chiefs, already risen from the banquet, prepared to give him audience. With a proud and firm step he approached the table; and though, from habit, he repressed the natural feelings and bias of the temper, yet there was an evident expression of hostility against the intruders, accompanied with a glance of unequivocal meaning towards their sovereign.

Simon, rising to receive this ambassador from the abbot, watched his demeanour with a cautious and keen observance, though betraying little of that really intense interest with which his presence was regarded.

"Thrice welcome!" he cried; "we hail your presence as an omen of good import. How fareth my lord abbot, whom we hope to number with our friends in this glorious cause?"

"The abbot of Furness hath no message of that similitude. He doth ask, by what right, privity, or pretence, ye appear within his castle, or stronghold, upon this island? upon whose advice or incitement ye have thus taken possession; and, furthermore, under whose authority ye do these things?"

This short address, uttered in a firm voice, and in a tone of menace, rather than enquiry, daunted the hearers, who had hoped for a more propitious message from the abbey of Furness. Simon, however, without betraying his chagrin, unhesitatingly replied,

"The right by which we hold this fortress is the will of our king, and our authority is from him."

"I crave your honest regards," returned the monk,

looking round with a glance of conscious power and superiority; "this good inheritance is ours, and whosoever disporteth himself here, must answer for it to the lord of Furness, whose delegate and representative I am."

Choler was rising in the assembly; but Simon, with that intuitive and inexplicable control which superior minds possess, almost unknowingly, over their associates, quelled the outburst of the flame by a single glance. Another look was directed to the royal pupil at his side, when the latter spoke as follows:

"Our prèsence here, it should seem, is a sufficient answer to the questions of our lord abbot. Being lawful heir to the English crown, we might command the allegiance, if not the homage, of your head; but we would rather win with fair entreaty than command, our unwilling subjects, and, to this end, have we sent messengers to the superior of your house, urging his help and submission."

This reply was given with a dignity and an assurance denoting, that either he was the individual he personated, or that he had been well schooled in his craft.

A murmur of applause was heard through the assembly, but the monk was unmoved to any show of recognition, or even respect. Waiting until he could be heard, the envoy again enquired,

"And who art thou? and by what pretence claimest thou this right?"

"By hereditary descent. Knowest thou Edward Earl of Warwick, now thy king?"

"I have heard of him," continued the monk, in the same dubious and inflexible tone; "but his bodily appearance hath not been vouchsafed unto me."

"See him here!" said the royal claimant, rising with great majesty and condescension. But the churchman neither did homage, nor, in any way, testified his loyalty to, or apprehension of, so exalted a personage.

"Truly it is a marvellous thing," replied he, "that the Earl of Warwick should so order his appearance, at one and the same time, both in London and at our good fortress here in Fouldrey!" A slight curl of the lip was visible as he spoke.

"The Earl of Warwick," said Simon, "cannot now be abiding where thou sayest, insomuch as the bodily tabernacle, his dwelling in the flesh is before thee."

"But we have a messenger from thence, even with a writing from the hands of the holy prior of St. Alban's, who sendeth us the news, lest we should be beguiled. Father Anselm hath seen the earl, who was brought forth from the Tower, by command of the king, being conducted publicly through the principal thoroughfares of the city, that the people should behold, and not, in any wise, be led astray through the evil reports and machinations of the king's enemies."

Here he paused, folding his arms with a haughty and reserved look; but Simon, no wise disconcerted by this terrible, unexpected, and apparently fatal exposure of their plot, replied with a smile of the most intrepid assurance,

"We knew of this, and were prepared for the wiles of the usurper. Know then, that, through the agency and good offices of that renowned princess, Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, the king's escape from the Tower was accomplished; but not by might, nor by human power,

nor device, but by faith and prayer was the work wrought out, which holy communion her enemies do maliciously report as the practice of sorcery and the forbidden art. Howbeit the king hath escaped, as thou seest, the fangs of the executioner. — Stay, I perceive what thou wouldest urge in reply, but listen for a short space. — In order to deter them from pursuit on finding his escape, and with a view likewise to lull them into vain confidence and carnal security, another was left in his place, whom they, of necessity, imagine to be their captive; but it is not a real thing of flesh and blood, though to them it may so appear. When his time shall be accomplished, the form will vanish, to the downfall and confusion of the usurper, and the utter overthrow of our enemies."

Here the assembly gave a loud and unanimous token of their exultation, by shouts and exclamations of loyalty and obedience.

After a short reverie, the monk replied,

"We know of a surety that the Princess Margaret, as well as her royal brother, Edward the Fourth, did use to practise in forbidden arts; but we must have testimony, indisputable, to the truth of your claim, ere it be that we render our belief. Surely the power that wrought thy deliverance would not, if need were, leave thee without the means of proving thine identity. How know we that thou art he whom thou hast represented, and not the impostor Simnel, as thine enemies do not scruple openly to affirm?"

"We are not without either the means or the power to prove and to assert our right," said the priest, rising. He drew a phial from his bosom.

"One drop of this precious elixir," continued he, "if

it touch the form of yon changeling, will dissolve the charm: on the real person of the king it becomes harmless."

"Truly 'tis a proof not to be gainsay'd; but over long i' the making, and too far for the fetching," replied the monk scornfully.

"'Tis bootless to attempt the salvation of those who will not believe: nevertheless they shall perish through their own devices, and be caught in their own snares."

Simon threw a threatening glance at the monk, which he received with a cool and undaunted aspect.

"Verily, your blood be on your own heads," cried Simon, with a loud voice, "and your reward in your right hand. Behold, thou scorner, and tremble, — for your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, and he in whom you trust, shall be as the stubble which the fire devoureth."

The enthusiast, as he spoke, struck a heavy blow on the floor with his foot, when there came a low rumbling sound like the roar of the wind through some subterraneous abyss, or the distant moan of the sea, driven on by the rushing tempest. The whole assembly stood aghast, save the king and the two disputants.

"Shall I strike once more?"

"Do as seemeth to thee good," said the monk deliberately. "But think not to intimidate me with thy fooleries."

"Then beware. I obey, but it is with awe and reluctance."

It is said that Simon's heart failed him as he gave the blow, or the effects would have been more terrific. But the castle shook as with an earthquake; even the incredulous monk looked amazed and confounded.

"Shall I repeat the stroke?" said Simon, when the disturbance had, in some measure, subsided. "But remember, I will not answer for the result. Only in cases of the greatest difficulty and trial it was that the Duchess bade me resort to so dangerous a resource."

Most of his hearers besought him to desist. Simon yielded at once to their entreaties, and the uplifted foot fell softly on the floor. Soft and noiseless though it was, yet they saw a lurid mist roll upward; and a form, apparently of gigantic size, was faintly visible in the dark vapour, as it swept slowly through the apartment. Even Simon and his royal pupil showed symptoms of agitation and alarm.

The assembly was suddenly dissolved. The proud ambassador of a prouder prelate was astonished and bewildered, and hastily took his leave to report these occurrences to his master.

The whole of these proceedings, in all probability, were but the artful contrivance of an ambitious priest; and yet, connected as they were with a female, whose well-known predilection for the occult sciences, and herself no mean adept therein, they assumed in those ages of credulity and superstition, more the character of miraculous events, than as happening in the common course and established order of nature. The alarm of the king, too, evidently at the appearance of the figure, caused some to say that it was the arch enemy himself to whom these conspirators had sold themselves.

In the mean time, Dick, having been delivered over to the tormentors, was transferred to the prison, or dungeon, by the porch. He bore his mishap with wondrous fortitude and equanimity. Many a strange enquiry and silly

speech did he make, as he heard the sound of footsteps past the door, through which a few chinks admitted a doubtful glimmer into his cell.

"I seay, — hears to me, lad?" shouted he to a gruff Fleming, as he passed to and fro before the entrance to his prison-house; but the guard heeded him not. Dick listened, then repeating his demand, muttered certain conventional expressions, not over nice, either in their form or application. He then began to sing, performing a series of *cantabile* movements in the most ludicrous manner possible; sometimes chanting a *Miserere* or an *Ave*, then breaking into some wild northern ballad, or roundelay, of unintelligible import. It was in the midst of a cadence which he was terminating with great earnestness and effect, that the first deep rumble, the result of Simon's appeal to the truth and justice of their cause, interrupted Dick's vocal dispositions for a while; but when the second concussion took place, shaking the very stones in their sockets, and the hard floor under his feet, Dick ran whooping and bellowing round his den as though he had been possessed, laughing amid the wild uproar, like some demon sporting fearlessly in the fierce turmoil of the troubled elements. The sentinel ran, terrified, from the door, and the whole camp and garrison were flying to arms, in fear and consternation. Dick, drumming with his fist, found the door yield to his efforts, and he marched forth without let or molestation. His besetting sin was curiosity, which oftentimes led him into difficulties and mishaps. Though just now a prisoner, and escaping by means little less than miraculous, yet, instead of making the best use of this opportunity for escape, he commenced a sort of prying adventure on his

own account, — a temptation he could not resist, — by walking, or rather shuffling, into the guard-room, where his own peculiar crab-like sinuosities were particularly available. A number of soldiers were jabbering some unintelligible jargon, too much occupied with their own clamour to notice Dick's proceedings.

Through a confused jumble of warlike implements, intermingled with camp-kettles, and cooking utensils, some steaming with savoury preparations for the evening's repast, and others nearly ready for the service, Dick insinuated himself, until he came to a little door in the corner, the entrance to a staircase, communicating with the leads above. Through this door marched the incorrigible intruder, — the sentry from the summit having just issued therefrom, fearful lest the castle should tumble about his ears. Dick's course was therefore unimpeded; and, after sundry gyrations, and stoppages, now and then, to peep through the loop-holes, he emerged into broad daylight on the roof of the tower. Here he paused for some time, entranced with the sudden change he beheld. The bustle and animation around and below him; the vessels, with their brave and gallant equipments, anchored in the bay; — all this amused Dick vastly for a while. But the most heart-ravishing delights end, ultimately, in satiety and disgust; greater, and probably more keenly felt, the more they have been relished and enjoyed. Dick began to feel listless and tired with his day's work. He laid his head upon a groove or niche, in the battlements, and fell fast asleep. It seems the sentinel did not return; for Dick remained undisturbed, and when he awoke, it was completely dark, save that there was a wan gleam from a dull watery moon, just dipping into a

stratum of dark clouds over the sea. His ideas, not over lucid in broad daylight, would necessarily be still more hazy and obscure in his present situation. Unable to extricate them, he rubbed his eyes and made faces;—yawned, and groped about for his usual dormitory, in a little cell behind the kitchen at the abbey. But the vision of the moon,—which, by reason of the confined glen wherein the abbey was built, rarely blessed the sight of a night-watcher,—was a wondrous and puzzling appearance. He had some confused recollection that he had mounted a flight of steps, and that, by contrary motion, descending would be the next consequent movement. To this end he diligently sought an opening, and, naturally enough, took the first that presented itself. Creeping round the angle of a turret, he came to a flight of steps, which he descended. It was not long ere he perceived a faint light through an aperture or chink in the wall. He pressed against the side, cautiously, when the wall itself appeared to give way, and he entered, through a narrow door, into a large room, lighted by a few turf embers, that flickered dimly on the hearth. A tester bed was near him, whose grim shadow concealed the objects under its huge canopy. It was the king's chamber; but so softly and cautiously was the entrance effected, that Dick's footsteps did not awake him. He was heard, nevertheless, by the priest, Simon, who, being concealed by the curtains on the other side, was not seen by the intruder. Dick stood still, on being addressed in a low and suppressed voice as follows:—

"Thou art early, Maurice; but thy despatches are ready. They are on the chair at thy right hand. Thou

hast had thy instructions. Be speedy and discreet. On the third day, ere sunset, we look for thy return."

Dick put out his hand and laid hold of a sealed packet, which he took with becoming gravity, and luckily in silence.

"The same pass-word, 'Warwick,' will convey thee hence; a boat is in waiting, and so God speed," said the priest.

Dick returned by the way he came, and descending the turret staircase, found a sentry standing at the outlet into the guard-chamber. It was dark, and Dick's person was not recognised. With a sort of blundering instinct, he gave the word and passed on. This magic sound conveyed him safely through bars, bolts, and all other impediments. The drawbridge was lowered, and Dick, in a little time, found himself again upon the beach, where a boat was waiting to carry him to the opposite shore.

"Who goes there?" enquired a gruff voice from the skiff.

"Why Dick—Warwick," cried the blundering knave, nigh mistaking his cue.

"Hang thee," said the ferryman, "what art' ganging o' this gait for? If I'd ken'd it waur thee 'at I'd orders to lie by in shore for, thou might ha' waited a wee for aught 'at I'd ha' brought."

ush!" said Dick, full of importance from his newly acquired diplomatic functions; "I'm message to the king yonder."

"Ill betides him that has need o' thee," said the boatman, surlily;—"come, jump in. They'd need of a hawk, marry, to catch a buzzard."

Just as Dick was preparing to step in, a low, slight-made figure passed by, whom the boatman immediately challenged.

"Warwick!" said he, and would have passed on.

"Nay, nay," said Dick; "I'm Warwick, ma lad; there's no twa on us; they gied me that name i' the castle yon, just now. I'se butter'd if thou shall ha't too." Dick was a powerful fellow, and he collared the other in a twinkling. "Thou'rt a rogue, I tell thee, an' about no good; an' I've orders from the governor yonder to tak' thee. Bear a hand, boatie, and in wi' him. There—there."

Spite of his struggles and imprecations, the stranger was impounded in the boat, and Dick soon forced him to be quiet. They pushed off, and, in a short time, gained the other shore. Here Dick, with that almost instinctive sagacity which sometimes accompanies a disturbed state of the intellects, would not allow his prisoner either to go back to the island, or remain in the boatman's custody, but secured him to his own person, setting off at a brisk pace towards the abbey. In vain the stranger told him that he had business of great moment at the castle; that he was a page of the court, and on the eve of a secret mission from the priest, who was now waiting for him with the despatches. Dick resolved, with his usual cunning, it seems, to conceal his possession of these documents, and, at the same time, to prevent the real messenger from revealing the deception by his appearance at the castle.

It was past midnight; yet the abbot, and several of the brethren, were still assembled in close council. The importance of the events that were unfolding, and in which their own line of conduct was to be firmly marked out and adhered to, necessarily involving much deliberation

and discussion, had kept them beyond their usual hour of retirement.

A bell rung at the outer gate, and shortly afterwards one of the brotherhood in waiting announced that two men were without, craving audience, and that one of them, when asked his name, answered "Warwick."

"Ah!" said the bewildered abbot, with a sudden gleam of wonder and gladness on his countenance,—"does he come hither? then is our deliverance nearer than we hoped for, even from the special favour and interference of Heaven. Admit them instantly."

But in a little while the messenger came back in great dudgeon to say, that the knave who had demanded admittance with such a peremptory message, was none other than Dick Empson, the errand boy to the abbey. "What can possess him," continued the monk, "I greatly marvel; for he still persists in demanding audience, saying that he is 'Warwick.' He refers to some message from the castle, with which he is charged, but he refuses to deliver it save into the hands of the reverend abbot himself. Furthermore, he has brought a prisoner, he sayeth, and will have him taken into safe custody."

"Why, bring him hither," said the abbot; "there's little harm can come by it. He hath a shrewd and quick apprehension at times, under that silly mask, which I have thought he wears but for purposes of knavery and concealment."

The monk folded his hands and retired. Returning, he was followed by Dick, who assumed a very grave and solemn demeanour before this august and reverend assembly.

"Why art thou abroad in these evil times, and at such

improper hours too? To the meanest of our servants it is not permitted. Speak. Thine errand?"

The abbot looked towards the offender with an air of displeasure; but Dick, hitching up his hosen with prodigious fervour, gave a loud and expressive grunt.

"Dick is a fool," said he; "but he ne'er begged benison of an abbot, a bone from a starved dog, or a tithe-pig from a parson."

"What is the message wherewith thou hast presumed upon our audience?"

"If ye rear your back to a door, see to it that it be greadly tyned, or ye may get a broken head for trust."

"And is this thy message, sirrah? — Hark ye, let this fool be put i' the stocks, and well whipped."

"And who'll be the fule body then?" said Dick, leering. "I ken ye be readier wi' a taste o' the gyves, than oatmeal bannocks; an' sae I'se gang awa' to my mither."

"Thou shalt go to the whipping-post first."

"Haud off," shouted Dick, who flung aside the person that would have seized him with the most consummate ease, at the same time placing himself in the attitude of defence; "haud off, as ye are true men," said he; "I'm cousin to the king, and I charge ye with high treason!"

"Enough," said the abbot; "we may pity his infirmity; but let him be sent to the mill for punishment. Now to business, which I fear me hath suffered by this untimely interruption."

"Happen you'll let me be one of the guests," said the incorrigible Dick, thrusting himself forward, even to the abbot's chair, which so discomposed his reverence, that he cried in a loud and authoritative tone—

"Will none of ye rid me of this pestilence? By the

beard of St. Cuthbert I will dispose of him, and that presently!"

Seizing him by the shoulder, the abbot would have thrust him forth, but Dick slipped dexterously aside. Taking out the packet, he broke open the seals, and immediately began to tumble about the contents, seating himself at the same time in the vacant chair of the abbot, with great solemnity, and an air of marvellous profundity in his demeanour. It was the work of a few moments only;—a pause of silent astonishment ensued; when the abbot's eye, catching, from their appearance, something of the nature of the documents, he started forward, with great eagerness and surprise. He snatched them from the hands of their crack-brained possessor, and soon all other matters were forgotten. The abbot, in breathless haste, ran through the contents. The assembly was all eye and ear, and some were absolutely paralysed with wonder. There was not an indifferent observer but Dick, who, with a chuckling laugh, rubbed his hands, and fidgeted about in the chair, with a look of almost infantile delight.

"I've done it brawly, ha' n't I? Dick wi' the lang neb! an' I'll hae two messes o' parritch an' sour milk, an' a barley-cake; I'm waesome hungry i' the waum here."

The abbot was too deeply involved in the subject before him to heed a craving appetite. Dick's stomach, however, was not to be silenced by diplomatic food; not having tasted any thing for a considerable time, his wants immediately assumed the language of enquiry.

"Old dad, ha' ye any bones to pick? I'd like to have a lick at the trencher."

The abbot made signals that he should not be dis-

turbed; but Dick was not to be put off or convinced by such unsubstantial arguments, and they were fain to rid themselves from further annoyance, by ordering him into the kitchen, where he was speedily absorbed in devouring a pan of browis, left there for morning use — the breakfast of the labourers about the abbey.

During this interval, matters of the deepest importance were discussed, the contents of the packet having furnished abundant materials for deliberation. When the bearer was effectually replenished, he was led into the council-chamber again, where the abbot, in a tone of deep and serious thought, thus addressed him: —

"Who gave thee these despatches? It is plain they were not meant for our eyes; but Heaven, by the weakest instrument, often works the mightiest and most important events. Where and how came they into thy keeping?"

Dick looked cunningly round the apartment ere he replied, surveying the floor, the walls, and the ceiling; even the groinings of the roof did not escape a minute and accurate examination; whether to give time for the contriving of a suitable reply, or merely to gratify his own peevish humour, is of little consequence that we should enquire. After a long and anxious silence on the part of his auditors, he replied, —

"I told ye when ye spiered afore." Another pause. The abbot was fearful that Dick's ideas, if not carefully handled, might get so entangled and confused, that he would be unable to give any intelligible account of the matter. He therefore addressed him coaxingly, as follows, —

"Nay, nay, Dickon, thou hast not; answer me now,

and thou shalt have the fat from the roast to-morrow, and a sop to season it withal."

Dick leered again at this prospective dainty, as he replied, —

"I tou'd ye, and ye heeded not, belike; and who's the fool now? Come, I'll set you my riddle again. If ye set your back to a door, see that it be tyned, or ye may get a broken head, and then —"

Here he paused, and looked round with a vacant eye; but they wisely forbore to interrupt the current of his ideas, hoping that, ere long, they might trickle into the right channel.

"There was a big room, and a bed in it," he continued, "and a priest, which the fule body has cheated. A fule's wit is worth more nor a wise man's folly."

A vague apprehension of the truth crossed the abbot's mind. Being now on the right scent, he no longer forbore to follow up the chase, but endeavoured to hasten the developement by a gentle stimulating of his pace in the required direction.

"The priest yonder at the castle gave it thee?" said the abbot carelessly.

"Well, and if he did," replied Dick sharply, "he didna ken I was a peeping into his chamber, as I've done many an unlucky time here in the abbey, and gotten a good licking for my pains."

"To whom was it sent?"

"Ask the bairn yon', that I ha' brought by th' scut o' th' neck. He woudna come bout tugging for."

"Was he the messenger?" asked Roger, the abbot's secretary and prime agent.

"Help thine ignorant face, father! — I was peeping

that garb of silly speech, there's a cunning and a wary spirit. Thou didst note well his ready-witted contrivance last night."

"Yea, and the skill, too, with which he compassed his expedients, and the ingenuity that prevented the disclosure of his treachery, in arresting the real messenger, and thus keeping them in the dark at the castle yonder, until we have had time to countervail their plots. Could he be made to play his part according to our instructions, an agent like him were worth having. Besides, he knows every chink and cranny about the castle, so that he could jump on them unawares."

"I am not much given to implicit credence in supernatural devices," said the abbot, "or visible manifestations of the arch-enemy; yet have our chronicles not scrupled to give their testimony to the truth of such appearances; and it is, moreover, plain, from the papers we have read, that the conspirators themselves believe in the existence of some supernatural presence amongst them, by which they are holpen."

He drew a billet from his bosom: — "I have kept this writing alone, as thou knowest," continued the abbot, "for our guidance. Listen again to the confessions of yonder rebellious, and, it may be, credulous priest: —

"'We are sure of success. The noble Margaret hath, by her wondrous art, together with the exercise of prayer and fasting, fenced us about as with a triple barrier, that no earthly might shall overcome. A power attends us that will magnify our cause, and lay our foes prostrate. 'Tis a mystery even to us, but a being appears unexpectedly at times, and by his councils we are guided. We know not whence he comes, nor whither he goes; but

about, you see, in the dark. The priest thought it waur the laddy yonder, acomin' for his bag; so he gied it me, and tou'd me to carry it safe, but forgot to grease my pate forbye wi' the direction. I ken'd ye could read aught at the abbey here, and so ye may e'en run wi' it to the right owner for yere pains."

The cunning knave glossed over his treachery with this excuse; for he evidently knew better, and had a notion that he should serve his masters by this piece of diplomatic craft.

"Thou mayest depart, and ere morrow we will give thee a largess for thy dexterity."

Dick did not care to be long a snuffing the chill air of the vaults and passages after his dismissal, but in a warm cell, near the kitchen fire, he was soon wrapped in the delights of oblivion. Such, however, was the importance of the documents he had so strangely intercepted, that a messenger was immediately despatched to London, with a packet for the privy council.

The same morning, with the early dawn, the abbot and his secretary were together in the cloisters. It was a fitting place and opportunity either for intrigue or devotion, and many a master-stroke of church policy has issued from those dim sepulchral arches, in "the Glen of the deadly Nightshade."

"Craft is needful, yea laudable," said the abbot, "when we would cope with worldly adversaries, unless we could work miracles for our deliverance. But since, in these degenerate ages of the church, they have, I fear me, ceased, we must e'en employ the means that Heaven has put into our hands; and, if I mistake not, this envoy of ours will be a skilful craftsman for the purpose. Under

his path is with us, and his presence, though generally invisible, not without terror, even to ourselves.'

"'Tis a strange delusion, this, if it be one; for it is plain they have been ably counselled. Whilst they retain the castle, their position may be reckoned as impregnable. It is a powerful support, on which they have placed the lever of their rebellion."

"And in what way purpose you to entice them from it? Methinks it were in vain to make the attempt, if guarded and counselled by supernatural advisers."

"I believe in no such improbabilities. — Listen. — We have heard, as thou knowest, that a strange figure, muffled in close garments, steals forth, at times, by the southern cliff into the passage there, under the foundations. This, doubtless, will be the emissary referred to in the despatch. 'Tis, of a surety, some person about the camp, concealed, in all likelihood, even from the leaders themselves; but employed by yonder ambitious restless woman, to control and direct their operations by a pretendedly miraculous and supernatural influence. It is the way in which the vulgar and the superstitious are most easily led.' Fanaticism is a powerful engine wherewith to combine and wield the scattered energies of the multitude. Besides, their plans are well laid, as we have seen by the despatches, and many and powerful are the helps by which they hope to accomplish their designs. Should they succeed, our destruction is certain. Yet could we draw them forth from our fortress, we might look to the issue undisturbed. The king will then dispose of them, and few will dare to interrupt us in the quiet possession of our privileges."

"How purpose you to entice them forth?" again enquired the secretary.

"If properly tutored, our messenger from the kitchen, Dick Empson, will doubtless be a fitting agent for this deed. He must be well furnished with means and appliances against discovery."

"Leave him to my care. I can work with untoward tools, and make them useful too upon occasion."

"The prisoner, whom he so craftily seized and brought hither, is yet safe in the dungeon?"

"He is, my lord."

"There he must lie, at any rate until our plans be accomplished."

"We know not yet unto whom these communications were to have been conveyed."

"No; but doubtless, from their tenour, to some person of great note. It may have been to one, even about the person of royalty itself, for this treason hath deep root, and its branches are widely spread throughout the land."

"Shall we put him to the question?"

"Nay, let present difficulties be brought to issue first; afterwards we shall be able to enquire, and with more certainty, as to the line of examination we should pursue."

The speakers separated, one to communicate with Dick Empson, and prepare him for the important functions he would have to perform; the other, to his lodgings, where he might ruminate undisturbed on the events then about to transpire, and of which he hoped, finally, to reap the advantage.

It was past midnight, and the flickering embers threw a doubtful and uncertain gleam, at intervals, through the

royal chamber, as it was then called, in the castle of Fouldrey. All around was so still, that the tramp of the sentry sounded like the tread of an armed host; sounds being magnified to a degree almost terrific, in the absence of others by which their intensity may be compared. Even the dash of the waves, below the walls, was heard in the deep and awful stillness of that portentous night.

Simon started from the pallet whereon he lay, beside the couch of his master, at times looking wildly round, as though just rousing from some unquiet slumber, expecting, yet fearful of alarm. He lay down again with a deep sigh, muttering an Ave or a Paternoster as he closed his eyes. Again he raised his head, and a dark figure stood before him.

"What wouldest thou?" enquired he, with great awe and reverence.

"Ye must depart!" said a voice, deep and sepulchral.

"Depart!" repeated the priest with an expression of doubt and alarm.

"Yes," said the mysterious figure; "wherefore dost thou enquire?"

"Our only resting-place, our point of support, our sustenance and our refuge! — Are we to leave this, and buffet with the winds and waves of misfortune, without a haven or a hiding-place? Surely ——"

"I have said it, and to-morrow ye must depart!"

"Whither?" enquired the priest; his opinion evidently controlled by the belief that a being of a superior nature was before him.

"Beyond the abbey of Furness. Choose a fitting place for your encampment, and there abide until I come."

"It doth appear to my weak and unassisted sense,"

said the priest in great agony of spirit, arising from his doubt and unbelief, "that it were the very utmost of madness and folly, to give up this strong, and almost impregnable position, for one, where our little army may be outflanked, and even surrounded by superior strength and numbers."

"Disobey, and thy life, and all that are with thee, shall be cut off!"

"And to-morrow! Ere we have news from our partisans in the south? Maurice will be here the third day at the latest."

"I have said it," replied the figure peremptorily; when suddenly, and, as it were, formed immediately at his side, appeared another figure, similar to the first, assuming nearly the same attitude and manner, save that the latter looked something taller and more majestic.

"St. Mary's grace and the Abbot's, there's twa of us!" cried the first figure, no less a personage than Dick Empson, who had been daring enough to adopt this disguise, according to the instructions he had received at the abbey. He uttered the words in a tone of thrilling and horrible apprehension, like the last shriek of the victim, writhing in the fangs of his destroyer.

The terrible apparition cried out to his surreptitious representative—"Nay, miscreant; but one. This thou shalt know, and feel too. Fool and impostor, thy last hour is come!"

As he spake he seized on the miserable wretch in their presence, swinging him round by the waist like an infant, and bore him off, up the turret stairs, to the summit. Ere he disappeared, he uttered this terrible denunciation—

"Your ruin is at hand.—Flee!—This fool hath betrayed ye, and I return no more!"

Darting up the staircase, the shrieks of Dick Empson were heard, as if rapidly ascending to the summit. A wilder, and more desperate struggle, — then a heavy plunge, and the waters closed over their prey!

Dick's body was cast up by the waves, but the terrible unknown did not return; nor was he ever seen or heard of again, save, it is said, that when the priest received his death-wound, soon afterwards, on the field of battle, this awful form appeared to rise up before him, and with scoff and taunt upbraided him as the cause of his own ruin, and the downfall of his hopes.

The next day, from whatever cause, the troops began to move from their post. Ere the second evening, they had completely evacuated the castle and the island, which the wary abbot of Furness soon turned to his own advantage, occupying the place with some of his armed vassals. The rebels, proved to be such by their ill success, took up a tolerably advantageous position upon Swartz Moor, in the neighbourhood of Ulverstone, where, waiting in vain for the expected reinforcements, they found themselves obliged to move forward, or be utterly without the means either of subsistence of defence. Sir Thomas Broughton, and a few more, of little note, accompanied them to Stokeford, near Newark, where, engaging the king's forces on the 6th of June, 1487, they maintained an obstinate and bloody engagement, disputed with more bravery than could have been expected from the inequality of their forces. The leaders were resolved to conquer or to perish, and their troops were animated with the same resolution. The Flemings, too, being veteran and experienced soldiers, kept the event long doubtful; and even the Irish, though ill-armed, and almost

defenceless, showed themselves not deficient in spirit and bravery. The king's victory was purchased with great loss, but was entirely decisive. Lincoln, Swartz, and, according to some accounts, Sir Thomas Broughton, perished on the field of battle, with four thousand of their followers. As Lovel was never more heard of, he was supposed to have undergone the same fate. Simnel, apart from his followers, was too contemptible to be an object either of apprehension or resentment on the part of the king. He was pardoned, and, it is said, made a scullion in the royal kitchen, from which menial office he was afterwards advanced to the rank of falconer.

Thus ended this strange rebellion, which only served to seat Henry more securely on his throne, extinguishing, finally, the intrigues and anticipations of the house of York.

A

LEGEND OF BEWSEY.

Drawn by G. Pickering.

Engraved by R. Earl Warden.

BEWSEY, NEAR WARRINGTON.

A LEGEND OF BEWSEY.

WARRINGTON is described by Camden as remarkable for its lords, surnamed Butler, or Boteler, of Bewsey. This name was derived from their office, Robert le Pincerna having discharged the duties of that station under Ranulph, Earl of Chester, in 1158, hence taking the surname. Almeric Butler, his descendant, having married Beatrice, daughter and coheir of Matthew Villiers, Lord of Warrington, became possessed of the barony.

A MS. in the Bodleian Library gives the following statement, which, though manifestly incorrect in respect of names and particulars, may yet be relied on with regard to the main facts, corroborated by tradition, which still preserves the memory of this horrible event.

" Sir John Butler, Knt. was slaine in his bedde by the procurement of the Lord Standley, Sir Piers Leigh and Mister William Savage joining with him in that action (corrupting his servants), his porter setting a light in a window to give knowledge upon the water that was about his house at Bewsey, (where your way to * * * *

comes.) They came over the moate in lether boats, and so to his chamber, where one of his servants, named Houlcrofte, was slaine, being his chamberlaine; the other basely betrayed his master; — they payed him a great reward, and so coming away with him, they hanged him at a tree in Bewsey Parke; — after this Sir John Butler's lady prosecuted those that slew her husband, and * * * * 20*l.* for that suite, but being married to Lord Grey, he made her suite voyd, for which reason she parted from her husband and came into Lancashire, saying, if my lord will not let me have my will of my husband's enemies, yet shall my body be buried by him; and she caused a tomb of alabaster to be made, where she lyeth on the * * * * hand of her husband Sir John Butler."

It is further stated in the MS., that the occasion of this murder was because of a request from Earl Derby that Sir John would make one of the train which followed him on his going to meet king Henry VII., and which request was discourteously refused.

The following extract from Froissart may not be deemed uninteresting, as a record of one of our Lancashire worthies, Sir John Butler of Bewsey, relating how he was rescued from the hands of those who sought his life at the siege of Hennebon.

" The Lord Lewis of Spain came one day into the tent of Lord Charles of Blois, where were numbers of the French nobility, and requested of him a boon for all the services done to him, and as a recompence for them the Lord Charles promised to grant whatever he should ask, as he held himself under many obligations to him. Upon which the Lord Lewis desired that the two prisoners, Sir John Boteler and Sir M^w^. Tre-

lawney, who were in prison of the castle of Faouet, might be sent for, and delivered up to him, to do with them as should please him best.

" 'This is the boon I ask, for they have discomfited, pursued, and wounded me; have also slain the Lord Alphonso, my nephew, and I have no other way to be revenged on them than to have them beheaded in sight of their friends who are shut up in Hennebon.'

" The Lord Charles was much amazed at this request, and replied, 'I will certainly give you the prisoners, since you have asked for them; but you will be very cruel, and much to blame, if you put to death two such valiant men; and our enemies will have an equal right to do the same to any of our friends whom they may capture, for we are not clear what may happen to any one of us every day. I therefore entreat, dear sir and sweet cousin, that you would be better advised.'

" Lord Lewis said, that if he did not keep his promise, he would quit the army, and never serve or love him as long as he lived.

" When the Lord Charles saw that he must comply, he sent off messengers to the castle of Faouet, who returned with the two prisoners, and carried them to the tent of Lord Charles.

" Neither tears nor entreaties could prevail on Lord Lewis to desist from his purpose of having them beheaded after dinner, so much was he enraged against them.

" All the conversation, and every thing that passed between the Lord Charles and Lord Lewis, relative to these two prisoners, was told to Sir Walter Manny and Sir Amauri de Clisson, by friends and spies, who represented the danger in which the two knights were. They

bethought themselves what was best to be done, but, after considering schemes, could fix on none. At last Sir Walter said, 'Gentlemen, it would do us great honour if we could rescue these two knights. If we should adventure it, and should fail, King Edward would himself be obliged to us, and all wise men who may hear of it in times to come, will thank us, and say we had done our duty. I will tell you my plan, and you are able to undertake it, for I think we are bound to risk our lives in endeavouring to save those of two such gallant knights. I propose, therefore, if it be agreeable to you, that we arm immediately, and form ourselves into two divisions,—one shall set off, as soon after dinner as possible, by this gate, and draw up near the ditch, to skirmish with and alarm the enemy, who, you may believe, will soon muster to that part, and, if you please, you, Sir Amauri de Clisson, shall have the command of it, and shall take with you 1000 good archers to make those that may come to you retreat back again, and 300 men at arms. I will have with me 100 of my companions, and 500 archers, and will sally out at the postern on the opposite side, privately, and coming behind them will fall upon their camp, which we shall find unguarded. I will take with me those who are acquainted with the road to Lord Charles's tent, where the two prisoners are, and will make for that part of the camp. I can assure you, that I and my companions will do every thing in our power to bring back in safety these two knights, if it please God.'

"This proposal was agreeable to all, and they directly separated, to arm and prepare themselves. About an hour after dinner, Sir Amauri and his party set off; and having had the principal gate of Hennebon opened for

them, which led to the road that went straight to the army of Lord Charles; they rushed forward, making great cries and noise, to the tents and huts, which they cut down, and killed all that came in their way. The enemy was much alarmed, and putting themselves in motion, got armed as quickly as possible, and advanced towards the English and Bretons, who received them very warmly. The skirmish was sharp, and many on each side were slain.

"When Sir Amauri perceived that almost the whole of the army was in motion and drawn out, he retreated very handsomely, fighting all the time, to the barriers of the town, when he suddenly halted: then the archers, who had been posted on each side of the ditch beforehand, made such good use of their bows, that the engagement was very hot, and all the army of the enemy ran thither except the servants.

"During this time, Sir Walter Manny, with his company, issued out privily by the postern, and, making a circuit, came upon the rear of the enemy's camp. They were not perceived by any one, for all were gone to the skirmish upon the ditch. Sir Walter made straight for the tent of Lord Charles, where he found the two knights, Sir John Boteler and Sir M^r. Trelawney, whom he immediately mounted on two coursers which he had ordered to be brought for them, and returning as fast as possible, entered Hennebon by the same way as he sallied forth. The Countess of Montfort came to see them, and received them with great joy." — *Froissart, by Col. Johnes*, vol. ii. p. 9.

The Butlers continued to occupy Bewsey till the year 1603, when Edward Butler sold this estate to the Ire-

lands of Hale. It then passed from the Irelands to the Athertons, and is now enjoyed by Thomas Powis, Lord Lilford, of Lilford, Northamptonshire, in virtue of the marriage of his father, in the year 1797, with Henrietta Maria, daughter and heiress of Robert Vernon Atherton, of Atherton Hall, Esq. — *Vide Baines's Lancashire.*

A LEGEND OF BEWSEY.

"Yestreen I dream'd a doleful dream,
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
With my true love, on Yarrow.

"She kiss'd his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
She search'd his wounds all thorough;
She kiss'd them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie howms of Yarrow."

O LISTEN to my roundelay,
O listen awhile to me,
And I'll tell ye of a deadly feud
That fell out in the north countrie.

The summer leaves were fresh and green
When Earl Derby forth would ride;
For King Henry and his company
To Lathom briskly hied.

A bridge he had builded, fair and strong,
With wondrous cost and pain,
O'er Mersey's stream, by Warrington,
For to meet that royal train.*

* "Thomas, first Earl of Derby, as a compliment to his royal relative, Henry VII., on his visit to Lathom and Knowsley, in 1496,

And lord, and knight, and baron bold,
That dwelt in this fair countrie,
With the Derby train a-riding were,
Save Sir John of proud Bewsey.

"Now foul befa' that scornfu' knight,"
Cried Stanley in his pride;
"For he hath my just and honest suit
Discourteously denied:

"Such hatred of our high estate,
This traitor sore shall rue;
I'll be avenged, or this good sword
Shall rot the scabbard through!"

He swore a furious oath I trow,
And clench'd his iron hand,
As he rode forth to meet his son,
The monarch of merry England.

* * * *

The summer leaves were over and gone,
But the ivy and yew were green,
When to Bewsey Hall came a jovial crew
On the merry Christmas e'en.

It was mirth and feasting in hall and bower
On that blessed and holy tide,
But, ere the morning light arose,
There was darkness on all their pride!

---

built the bridge at Warrington; and, by this munificent act, conferred a benefit upon the two palatine counties, the value of which it is not easy to estimate." — *Baines's Lancashire.*

Dark wonne the night, and the revellers gay
From the laughing halls are gone;
The clock from the turret, old and grey,
With solemn tongue toll'd one.

The blast was moaning down the glen,
Through the pitch-like gloom it came,
Like a spirit borne upon demon wings
To the pit of gnawing flame!

But Sir John was at rest, with his lady love,
In a pleasant sleep they lay;
Nor felt the sooning, shuddering, wind
Round the grim, wide, welkin play.

Their little babe, unconscious now,
Lay slumbering hard by;
And he smiled as the loud, loud tempest rock'd
His cradle wondrously.

There comes a gleam on the billowy moat
Like a death-light on its wave,
It streams from the ivied lattice, where
Sits a grim false-hearted knave.

He saw it on the soft white snow,
And across the moat it pass'd:
"'Tis well," said that false and grim porter,
And a fearsome look he cast.

A look he cast so wild and grim,
And he utter'd a deadly vow;
"For thy dool and thy doom this light shall be,
Thy foes are hastening now!

" Sleep on, sleep on, thou art weary, Sir John;
Thy last sleep shall it be:
Sleep on, sleep on, with thy next good sleep
Thou shalt rest eternally!"

The traitor watch'd the waters dance,
In the taper's treacherous gleam;
And they hiss'd, and they rose, by the tempest toss'd
Through that pale and lonely beam.

What hideous thing comes swift and dark
Athwart that flickering wave?
A spectre-boat there seems to glide,
With many an uplift glaive.

The bolts are unslid by that grim porter,
And a gladsome man was he,
When three foemen fierce strode up the stair,
All trim and cautiously.

" Now who be ye," cried the chamberlain,
" That come with stealth and staur?"
" We come to bid thy lord good den,
So open to us the door."

" Ere I will open to thieves like ye,
My limbs ye shall hew and hack.—
Awake, Sir John! awake and flee;
These blood-hounds are on thy track!"

" We'll stop thy crowing, pretty bird!
Now flutter thy wings again:"
With that they laid him a ghastly corpse,
And the red blood ran amain.

" Oh, help!" the lady shriek'd aloud;
" Arise, Sir John, and flee;
O heard you not yon cry of pain
Like some mortal agony?"

" I hear it not," Sir John replied,
For his sleep was wondrous strong;
" But see yon flashing weapons, sure
To foemen they belong!"

The knight from his bed leap'd forth to flee,
But they've pierced his body through;
And with wicked hands, and weapons keen,
Him piteously they slew!

But that porter grim, strict watch he kept,
Beside the stair sate he;
When, lo! comes tripping down a page,
With a basket defterly.

" Now whither away, thou little page,
Now whither away so fast?"
" They have slain Sir John," said the little page,
" And his head in this wicker cast."

" And whither goest thou with that grisly head?"
Cried the grim porter again.
" To Warrington Bridge they bade me run,
And set it up amain."

" There may it hang," cried that loathly knave,
" And grin till its teeth be dry;
While every day with jeer and taunt
Will I mock it till I die!"

The porter open'd the wicket straight,
And the messenger went his way,
For he little guess'd of the head that now
In that basket of wicker lay.

"We've kill'd the bird, but where's the egg?"
Then cried those ruffians three.
"Where is thy child?" The lady moan'd,
But never a word spake she.

But, swift as an arrow, to his bed
The lady in terror sprung;
When, oh! a sorrowful dame was she,
And her hands she madly wrung.

"The babe is gone! Oh, spare my child,
And strike my heart in twain!"
To those ruthless men the lady knelt,
But her piteous suit was vain.

"Traitor!" they cried to that grim porter,
"Whom hast thou suffer'd forth?
If thou to us art false, good lack,
Thy life is little worth!"

"There's nought gone forth from this wicket yet,"
Said that grim and grisly knave,
"But a little foot-page, with his master's head,
That ye to his charges gave."

"Thou liest, thou grim and fause traitor!"
Cried out those murderers three;
"The head is on his carcass yet,
As thou mayest plainly see!"

When the lady heard this angry speech,
Her heart wax'd wondrous fain;
For she knew the page was a trusty child,
And her babe in his arms had lain.

"Where is the gowd?" said that grim porter,
"The gowd ye sware unto me?"
"We'll give thee all thine hire," said they;
"We play not false like thee!"

They counted down the red, red gold,
And the porter laugh'd outright:
"Now we have paid thy service well,
For thy master's blood this night;

"For thy master's blood thou hast betray'd,
We've paid thee thy desire;
But for thy treachery unto us,
Thou hast not had thine hire."

They've ta'en a cord, both stiff and strong,
And they sought a goodly tree;
And from its boughs the traitor swung;—
So hang all knaves like he!

But the lady found her pretty babe;
Ere the morning light was nigh,
To the hermit's cell* that little page
Had borne him craftily.

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* The Butlers, it is conjectured, were patrons of the priory of the hermit friars of St. Augustine, founded before 1379, near the bridge. In 32 Henry VIII. this institution was dissolved, and its possessions were granted to the great monastic grantee, Thomas Holcroft.

And the mass was said, and the requiem sung,
And the priests, with book and stole,
The body bore to its cold still bed,
" Gramercy on his soul ! "

Vide Tanner's Not. Mon. About forty years ago the remains of a gateway of the priory stood on Friar's Green ; and, some years after that period, a stone coffin was dug up near the same place.

THE BLESSING.

THE BLESSING.

We have been unable to identify the spot where the occurrence took place, the subject of the following ballad. It is, in all likelihood, one of those wild and monkish legends that may be fitted or applied to any situation, according to the whim of the narrator. Many such legends, though the number is lessening daily, are still preserved, and an amusing volume might be made of these unappropriated wanderers, that possess neither a local habitation nor a name.

THE BLESSING.

" I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat."

Macbeth.

THE chase was done, — the feast was begun,
When the baron sat proudly by;
And the revelry rode on the clamouring wind,
That swept through the hurtling sky.

No lordly guest that feast had bless'd,
No solemn prayer was said;
But with ravenous hands, unthankfully,
They brake their daily bread.

The chase was done,—the feast was begun,
When a palmer sat in that hall;
Yet his pale dim eye from its rest ne'er rose,
To gaze on that festival!

The crackling blaze on his wan cheek plays,
And athwart his gloomy brow;
While his hands are spread to the rising flame,
And his feet to the embers' glow.

For the blast was chill, o'er the mist-cover'd hill,
And the palmer's limbs were old;
And weary the way his feet had trod,
Since the matin-bell had toll'd.

The baron spake,—"This morsel take,
And yon pilgrim greet from me;
Tell him we may not forget to share
The joys of our revelry!"

Then thus began that holy man,
As he lowly bent his knee,—
"I may not taste of the meat unbless'd;
I would 'twere so with thee."

"Then mumble thy charm o'er the embers warm,"
That baron proud replied;
"No boon from my hand shalt thou receive,
Nor foaming cup from my side."

The palmer bow'd;—the giddy crowd,
With mirth and unseemly jest,
His meekness taunt, when he answer'd not,
The gibe of each courtly guest.

The minstrels sung, the clarions rung,
And the baron sat proudly there,
And louder the revelry rode on the wind,
That swept through the hurtling air.

"What tidings for me, from the east countrie?
What news from the Paynim land?"
As the baron spake, his goblet bright,
He raised in his outstretch'd hand.

"There's tidings for thee, from the east countrie,"
The pilgrim straight replied;
"A mighty chief, at a mighty feast,
There sat in all his pride."

"'Twas wondrous well;—and what befel
This chief at his lordly feast?"
"A goblet was fill'd with the red grape's blood,
And he pledged each rising guest."

"'Tis gladsome news;—but did they refuse
The pledge they loved so well?"
"Oh no; for each cup mantling forth to the brim,
Did the harp and the clarion tell."

"And where didst thou such tidings know?"
"A pilgrim told it me;
And he sat on the hearth at this unbless'd feast,
Where he shared not their revelry,

"For ere was quaff'd each sparkling draught,
Or the foam from the ruby wine,
He dash'd the cup from that baron's lip,
As now I do from thine!"

And the palmer pass'd by, as each goblet on high
Was waved at their chief's command,
But ere the cup had touch'd his lip,
It was dash'd from his lifted hand!

"A boon from thee, on my bended knee,"
The palmer boldly cried;
"Seize first with speed yon traitor page
Who bore the cup to thy side."

And the page they have bound on the cold, cold ground,
And his treason he hath confess'd;
He had poison'd the cup with one subtle drop
Which he drew from his crimson vest.

And the palmer grey his treachery
Had watch'd, when all beside
In the feast were gaily revelling,
Nor danger there espied.

"Say where didst thou the treason know?"
The troubled chieftain cried;
"I had bless'd thy bread, I had bless'd thy bowl,"
The hoary man replied.

"And the blessing was given — the boon from Heaven;
Or this night from thy lordly bed
Thy spirit had pass'd with the shuddering blast,
With the loud, shrill shriek of the dead!

"Oh! never taste the meat unbless'd;
Remember the palmer grey;
Though he wander afar from thy castle gate,
Yet forget not thy feast to-day."

And the pilgrim is gone from that gate alone,
When prayer and vow were said;
And the blessing thenceforth from that house was heard
Ere they broke their daily bread.

THE

DULE UPO' DUN.

THE DULE UPO' DUN.

For the tradition upon which the following tale is founded, the author is indebted to "The Kaleidoscope," an interesting weekly miscellany, published by Messrs. Smith and Son, at Liverpool.

THE DULE UPO' DUN.

" Wae, wae is me, on soul an' body
Old Hornie has lifted his paw, man;
An' the carle will come, an' gallop me hame,
An' I maun gae pipe in his ha', man!"

Old Ballad.

BARELY three miles from Clitheroe, as you enter a small village on the right of the high road to Gisburne, stands a public house, having for its sign the title of our story. On it is depicted his Satanic majesty, curiously

mounted upon a scraggy dun horse, without saddle, bridle, or any sort of equipments whatsoever, — the terrified steed being off and away, at full gallop, from the door, where a small hilarious tailor, with shears and measures, appears to view the departure of him of the cloven foot with any thing but grief or disapprobation.

The house itself is one of those ancient, gabled, black and white edifices, now fast disappearing under the giant march of improvement, which tramples down alike the palace and the cottage, the peasant's hut and the patrician's dwelling. Many windows, of little lozenge-shaped panes, set in lead, might be seen here in all the various stages of renovation and decay. Some stuffed with clouts, party-coloured and various. Others, where the work of devastation had been more complete, were wholly darkened by brick-bats, coble-stones, and many other ingenious substitutes and expedients to keep out the weather.

But our tale hath a particular bearing to other and more terrific days, — "the olden time," so fruitful in marvels and extravagances, — the very poetry of the black art; when Satan communed visibly and audibly with the children of men, — thanks to the invokers of relics and the tellers of beads, — and was so familiar and reasonable withal, as to argue and persuade men touching the propriety of submitting themselves to him, as rational and intelligent creatures; and even was silly enough, at times, to suffer himself to be outwitted by the greater sagacity and address of his intended victims. For proof, we cite the following veracious narrative, which bears within it every internal mark of truth, and matter for grave and serious reflection.

"Little Mike," or more properly Michael Waddington,

was a merry tailor of some note in his day; who, formerly — that is to say, some eight or nine score years ago — dwelt in this very tenement, where he followed his profession, except when enticed by the smell of good liquor to the village alehouse, — the detriment, and even ruin, of many a goodly piece of raiment, which, at times, he clipped and shaped in such wise as redounded but little to the credit of either wearer or artificer. Mike was more alive to a merry troll and graceless story, in the kitchen of mine host "at the inn," than to the detail of his own shopboard, with the implements of his craft about him, making and mending the oddly assorted adjuncts of the village churls. Such was his liking for pastime and good company, that the greater part of his earnings went through the tapster's melting pot; and grieved are we, as veritable chroniclers, to state, that it was not until even credit failed him, that he settled to work for another supply of the elixir vitæ — the pabulum of his being. It may be supposed that matters went on but indifferently at home, where want and poverty had left indelible traces of their presence. Matty Waddington, his spouse, would have had hard work to make both ends meet, had she not been able to scrape together a few pence and broken victuals, by selling firewood, and helping her neighbours with any extra work that was going forward. Yet, in general, she bore all her troubles and privations with great patience and good humour, — at any rate in the presence of her husband, who, though an idler and a spendthrift, was, to say the truth, not viciously disposed towards her, like many beastly sots, but, on the contrary, he usually behaved with great deference and kindness to his unfortunate help-mate in all things but that of yielding to

his besetting sin; having an unquenchable thirst for good liquor, which all his resolutions and vows of amendment could not withstand.

One evening, the little hero of our story was at his usual pastime in the public house, but his "cup was run low," and his credit still lower. In fact, both cash and credit were finished; his liquor was within a short pull from the bottom; and he sat ruminating on the doleful emergencies to which he was subject, and the horrible spectres that would assail him on the morrow, in the shape of sundry riven doublets and hose, beside rents and and repairs innumerable, which had been accumulating for some weeks, to the no small inconvenience and exposure of their owners and former occupiers.

"I wish I were the squire's footman, or e'en his errand boy, and could get a sup of good liquor without riving and tuggin' for 't," thought he aloud. Scarce were the words uttered, when there came a mighty civil stranger into the company, consisting of village professors of the arts, such as the barber, the blacksmith, and the bell-ringer, together with our knight of the iron thimble. The new comer was dressed in a respectable suit of black; a wig of the same colour adorned his wide and ample head, which was again surmounted by a peaked hat, having a band and buckle above its brim, and a black rose in front. He looked an elderly and well-ordered gentleman, mighty spruce, and full of courtesy; and his cane was black as ebony, with a yellow knob that glittered like gold. He had a huge beaked nose, and a little, black, ferrety eye, which almost pierced what it gazed upon. Every one made way for the stranger, who sat down, not in the full glare of the fire to be sure, but rather on one side, so that he might

have a distinct view of the company, without being himself subject to any scrutinising observances.

"Pleasant night abroad," said the new comer.

"Pleasanter within though," responded every thought.

"It's moonlight, I reckon," said Mike, who was just meditating over his last draught, and his consequent departure from this bibacious paradise.

"Nay, friend," said the black gentleman, "but the stars shine out rarely; and the snow lies so bright and crisp like, ye may see every thing afore ye as plain as Pendle. Landlord, bring me a cup of the best; and put a little on the fire to warm, with some sugar, for its as cold as a raw turnip to one's stomach."

"Humph!" said mine host testily; "it's a good for nothin' belly that 'll not warm cold ale."

"It's good for nothin' ale, Giles, thee means, that 'll not warm a cowd belly," said one of the wits of the party, a jolly young blacksmith, an especial favourite amongst the lasses and good fellows of the neighbourhood.

"Nay, the dickens!" said another; "Giles Chatburn's ale would warm the seat of old cloven-foot himsel';" and with that there were roars of laughing, in which, however, the stranger did not participate. Mike wondered that so good a joke should not have its due effect upon him; and many other notable things were said and done, which we have neither space nor inclination to record, but the stranger still maintained his grave and unaccountable demeanour. Mike ever and anon cast a glance towards him, and he always observed that the stranger's eye was fixed upon his own. A dark, bright, burning eye, such as made the recreant tailor immediately look aside, for he could not endure its brightness.

Mike began to grow restless and uncomfortable. He changed his place, but the glance of the stranger followed him. It was like the gaze of a portrait, which, in whatever situation the beholder may be placed, is always turned towards him. It may readily be supposed that Michael Waddington, though not averse to being looked at in the ordinary way, did not relish this continued and searching sort of disposition on the part of the gentleman in black. Several times he was on the point of speaking, but his heart always failed him as the word reached his lip.

His liquor was now done, but he was not loth to depart as beforetime; for at any rate he should be quit of the annoyance he had so long endured. He arose with less regret assuredly than usual; and, just as he was passing the door-way, he cast a look round over his shoulder, and beheld the same fixed, unflinching eye gazing on him. He jumped hastily over the threshold, and was immediately on his road home. He had not been gone more than a few minutes, when he heard a sharp footstep on the crisp snow behind him. Turning round, he saw the dark tall peak of the stranger's hat, looking tenfold darker, almost preternaturally black, on the white back-ground, as he approached. Mike felt his hair bristling through terror. His knees, usually bent somewhat inwards, now fairly smote together so that he could not accelerate his pace, and the stranger was quickly at his side.

"Thou art travelling homewards, I trow," said he of the black peak. Mike made some barely intelligible reply. "I know it," returned the other. "But, why art thou leaving so soon?"

"My money's done, an' credit too, for that matter," tardily replied the tailor.

"And whose fault's that?" returned his companion. "Thou mayest have riches, and every thing else, if thou wilt be advised by me."

Mike stared, as well he might, at the dark figure by his side. The idea of wealth without labour was perfectly new to him, and he ventured to ask how this very desirable object might be accomplished.

"Listen. Thou art a poor miserable wretch, and canst hardly earn a livelihood with all thy toil. Is't not a pleasant thing, and a desirable, however procured, to obtain wealth at will; and every happiness and delight that man can enjoy?"

Michael's thirsty lips watered at the prospect, notwithstanding his dread of the black gentleman at his elbow.

"I was once poor and wretched as thou. But I grew wiser, and — unlimited wealth is now at my command."

There was an awful pause; the stranger apparently wishful to know the effect of this mysterious communication. The liquorish tailor listened greedily, expecting to hear of the means whereby his condition would be so wonderfully amended.

"Hast thou never heard of those who have been helped by the powers of darkness to ——?"

"Save us, merci——"

"Hold!" said the peremptory stranger, seizing Mike rudely by the wrist. "Another such outcry, and I will leave thee to thy seams and patches; to starve, or linger on, as best thou mayst."

Michael promised obedience, and his companion continued —

"There is no such great harm or wickedness in it as people suppose. Quite an ordinary sort of proceeding, I assure thee; and such an one as thou mayest accomplish in a few minutes, with little trouble or inconvenience."

"Tell me the wondrous secret," said Michael eagerly, who, in the glowing prospect thus opened out to him, felt all fear of his companion giving way.

"Well, then; thou must say two Aves, the Creed, and thy Paternoster, backwards, thrice, and call upon the invisible demon to appear, when he will tell thee what thou shalt do.

Michael felt a strange thrill come over him at these fearful words. He looked at his companion, but saw not any thing more notable than the high-peaked hat, and the huge beaked nose, as before. By this time they were close upon his own threshold, and Michael was just debating within himself upon the propriety of asking his companion to enter, when his deliberations were cut short by the other saying he had business of importance a little further; and with that he bade him good night.

Michael spent the remaining hours of darkness in tossing and rumination; but, in the end, the gratifying alternative between wealth and poverty brought his deliberations to a close. He determined to follow the advice and directions of the stranger. There could be no harm in it. He only intended to enquire how such wealth might be possessed; but, if in any way diabolical or wicked, he would not need to have any thing further to do in the matter. Thus reasoning, and thus predetermined how to act, our self-deluded stitcher of seams bent his way, on the following forenoon, to a solitary place near the river, where he intended to perform the mighty incantation. Yet,

when he tried to begin, his stomach felt wondrous heavy and oppressed. He trembled from head to foot, and sat down, for some time, to recruit his courage. The words of the stranger emboldened him.

"'Quite an ordinary business,' said he;" and Mike went to work with his lesson, which he had been conning as he went. Scarcely was the last word of this impious incantation uttered, when a roaring clap of thunder burst above him, and the arch enemy of mankind stood before the panic-stricken tailor.

"Why hast thou summoned me hither?" said the infernal monarch, in a voice like the rushing wind, or the roar of the coming tempest. But Michael could not speak before the fiend.

"Answer me—and truly," said the demon. This miserable fraction of a man now fell on his knees, and in a most piteous accent exclaimed—

"Oh! oh! mercy. I did not—I—want—nothing!"

"Base, audacious slave! Thou art telling me an untruth, and thou knowest it. Show me thy business instantly, or I will carry thee off to my dominions without further ado."

At this threat the miserable mortal prostrated himself; a tardy confession being wrung from him.

"Oh! pardon. Thou knowest my poverty, and my distress. I want riches, and—and——"

"Good!" said the demon, with a horrible smile. "'Tis what ye are ever hankering after. Every child of Adam doth cry with insatiate thirst, 'Give—give!' But hark thee! 'tis thine own fault if thou art not rich, and that speedily. I will grant thee *three* wishes: use them as thou wilt."

Now, the rogue was glad when he heard this gracious speech, and in the fulness of his joy exclaimed —

"Bodikins! but I know what my first wish will be; and I'se not want other two."

"How knowest thou that?" said the demon, with a look of contumely and scorn so wild and withering, that Michael started back in great terror.

"Before this favour is granted, though," continued the fiend, "there is a small matter by way of preliminary to be settled."

"What is that?" enquired the trembling novice, with increasing disquietude and alarm.

"A contract must be signed, and delivered too."

"A contract! Dear me; and for what?"

"For form's sake merely; no more, I do assure thee; —a slight acknowledgment for the vast benefits I am bound to confer. To wit, that at the end of seven years thou wilt bear me company."

"Me!" cried the terrified wretch; "nay, then, keep thy gifts to thyself; I'll none o' them on this condition."

"Wretched fool!" roared the infuriate fiend;—at the sound of which the culprit fairly tumbled backward. "Sign this contract, or thou shalt accompany me instantly. Ay, this very minute; for know, that every one who calls on me is delivered into my power; and think thyself well dealt with, when I offer thee an alternative. Thou hast the chance of wealth, honour, and prosperity, if thou sign this bond. If thou do not, I will have thee whether or no, that's all. What sayest thou?" and the apostate angel spread forth his dark wings, and seemed as though ready to pounce upon his unresisting victim.

In a twinkling, Michael decided that it would be much

better to sign the bond, and have the possession of riches, with seven years to enjoy them in, than be dragged off to the burning pit immediately, without any previous enjoyment whatsoever. Besides, in that seven years, who knew what might turn up in his favour.

"I consent," said he; and the arch-enemy produced his bond. A drop of blood, squeezed from the hand of his victim, was the medium of this fearful transfer; and instantly on its execution another clap of thunder announced the departure of Satan, with the price of another soul in his grasp.

Michael was now alone. He could hardly persuade himself that he had not been dreaming. He looked at his finger, where a slight wound was still visible, from which a drop of blood still hung, — a terrible confirmation of his fears.

Returning home, sad and solitary, he attempted to mount to his usual place, but even this exertion was more than he could accomplish; — one black and burning thought tormented him, and he sat down by his own cheerless hearth, more cheerless than he had ever felt before. Matty was preparing dinner; but it was a meagre and homely fare — a little oaten bread, and one spare collop which had been given her by a neighbour. Scanty as was the meal, it was better than the humble viands which sometimes supplied their board. Matty knew not the real cause of her husband's dumps; supposing it to be the usual workings of remorse, if not repentance, to which Miké was subject whenever his pocket was empty, and the burning spark in his throat unquenched. She invited him to partake, but he could not eat. He sat with eyes

half shut, fixed on the perishing embers, and replied not to the remonstrances of his dame.

"Why, Mike, I say," cried the kind-hearted woman, "what ails thee? Cheer up, man, and finish thy collop. Thou mayest fret about it as thou likes, but thou cannot undo a bad stitch by wishing. If it will make thee better for time to come though, I'll not grumble. Come, come, good man, if one collop winna' content thee, I wish we 'd two, that's all."

Scarce was the last word from her lips, when lo! a savoury and smoking rasher was laid on the table by some invisible hand. Michael was roused from his lethargy by this unlucky wish. Darting a terrified look on the morsel, he cried out —

"Woman, woman! what hast thou done? I wish thou wert far enough for thy pains."

Immediately she disappeared — whisked off by the same invisible hands; — but whither he could not tell.

"Oh me — oh me!" cried the afflicted tailor at this double mishap; "what shall I do now? I shall assuredly starve; and yet, I 've one wish left. Humph, I 'd better be wary in making it, though. Best take time to consider, lest I throw this needlessly after the rest."

Mike could not make up his mind as to what he would have, nor indeed could he bend down his thoughts steadfastly to any subject. He was in a continual flutter. His brain was in a whirl. He looked round for some relief. The house was in sad disorder, and he thought on his absent wife.

"Dear me," thought he, as he fetched a scrap of wood to the fire, "I wish Matty were here;" and his wife was immediately at his side.

Mike, now grown desperate, revealed to her the fearful cause of these disasters, and the utter failure of any beneficial results from the three wishes.

"We be just as we were," said he, "save that I've sold mysel', body and soul, to the Evil One!"

Here he began to weep and lament very sore; and his wife was so much overcome at the recital, that she was nigh speechless through the anguish she endured.

At length her tears began to lose their bitterness.

"It's no use greetin' at this gait," said she; "hie thee to the parson, Michael, an' see if he canna quit thee o' this bond."

"Verily," said the poor tailor, with a piteous sigh, "that would be leapin' out o' t' gutter, into t' ditch. I should be burnt for a he witch, an' a limb o' the de'il. I've yet seven years' respite from torment, an' that would be to throw even these precious morsels away. E'en let 's tarry as we are, an' make the best on 't. This comes of idleness and drink; but if ever I put foot across Giles's doorstone again, I wish—nay, it 's no use wishing now, I've had enough o' sich thriftless work for a bit. But I 'll be sober an' mind my work, and spend nothing idly, an' who knows but some plan or another may be hit on to escape."

Now his disconsolate wife was much rejoiced at this determination, and could not help saying—

"Who knows? perhaps it was for good, Mike, that this distress happen'd thee."

He shook his head; but his resolution was made, and he adhered to it, in spite of the sneers and temptations of his former associates, who often tried to lead him on to the same vicious courses again. He had received a warn-

ing that he never forgot. The memory of it stuck to him night and day; and he would as soon have thought of thrusting his hand into the glowing coals, as have entered Giles Chatburn's hovel again. He was truly an altered man, but his wife was the first to feel benefited by the change. He had plenty of work, and money came in apace. The house was cleaned and garnished. There was abundance of victuals, and a jug of their own brewing. He rarely stirred out but to wait upon his customers, and then he came home as soon as the job was completed. But there was an appearance of melancholy and dejection continually about him. He looked wan and dispirited. Time was rapidly passing by, and the last of the seven years was now ebbing away.

One night, as they were sitting a while after supper, he fetched a heavy sigh.

"It is but a short time I have to live," said he.

"Nay," said the dame, "let 's hope that Heaven will not let thee fall a prey to His enemy and ours. Besides, thou hast gotten nothing from him for thy bargain. It cannot be expected, therefore, that the old deceiver can claim any recompence."

Mike shook his head, and looked incredulous.

"Sure as there 's wind i' Meg's entry, he 'll come for his own. I 've been considering that I 'd best go to the old man that lives in the cave by Salley. He 'll, may be, give me some advice how to act when the time comes."

This suggestion met with his wife's approval; and the next morning our disconsolate hero was on his way to the "hermit" of the cave. The holy recluse had been long famed through that region for his kindness and attention to the wants of those who sought help and counsel; and

Michael thought no harm could come of it, even though he might be unable to circumvent the designs of the arch-enemy.

His dwelling was by the river side, in a little hut, the back of which, the goodman's oratory, was scooped out in a circular form from the bank.

"Holy father," said the tailor, on entering the cell, "I crave thy benison."

The anchorite, who was on his knees before a crucifix, did not speak until he had finished his devotions. He then rose and pronounced the usual benedictory welcome.

"So far all is well," thought Mike; "I've got one blow at the devil any how."

The holy father was very old, but he was hale and active. His white silky beard almost touched his girdle, and his sharp though rheumy eyes peered inquisitively on the person of his guest.

"What is thine errand, my son?" enquired the recluse.

"I have fallen into a grievous temptation, and would crave your succour and advice."

"Heaven wills it oft, my son, that we fall into divers extremities, to humble us, and to show the folly and weakness of our hearts. What is thy trouble and thy petition?"

"Alas!" said the other, weeping; "I have been face to face with the father of lies, and I have suffered much damage therefrom."

"Thou hast not been tampering with forbidden arts, I hope?"

"Truly, that have I, and to my soul's cost, I fear," said the tailor, with a groan of heart-rending despair.

"Thy sin is great, my son; but so likewise is the

remedy. Heaven willeth not a sinner's death, if he turn again to him with repentance and contrition of spirit. I trust thou hast not trifled with thy soul's welfare by taking and using any of the gifts whereby the old serpent layeth hold on the souls of men?"

"Verily, nay; but he frightened me into the signing of a terrible bond, wherein I promised, that after seven years were past and gone, I would be his!"

"Thy danger is terrible indeed. But he gave thee some equivalent for the bargain? thou didst not sell thyself for nought?" said the hermit, fixing his eye sternly on the trembling penitent; "and now, when thou hast wasted the price of thy condemnation, thou comest for help; and thou wouldest even play at cheatery with the devil!"

"Nay, most reverend father," said Michael, wiping his eyes; "never a gift have I had from the foul fiend, save a bacon collop, and that was cast out untouched." And with that he told of the manner in which he was inveigled, and the scurvy trick which the deceiver had played him.

"Verily, there is hope," said the holy man, after musing a while; "yet is it a perilous case; and only to be overcome by prayer and fasting. If thou seek help sincerely, I doubt not that a way will be made for thine escape. Listen; — it is never permitted that the enemy of our race should reap the full benefit of the advantage which otherwise his superior duplicity and intelligence would enable him to obtain. There was never yet bond or bargain made by him, but, in one way or another, it might be set aside, and the foul fiend discomfited. It may be difficult, I own; and advice is not easily rendered

in this matter: but trust in the power of the Allpowerful, and thou shalt not be overcome. Wisdom, I doubt not, shall be vouchsafed in thine extremity, if thou apply anxiously and earnestly for it, seeking deliverance, and repenting of thy great wickedness which thou hast committed."

With these and many other gracious words did the benevolent enthusiast encourage this doomed mortal; and, though heavy and disconsolate enough, he returned more light-hearted than he came.

The time now drew near. The very week — the day — the hour, was come; and when the sun should have climbed to the meridian, Michael knew that he would have to face the cunning foe who had beguiled him. His wife would have tarried; but he peremptorily forbade. He would not be disturbed in his intercessions. All that morning, without intermission, he supplicated for wisdom and strength in the ensuing conflict. He had retired to a little chamber, at one end of the house, and here he secured himself to prevent intrusion.

Noon was scarcely come, when, true to the engagement, a loud thunder-clap announced the approach and presence of this terrific being.

"I am glad to find," said he, "that thou art ready."

"I am not ready," replied the trembling victim.

"How!" roared the sable chief, with a voice that shook the whole house, like the passage of an earthquake; "dost thou deny the pledge? darest thou gainsay this bond?"

"True enough," replied the debtor, "I signed that contract; but it was won from me by fraud and dishonest pretences."

"Base, equivocating slave! how darest thou mock me thus? Thou hadst thy wishes; the conditions have been fulfilled — ay, to the letter."

"I fear me," again said the victim, who felt his courage wonderfully supported; "that thou knewest I should never be a pin the richer or better for thy gifts; and thine aim was but to flatter and to cheat. It is not in thy power, I do verily believe, to grant me riches or any great thing that I might wish; so thou didst prompt, and, in a manner, force me to those vain wishes, unthinkingly, by which I have been beguiled."

"Dost thou doubt, then, my ability in this matter? Know, that thy most unbounded wishes would have been accomplished, else I release thee from this bond."

"I say, and will vouch for 't, that all thy promises are lying cheats; and that thou could'st not give me a beggarly bodle, if thou wert to lay down thy two horns for it; so I demand my bond, according to thy pledge."

"To show thee that I can keep this bond, even conformably to the terms of my own offer just now, and thy pitiful carcase to boot, I'll e'en grant thee another wish, that thou mayest be satisfied thou art past all hope of redemption. Said I not, that if I could not fulfil any wish of thine, even to the compass of all possible things, and the riches of this great globe itself, I would release thee from this bond?"

"Yea," said Michael with an eager assent.

"Then wish once more; and mind that it be no beggarly desire. Wish to the very summit of wealth, or the topmost pinnacle of thy ambition, for it shall be given thee."

"Then," said the tailor hastily, as though fearful the

words would not come forth quick enough from his lips, "I wish thou wert riding back again to thy quarters, on yonder dun horse, and never be able to plague me again, or any other poor wretch whom thou hast gotten into thy clutches!"

The demon gave a roar loud enough to be heard to the very antipodes; and away went he, riveted to the back of this very dun horse, which Michael had seen through the window, grazing quietly in the lane, little suspecting the sort of jockey that was destined to bestride him. The tailor ran to the door to watch his departure, almost beside himself for joy at this happy riddance. Dancing and capering into the kitchen, where his wife was almost dying through terror, he related, as soon as he was able, the marvellous story of his deliverance.

He relapsed not into his former courses; but lived happily to a good old age, leaving behind him, at his death, good store of this world's gear, which, as he had no children, was divided amongst his poorer relatives. One of them, having purchased the house where the tailor dwelt, set up the trade of a tapster therein, having for his sign "*The Dule upo' Dun;*" which, to this day, attests the truth of our tradition, and the excellence of "mine host's" cheer.

WINDLESHAW ABBEY.

WINDLESHAW ABBEY.

THIS ruined chapel — "abbey" it is generally styled — is about a mile distant from St. Helen's. Little remains now but the belfry, with its luxuriant covering of dark ivy, still preserving it from destruction. More than half a century ago, some ruffian hand nearly severed the stem from the root, but happily without material injury, the incision being incomplete. The burial-ground, formerly open, is now enclosed by a stone wall; and on the south side is a stone cross with three steps. The whole area has a reputation of great sanctity; many of those who die in the Romish faith, even beyond the immediate neighbourhood, being brought hither for interment.

There are no records, that we can find, of its foundation: but it may be suspected that the place was dedicated to St. Thomas; for close by is a well of that name, unto which extraordinary virtues are ascribed.

The chapel was but small; not more than twelve yards in length, and about three in width; the tower scarcely eight yards high; its insignificance probably may account for the obscurity in which its origin is involved.

It fell into disuse after the dissolution; and its final ruin took place during the civil wars of Charles I.

Drawn by G. Pickering. Engraved by E. and S. Finden

WESTDEREHAM ABBEY.

London. Published by Longman &c. 1831.

WINDLESHAW ABBEY.

" Adieu, fond love; farewell, you wanton powers;
I 'm free again.
Thou dull disease of bloud and idle hours,
Bewitching pain,
Fly to fools that sigh away their time:
My nobler love to heaven doth climb;
And there behold beauty still young,
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy;
Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
And honour'd by eternity and joy:
There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire;
Fond loves decline, this heavenly love grows higher."

Beaumont and Fletcher.

AUTUMN was lingering over the yellow woods. The leaves, fluttering on their shrivelled stems, seemed ready to fall with every breath. Dark and heavy was the dull atmosphere, — a melancholy stillness, that seemed to pervade and surround every object, — a deceitful calm, forerunner of the wild and wintry storms about to desolate and to destroy even these flickering emblems of decay. At times a low murmur would break forth, dying away through the deep woods, like some spirit of past ages

wakening from her slumber, or the breath of hoary Time sighing through the ruin he had created.

There is something indescribably solemn and affecting in the first touches and emblems of the year that has "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf." Like the eventide of life, it is a season when the gay and glittering promises of another spring are past; when the fervour and the maturity of summer are ended; when cold and monotonous days creep on; and we look with another eye, and other perceptions, on all that surrounds us. Yet there is a feeling of gladness and of hope mingling with our regrets in the one case, which cannot exist in the other. Autumn, though succeeded by the darkness and dreariness of winter, is but the womb of another spring. That bright season will be renewed; our own, never!

Perhaps it might be feelings akin to these which arrested the footsteps of an individual, who, though little past the spring-tide and youthful ardour of his existence, was yet not disinclined to anticipate another period, characterised by the autumnal tokens of decay visible on every object around him.

He stood by the deserted chapel of Windleshaw. Time had then but just begun to show the first traces of his power. The building was yet uninjured, save the interior, which was completely despoiled, the walls grey with lichen, and hoary with the damps of age. The ivy was twining round the belfry, but its thin arms then embraced only a small portion of the exterior. A single yew-tree threw its dark and gloomy shade over the adjacent tombs; the long rank herbage bending over them, and dripping heavily with the moist atmosphere. An ancient cross stood in the grave-yard, of a date probably an-

terior to that of the main building. A relic or commemoration, it might be, of some holy man who had there ministered to the semi-barbarous hordes, aboriginal converts to the Catholic faith.

It was in the autumn of the year 1644. Wars and tumults were abroad; and Lancashire drained the cup of bitterness even to the dregs. The infatuated king was tottering on his throne; even the throne itself was nigh overturned in the general conflict. A short time before the date of our story, the Earl of Derby and Prince Rupert, having brought the siege of Bolton and Liverpool to a satisfactory issue, — shortly after the gallant defence of the Countess at Lathom House, — were then reposing from their toils at that fortress. The prince, remotely allied to the noble dame, lay there with his train; and was treated not only with the respect and consideration due to his rank, but likewise with a feeling of gratitude for his timely succour to the distressed lady and her brave defenders. After a short stay, the prince marched to York, which was closely besieged by the Earl of Manchester and Sir Thomas Fairfax, and as vigorously and obstinately defended by the Marquis of Newcastle. On the approach of Prince Rupert, the parliamentary generals raised the siege, and, drawing off their forces to Marston Moor, offered battle to the royalists. Here the prince, whose martial disposition was not sufficiently tempered with prudence, unfortunately accepted the enemy's challenge, and obscured the lustre of his former victories by sustaining a total overthrow, thereby putting the king's cause into great jeopardy. The following extract from the "Perfect Diurnall" of the 9th of July, 1644, will show the estimation

in which this great victory was held by the parliament, and the extent and importance of the results.

" This day Captain Stewart came from the Leaguer at York with a letter of the whole state of the late fight and routing of Prince Rupert, sent by the three generals to the parliament. The effect whereof was this:—' That understanding Prince Rupert was marching against them with 20,000 men, horse and foot, the whole army arose from the siege, and marched to Long Marston Moor, four or five miles from York; and the prince, having notice of it, passed with his army the byway of Burrow Bridge; that they could not hinder his passage to York, whereupon our army marched to Todcaster, to prevent his going southward; but before the van was within a mile of Todcaster, it was advertised that the prince was in the rear in Marston Moor, with an addition of 6000 of the Earl of Newcastle's forces, and was possessed of the best places of advantage both for ground and wind. The right wing of our horse was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, which consisted of his whole cavalry, and three regiments of the Scots horse; next unto them was drawn up the right wing of the foot, consisting of the Lord Fairfax and his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot, for a reserve: and so the whole armies put into a battalia. The battle being begun, at the first, some of our horse were put into disorder; but rallying again, we fell on with our whole body, killed and took their chief officers, and took most part of their standards and colours, 25 pieces of ordnance, near 130 barrels of powder, 10,000 arms, two wagons of carbines and pistols, killed 3000, and 1500 prisoners taken."

Prince Rupert with great precipitation drew off the

remains of his army, and retired into Lancashire. In a few days York was surrendered to the parliamentary forces, and the garrison marched out with all the honours of war. Fairfax, occupying the city, established his government through the county, and sent 1000 horse into Lancashire to join with the parliamentary forces in that quarter, and attend the motions of Prince Rupert. The Scottish army marched northwards after their victory, in order to join the Earl of Calendar, who was advancing with 10,000 additional forces; and likewise to reduce the town of Newcastle, which they took by storm. The Earl of Manchester, with Cromwell,—to whom the fame of this great victory was chiefly ascribed, and who was wounded in the action,—returned to the eastern association in order to recruit his army.*

Such were some of the fruits of this important victory, and such the aspect of affairs at the time when our narrative commences;—the fortunes and persons of the royalists, or *malignants* as they were called by the opposite party, being in great jeopardy, especially in the northern counties.

The individual before named was loitering about in the cemetery of the chapel, where the bodies of many of the faithful who die in the arms of the mother Church are still deposited, under the impression, or expectancy, that their clay shall imbibe the odour of sanctity thereby. The stranger, for such he appeared, was muscular and well-formed. His height was not above, but rather below, the middle size. A bright full eye gave an ardour to his look, not at all diminished by the general cast and ex-

* Hume.

pression of his features, which betokened a brave and manly spirit, scorning subterfuge and disguise, and almost disdaining the temporary concealment he was forced to adopt. A wide cloak was wrapped about his person, surmounted by a slouched high-crowned hat, with a rose in front, by way of decoration. His boots, ornamented with huge projecting tops, were turned down just below the calf of the leg, above which his breeches terminated in stuffed rolls, or fringes, after the fashion of the time. A light sword hung loosely from his belt; and a pair of pistols, beautifully inlaid, were exhibited in front. Despite of his somewhat grotesque habiliments, there was an air of dignity, perhaps haughtiness, in his manner, which belied the character of his present disguise. He walked slowly on, apparently in deep meditation, till, on turning round the angle of the tower, he was somewhat startled from his reverie on beholding an open grave at a short distance, just about to be completed. Clods of heavy clay were at short intervals thrown out by the workman, concealed from observation by the depth to which he had laboured. After a moment's pause, the cavalier cautiously approached the brink, and beheld a strange-looking being with sleeves tucked up to the shoulders, busily engaged in this interesting and useful avocation.

"Good speed, friend!" said the stranger, addressing the emissary of death within. The grim official raised his head for a moment, to observe who it was that accosted him; but, without vouchsafing a reply, he again resumed his work, throwing out the clods with redoubled energy, to the great annoyance of the enquirer.

"Whose grave is this?" he asked again, perseveringly; determined to provoke him to an answer.

"The first fool's that asks!" shouted the man from below, without ceasing from his repulsive toil.

"Nay, friend; ye do not dig for a man ere he be dead, in this pitiful country of thine?"

"And why not? there's many a head on a man's nape to-day, that will be on his knees to-morrow!"

"Then do ye rig folks out with graves here upon trust?"

"Nay," said the malicious-looking replicant, holding up a long lean phalanx of bony fingers; "pay to-day, trust to-morrow, as t' old lad at the tavern says."

"What! is thy trade so dainty of subjects? — Are men become weary o' dying of late, that ye must need make tombs for the living? I'll have thee to the justice, sirrah, for wicked malice aforethought, and misprision."

Here this hideous gowl burst forth with a laugh so fearful and portentous, that even the cavalier was startled by its peculiarly fierce and almost unearthly expression. The mouth drawn to one side, the wide flat forehead, projecting cheek-bones, and pointed chin, sufficiently characterised him as labouring under that sort of imbecility not seldom unmixed with a tact and shrewdness that seems to be characteristic of this species of disease and deformity. He set one foot on the mattock, ceasing from his labours whilst he cried out, winking significantly with half-shut eyes—

> "When the owl hoots, and the crow cries caw,
> I can tell a maiden from a jackdaw."

Here he began whistling and humming by turns, with the most consummate and provoking indifference. The stranger was evidently disconcerted by this unexpected

mode of address, apparently meditating a retreat, from where even victory would have been a poor triumph. He was turning away, when a drop of blood fell on his hand! This disastrous omen, with the grave yawning before him — the narrow dwelling which, according to the prediction of the artificer, was preparing for his reception — discomposed the cavalier exceedingly, and, in all likelihood, rendered him the more easily susceptible to subsequent impressions.

"Art' boun' for Knowsley?" enquired the hunch-backed sexton.

"Peradventure I may have an errand thither; but I am a wayfaring man, and have business with the commissioners in these parts." There was a tone of conscious evasion in this reply, which did not pass unheeded by the enquirer.

"If thou goest in at the door," said he, "mind thee does n't come out feet foremost, good master wayfarer!" He quickly changed his tone to more of seriousness than before. "Thou art not safe. Hie thee to Lathom."

"'Tis beleaguered again. The earl being away at his kingdom of Man, the hornets are buzzing about his nest. There seems now no resting place, as aforetime, for unlucky travellers."

"For who?" shouted the sexton, climbing out of his grave with surprising agility. He fixed his eyes on the cavalier, as though it were the aspect of recognition. He then hummed the following distich, a favourite troll amongst the republican party at that period: —

> "The battle was foughten; the Prince run away.
> Did ever ye see sic' a race, well-a-day!"

The stranger, turning from his tormentor, was about to depart; but he was not destined to rid himself so readily from the intruder.

"And so, being shut out from Lathom, thou be'st a cock-horse for Knowsley. Tush! a blind pedlar, ambling on a nag, might know thee while he was a winking."

"Know me!" said the cavalier; — "why — whom thinkest thou that I be? Truly there be more gowks in our good dukedom of Lancaster, than either goshawks or hen-sparrows. I am one of little note, and my name not worth the spelling." He assumed an air of great carelessness and indifference, not unmingled with a haughty glance or two, whilst he spoke; — but the persevering impertinent would not be withstood. Another laugh escaped him, shrill and portentous as before, and he approached nearer, enquiring in a half whisper —

"Where 's thine uncle?"

"Whom meanest thou?"

"He waits for thee at Oxford, man; but he may wait while his porridge cools, I trow: and so good den."

The cunning knave was marching off with his mattock, when the cavalier, recovering from his surprise, quickly seized him by the higher shoulder.

"Stay, knave; thou shalt tarry here a while, until thou and I are better acquainted. Another step, and this muzzle shall help thee on thine errand."

"And who 'll pay the messenger?" said the undaunted and ready-witted rogue, not in the least intimidated by the threat, and the mouth of a huge pistol at his breast. "Put it by — put it by, friend, and I'll answer thee; but while that bull-dog is unmuzzled, thou shalt get never a word from Steenie Ellison."

"Thou knowest of some plot a hatching," said the stranger, putting aside the weapon. Another drop fell on his hand.

"I know not," said the sexton, doggedly.

"Thy meaning, then?" returned the stranger, with great vehemence; "for, o' my life, thou stirrest not until thou hast explained the nature of these allusions."

With a shrill cry and a fleet footstep the other bounded away from his interrogator, like some swift hound, and was out of sight instantly. Retreating with some precipitation, the cavalier bent his steps from the graveyard, towards a little hostelrie close by, where it appears he had taken up his abode for a few days, along with a companion, whose sole use and business, on their journey, seemed to be that of protecting a huge pair of saddle-bags and other equipments for their travel, under a mulberry-coloured cloak of more than ordinary dimensions. They had journeyed from Preston thitherwards; their intended route being for Knowsley, and so forward to the coast. Whether their motive for so long a stay at this obscure and homely tavern, could be traced to the bright eyes and beautiful image of mine host's daughter,—a luminary round which they were fluttering to their own destruction,—or that they merely sought concealment, it were difficult to guess. The ostensible object of their journey was to take shipping for Ireland, being bound thither on some commercial enterprise, for the furtherance of which they expected to pass unmolested, being men of peaceable pursuits, who left the trade of fighting to those that hoped to thrive thereby. Such was the general tenour of their converse; but there were some who suspected that the widely extolled beauty of Marian might have some remote

connection with the continuance of these guests; and their long stay at the inn was regarded with a jealous eye. So well known was the beauteous Marian, "the fair maid of Windleshaw," that the present residence of the cavaliers, if such they were, was the worst that could have been chosen for concealment; inasmuch as her fame drew many customers to the tap, who otherwise would have eschewed so humble a halting-place as that of Nathan Sumner.

Thoughtful, and with a show of vexation upon his features, the stranger entered the house, where breakfast was already prepared, and awaiting his return. In the same chamber were the tapster and his dame; for privacy was not compatible either with "mine host's" means or inclination.

"We have been watching for thee, Egerton," said his companion. "Didst thou meet with a bundle of provender in the graveyard, that thy stomach did not warn thee to breakfast?"

"Prithee heed it not," was the reply; "I care little thus early for thy confections. Besides, I have been beset by a knave, whose vocation verily remindeth man of his latter end. I've been bandying discourse with the sexton yonder, as I believe."

"Heh! mercy on us! Ye have seen Steenie, belike," said the dame, lifting up one hand from her knee, which had been reposing there as a protection from the fervid advances of a glowing fire before which she sat.

"Truly, I do suspect this trafficker in ready made tombs to be none other," said Egerton.

"An' howkin' at a grave?"

"Ay! and with right good will, too."

"Then look well to your steps, sir stranger, that ye fall not into 't; for Stephen never yet made grave that lacked a tenant ere long."

"'Tis strange!" said the cavalier, anxiously. "Do ye dig graves here by anticipation? or"——

"He scents death like a carrion crow, I tell ye; an' if he but digs a grave, somebody or other always contrives to tumble in; an' mostly they 'at first see him busy with the job. He's ca'd here 'the live man's sexton.'"

The cavalier sat down before a well-covered stool, on which was spread a homely but plentiful breakfast of eggs, cheese, rashers of bacon, a flagon of ale, and a huge pile of oat-cake; but he did not fall to with the appetite or relish of a hungry man.

"Let me reckon," said the host, beginning to muster up his arithmetic. "There was"——

"Nathan Sumner, I say; thou 'rt al'ays out wi' thy motty if a body speaks. Does n't the beer want tunning, and thou 'rt leesing there o' thy haunches; at thy whys and thy wise speeches. Let me alone wi' the gentles, and get thee to the galkeer. Besides, you see that he knoweth not how to disport himsel' afore people of condition,—saving your presence, masters," said the power predominant, as her husband meekly retreated from the despotic and iron rule of his helpmate.

"Peradventure he doth himself provide tenants for his own graves," said the cavalier, thoughtfully; "but I'll split the knave's chowl, if he dare"——

"You know not him whom you thus accuse," said a soft musical voice from an inner chamber. "I know those who would not see him with his foot in a new-made grave for the best rent-roll in Christendom!"

The speaker, as she came forward, bent a glance of reproof towards the stranger.

"And wherefore, my bonny maiden?" enquired he.

"Does he not scent the dying like a raven? When once his eye is upon them, they shall not escape. There be some that have seen their last o' this green earth, and the sky, and yonder bright hills. I trust the destroying angel will pass by this house!"

"By 'r lady," replied the other, hastily, "the varlet, when I asked whose lodging it should be, answered, mine! holding forth his long skinny paw that I might pay him for the job."

The maiden listened with a look of terror. She grew pale and almost ghastly; wiping her brow with the corner of her apron, as though in great agitation and perplexity.

There was usually a warm and healthy blush upon her cheek, but it waned suddenly into the dim hue of apprehension, as she replied, in a low whisper —

"Ye must not go hence; and yet" —— she hesitated, and appeared as though deeply revolving some secret source of both anxiety and alarm.

The cavalier was silent too, but the result of his deliberations was of a nature precisely opposite to that of his fair opponent.

"Our beasts being ready, Chisenhall," said he to his companion, "we will depart while the day holds on favourable. We may have worse weather, and still worse quarters, should we tarry here till noontide, as we purposed. But" —— and here he looked earnestly at the maiden, "we shall come again, I trust, when they that seek our lives be laid low."

She put one hand on his arm, speaking not aloud, but with great earnestness.

"Go not; and your lives peradventure shall be given you for a prey. There is a godly man hereabout, unto whom I will have recourse; and he shall guide you in this perplexity."

"We be men having little time to spare, and less inclination, — higlers too, into the bargain," replied he, with a dubious glance toward his friend Chisenhall, who was just despatching the last visible relics of a repast, in which he had taken a more than equal share of the duty; "we are not careful to tarry, or to resort unto such ghostly counsel. We would rather listen to the lips of those whose least word we covet more than the preaching of either priest or puritan; but the time is now come when we must eschew even such blessed and holy" ——

"There's a time for all things," said Chisenhall, hastily, and as soon as his mouth was at rest from the solid contents with which he had been successfully, and almost uninterruptedly, occupied for the last half hour; wishful, also, to abate the impression which his companion's indiscreet intimation of dislike to psalm-singers and puritans might have produced. "There is a time to buy and to sell, and to get gain; a time to marry, and a time to be merry and be glad:" here he used a sort of whining snuffle, which frustrated his attempts at neutralising the sarcasms of his friend. "Being in haste," he continued, "we may not profit by thy discourse; but commend ourselves to his prayers until our return, which, God willing, we may safely accomplish in a se'night at the farthest."

"If ye depart, I will not answer for your safe keeping."

"And if we stay, my pretty maiden, I am fearful we

shall be in safe keeping." An ambiguous smile curled his lip, which she fully understood. Indeed, her manner and appearance were so much superior to her station, that no lady of the best and gentlest blood might have comported herself more excellently before these gay, though disguised, cavaliers. There was a natural expression of dignity and high feeling in her demeanour, as if rank and noble breeding were inclosed in so humble a shrine, visible indeed, but still through the medium of a homely but bewitching grace and simplicity. This, in part, might be the consequence of an early residence at Lathom, where, in a few years, she had risen, from a station among the lower domestics, to a confidential place about the person of the countess. Here she excited no small share of admiration; and it was partly to avoid the fervid advances of some vivacious gallants, that she resolved on quitting so exposed and dangerous a position; the more especially as the lowering aspect of the times, and the uncertain termination of the coming struggle, might have left her without a protector, and at the mercy of the lawless ruffians, who were not wanting on either side. Retiring home without regret, she had imbibed, from the ministrations of a zealous and conscientious advocate of the republican party, a relish for the doctrines and self-denying exercises of the puritans, with whom she usually associated in their religious assemblies.

"Do ye purpose, then, for Knowsley to-day?" she enquired, after a short silence.

"Yea; unless our present dilemma, and the obstruction thereby, turn aside the current of our intent."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said the maiden, with great fervour; "for I do fear me that some who are not of a

godly sort are abiding there — even they with whom righteous and well-ordered men should not consort withal."

"Heed not. Being of them who are not righteous overmuch, we can bear unharmed the scoffs of prelatists and self-seekers."

"There be others," replied she; but the appearance of the dame, who had been overlooking the operations of her helpmate, interrupted the communication. The horses, too, were at the door, led forth by a lubberly serving lad; and they seemed eager to depart, pawing, as though scarcely enduring a momentary restraint. The cavalier, after giving some order about the beasts, would have bidden farewell to the maiden in private; but she had departed unperceived. He was evidently chagrined, lingering long in the house, in hopes of her reappearance, —but in vain. He was forced to depart without the anticipated interview.

Out of sight and hearing, the cavaliers began to converse more freely.

"Right fain I am," said Egerton, "of our escape from yonder house; for I began to fear me we were known, or, at any rate, suspected by one, if not more, of our good friends behind."

"By one fair friend, peradventure," said Chisenhall drily; "but, on the word of a soldier, I may be known, and little care I, save that it may be dangerous to be found in my company. In the last siege yonder, at Lathom, I have beaten off more rogues than flies from my trencher; and I would we had but had room and fair play at York; we would have given your" ——

"Hold; no names; remember that I am plain Master Egerton: there may be lurkers in these tall hedges; so—

both in doors and out I am—what mine appearance doth betoken."

"Well, Master Egerton, good wot, though a better man than myself, which few be now-a-days, for these straight-haired round-heads do thin us like coppice trees, and leave but here and there one to shoot at. I would the noble lord had been within his good fortress yonder, I think it would have been too hot to handle, with cold fingers, by the host of Old Nick, or parliament, I care not which."

"It was partly at my suggesting that he retired to his island of Man. There were heart-burnings and jealousies amongst the courtiers on his account, which were but too readily given ear unto by the king."

"Grant it may not be for our hurt as well as his own. I had no notion that these wasps would have been so soon again at the honey-comb. Could we and our bands have made entry, we would have shown them some of the old match-work, and given them a psalm to sing that they would not readily have forgotten. As it is, we are just wanderers and vagabonds, without e'er a house or a homestead to hide us in, should our friends be driven from Knowsley, and our way be blocked up to the coast. What is worse, too, our supplies are nigh exhausted, and our exchequer as empty as the king's. I would we had not tarried here so long, waiting for advices, as thou didst say, Master Egerton; but which advices, I do verily think, were from a lady's lip; and the next tall fellow, with a long face and a fusee, may tuck us under his sleeve, and carry us to his quarters, like a brace of springed woodcocks."

"Fear not, Chisenhall. We will make directly for the

coast, and to-morrow, if we have luck, be under weigh for Ireland. If, as I do trust, we get our levies thence, down with the rump and the round-heads, say I, and so"——

"We are not bound for Knowsley, then?"

"No, believe me, I have a better nose than to thrust it into the trap, after the foretokenings we have had. The knave who elbowed me i' the grave-yard, as well as the maiden yonder, warned us of some danger at Knowsley, where, I do verily suspect, the rogues are in ambush, waiting for us; but we will give them the slip, and away for bonny Waterford."

The morning was yet raw and misty. A dense fog was coming on, which every minute became more heavy and impervious to the sight. Objects might be heard, long ere they were seen. The rime hung like a frostwork from branch and spray, showing many a fantastic festoon, wreathed by powers and contrivances more wonderful than those by which our vain and presumptuous race are endowed. The little birds looked out from their covers, and chirped merrily on, to while away the hours till bed-time. The rooks cawed from their citadel,—to venture abroad was out of the question,—lest the rogues should be surprised in some act of depredation, and suffer damage thereby. So chill and searching was the atmosphere, that the travellers wrapped their cloaks closely about their haunches, to defend themselves from its attacks. They were scarcely a mile or two on their road, when, passing slowly between a high coppice on either hand, Egerton stayed his horse,—listening; whilst thus engaged another blood drop fell on his hand.

"There be foes behind us," said he, softly. His prac-

tised and ever watchful ear had detected the coming footsteps before his friend.

"'Tis a fortunate screen this same quiet mist, and so let us away to cover." Without more ado he leaped through a gap in the fence, followed by his companion; and they lay concealed effectually from the view of any one who might be passing on the road. They were not so far from the main path, but that the footsteps of their pursuers could be heard, and voices too, in loud and earnest discourse. The latter kept their horses at a very deliberate pace, as if passing forward at some uncertainty.

"I say again, heed it as we may, this mist will be the salvation of our runaways. After having dogged them to such good purpose from Lathom, it will be a sorry deed should they escape under this unlucky envelope."

"Tush, faint heart,—thinkest thou these enemies of the faith shall triumph, and our own devices come to nought? Nay, verily, for the wicked are as stubble, and the ungodly as they whom the fire devoureth."

"But I would rather have a brisk wind than all thy vapours, thy quiddities, and quotations. Yet am I glad they have not ta'en the turn to Knowsley."

"Which way soever they turn, either to the right hand or to the left, we have them in the net, and snares and pitfalls shall devour them."

The remainder of this comfortable assurance was inaudible, and the cavaliers congratulated themselves on their providential escape.

"How stand ye for Knowsley now, sir captain?" said Chisenhall.

"Why, of a surety, friend, there be many reasons why

we may pray for a safe passport from this unhappy land; but it seemeth as though our purposes were to be for ever crossed. Towards Knowsley, now, it doth appear, that we must proceed, our haven and hiding place; these rogues having got wind that we did not intend to pass by thither, we must countermine the enemy, or rather double upon their route."

"But how shall we be enabled to proceed?"

"Forward to the right," said Egerton, "and we shall be sure to hit our mark, if I mistake not the bearing. 'Tis, I believe, scarcely two miles hence; and under this friendly cover we cannot be observed, though we should mistake our way."

Changing their course, they now attempted, at all hazards, a running chase along and across hedges and enclosures, in the supposed direction of their retreat. After a somewhat perilous journey, for at least an hour, in this thick mist, without discovering any object by which they could ascertain their relative situation, Chisenhall at length espied something like a dark square tower before them.

"Plague, pestilence, and all the saints! why if yonder be not that same old ugly grim tower dodging us!" He rubbed his eyes, hardly satisfied that his morning indulgences were ended.

"We are fairly on our way for the grave again, sure enough," said Egerton; "or, it may be as thou sayest, the grim grave-yard itself is following us." He tried to rally into a smile, but was unable to disport himself in this wise, and it became needful that some way should be hit upon for their extrication, and that speedily. Occupied in earnest discourse, they were not aware of the

presence of a third person, until a thin squeaking voice accosted them from behind.

"Back again, so soon;—wi' the de'il at your crupper too!"

"Foul fa' thee, thou screech-owl," said Egerton, starting back at that ill-omened sound; "we shall ne'er be rid o' this pestilence!" He attempted to spring aside from the object of his abhorrence; but, in a moment, his horse was holden by the bridle, with almost more than human strength; and the malicious creature set up an exulting and triumphant laugh, that was any thing but agreeable in their present evil condition.

"Let go—or, by thy master's hoofs, I will send thee to him in the twinkling of a trigger!" said Egerton, drawing forth his pistol.

"Hoo, hoo!" shouted his tormentor, mocking and making faces, with an expression of fiendish delight, "thee 'll be the first though, nunky."

Egerton pointed the weapon; but his horse, goaded in all probability by the strange being beside him, made a sudden spring, and, as ill luck would have it, stumbled and fell, both horse and rider sprawling in the dust. The cause of this foul accident scampered off with great activity: Chisenhall dismounted, extricating his friend from the trappings. He was bleeding profusely from the nostrils, and appeared insensible. Judging it the wisest plan, though at the risk of their captivity, to procure help, he galloped away to the tavern for assistance.

Much to the surprise of the family was Chisenhall's re-appearance, but no time was lost in useless explanations; the host and his daughter immediately proceeded

to the spot, with means and appliances for Egerton's removal and recovery; but, to their astonishment and dismay, the body was removed. His horse was grazing quietly on the herbage, yet there was no trace of Egerton's disappearance. Chisenhall was almost beside himself with distress and consternation; but Marian, though much concerned, seemed to possess some clue to this enigma.

"Steenie, thou sayest, was the cause of this untoward disaster?"

"Ay; that accursed fiend. I wish all his——"

"Nay, nay, friend, thou speakest like to the foolish ones, vain and impious men, whose mouths are full of cursing and bitterness. We had best return; I will think on this matter, and ere the morrow we may have tidings of thy friend; but——" Here she looked significantly aside, as she spoke, but not in her father's hearing. "Keep snug here in thy quarters, friend; for since ye left, there came divers of the people to enquire, and as He would have it, from me only. Ye be sons of Belial, they said, and cavaliers withal. But ye have eaten and drunken in our dwelling, and though red with the blood of the saints, I cannot deliver you into the hand of your pursuers."

Chisenhall reluctantly complied, having no other resource, and judging it best not to stir abroad, as it might be compromising the safety of both parties, without leading to any beneficial result.

The horses were unharnessed and turned out to graze, whilst Chisenhall was disposed of in an upper chamber above one of the outhouses. His anxiety for his friend allowed him but little rest, and often he was on the point of issuing forth in quest of intelligence; but happily

prudence prevented him from sacrificing his own and another's life, to a vain and fruitless impatience.

During Chisenhall's concealment, Marian was by no means in the same state of idleness and inactivity. She threw on her hood and kerchief; and a clean white apron, girt about her waist, fully displayed the symmetry of her form. Her cloak was adjusted but with little regard to outward show; and an hour was scarcely past, ere she sallied forth, as she was often wont, to the dwelling of Gilgal Snape, a person of great note as a preacher and leader of the faithful in these parts. He was, in truth, a worthy and zealous man, sincerely devoted to the cause he espoused, and the service of his Maker; one widely distinguished from the hypocrites and fanatics of that turbulent era, which, like our own, produced, though in a more exaggerated form, from the stimulus then abroad, the same rank and noxious weeds of hypocrisy and superstition: for man, like a mathematical problem, circumstances and conditions being the same, brings out, invariably, the same results. No form of worship, however ludicrous or revolting, but hath its advocates and supporters; and there is nothing which the proud mind and unsubdued heart of man will not put forth, when that heart is made the hot-bed of unholy and unsanctified feelings; all monstrous and polluted things ripening, even beneath the warm and blessed sun that revives and beautifies all else by its splendour.

Gilgal had, however, his figments and his fancies, inseparable, perchance, from the times and dispositions by which they were engendered. When men, awaking as from a dream, shaking off the deep slumber of bigotry,

but not intolerance, through the medium of their yet unpractised sense, saw "men as trees walking," regarding trivial and unimportant objects as paramount and essential, while others, whose nature was vital and supreme, were hardly discerned, or at best but slightly noticed or understood;—when minds long tinctured by superstition brought the whole of their previous habits and instincts to bear upon the newly awakened energies that were heaving and convulsing the moral fabric of society, and the ground of preconceived notions and opinions on which they stood, they could hardly be persuaded that the kingdom of Heaven "cometh not by observation;" that special miracles, and visible manifestations of divine favour, were not again to be vouchsafed to the "elect;" and that their faith and prayers were not sufficient to remove mountains, and to conquer and subdue every obstacle. There was more pride in these expectations than they were willing to allow, or even to suspect; and, in many, it was the very pride and "naughtiness of their hearts;" whilst, in others, it was but the operation of remaining ignorance, unsubdued lusts, and unsanctified affections.

Gilgal was famous in his day for dealing with "spiritual wickedness in high places." The "prince of the power of the air" was subject unto him. In other words, it was said of him that he had cast out devils, and healed the possessed. When others failed, Gilgal had wrestled, and prevailed. One of the first fruits of this outpouring of his soul was "Steenie Ellison," who, from his childhood, was subject to periodical and violent affections of the body, — contortions that gave him, in the eyes of many, an appearance of one possessed. Stephen had a considerable share of cunning, a sort of knavish sagacity and ready

impertinence, peculiar to most of his kind. He was an orphan, early left to the care of chance or charity, and being a follower of bell-ringers, grave-diggers, and the like, assumed a sort of demi-official attitude at all funerals, weddings, and merry-makings in the neighbourhood. He was generally suspected of holding intercourse with the powers of evil, and when suffering from disease, the unclean spirit whom he had offended was supposed to be afflicting him, having entered into his body to buffet and torment him for his contumacy and disobedience. So partial was he to the art and occupation of grave-making, that he was observed, at times, to hew out a habitation for the dead ere a tenant was provided. It was always remarked, nevertheless, that the narrow house failed not ere long to receive an inhabitant; and this apprehension considerably heightened the terror with which he was regarded, and rendered him celebrated throughout the country by the name of "the live man's sexton."

But the worthy minister being much moved with compassion towards this child of Satan — his bowels yearned for him, that he might cast out the unclean spirit, and deliver him from his spiritual bondage. He accordingly girded himself to the work, and a great name did he get throughout the land by this mighty achievement, for the possessed became docile as a little child before him, and was, subsequently, a sort of erratic follower of the party unto which Gilgal was allied; but he would, at times, forsake the assemblies of the faithful, when, it is said, the dark spirit of divination again came over him, and he would wander among the tombs, showing symptoms of a disordered intellect, though not of the same violent character as before.

Towards the dwelling of Gilgal Snape did Marian direct her steps; — it was but a short mile from her own. Often had she been a visitant to the house, where she imbibed the doctrines and instructions of this sincere and zealous confessor of the faith. She frequently mingled in the devotions that were there offered up; but her piety was of a more moderate and amiable cast; — less violent and ascetic, not unmixed with love and pity for her enemies, and the persecutors of the truth.

Her object, in this visit, was not so much to partake of the crumbs from the good man's spiritual banquet, as to gain some intelligence, through him, respecting Egerton's disappearance. She recognised the individuals, who were in pursuit of him, to be scouts from the republican leaders, with whom the divine was in constant communication. Of the real rank of Egerton she was still ignorant; but she more than suspected his disguise, and scarcely hesitated to conclude, from the anxiety shown for his apprehension, that he was of no little importance in the estimation of his opponents.

Musing and much troubled, by reason of many conflicting emotions, she took no note of the lapse of time, until her arrival at the habitation of this devout minister of the word. It was built in a sequestered glen, by a narrow brook near to a couple of black, shapeless, scraggy firs, whose long lean arms were extended over the roof. A low porch guarded the door, in which dairy utensils, and implements of husbandry, were usually placed. The short casement windows were rendered still more gloomy, and in places screened from light, by the creeping woodbine, throwing its luxuriant and unrestricted foliage about their deep recesses. A

little wicket admitted the visiter into the court, on each side of which was a homely garden, where nothing ornamental was suffered to intrude, or encroach upon the space devoted to objects of usefulness rather than indulgence.

Marian lifted up the latch, entering upon the precincts of this hallowed abode. She passed on, through the large cold cheerless apartment generally called the house: turning thence towards a little chamber, used as an oratory, she heard a loud voice within. She tapped first upon the door, which she slowly opened, and beheld the good man, with the sacred volume spread out before him. He raised his eyes for a moment as she entered, but refrained not from his exercise, nor altered, in the least, the strenuous tone of his orisons.

"And Ehud put forth his left hand, and took the dagger from his right thigh, and smote Eglon, the king of Moab, so that he died. Thus perish the ungodly and the oppressor, even as Abimelech, the son of Jerubbaal, on whom the Almighty rendered the curse of Jotham his brother, and all his wickedness that he had committed, and all the evil of the men of Shechem did God return upon their own heads." Here he raised his eyes, closing the book with a devout aspiration of compliance to the will of Heaven. "I have sought counsel," he continued, "and been much comforted thereby. The wicked shall be utterly cut off, and the ungodly man shall fall by the sword. We may not spare, nor have pity, as Saul spared Agag, whom Samuel hewed in pieces; for the land is cursed for their sakes!"

"Hath Steenie yet returned from vain idols, and the abominations he hath committed?" enquired the maiden.

"He doth yet hunger after the flesh-pots of Egypt; but my bowels yearn towards him, even as my first-born. I do sorrow lest he be finally entangled in the snares of the evil one."

"Knowest thou where he abideth, or if he doth attend the outpouring of the word hereabout?"

"Verily, nay," said the divine; "but I have heard from Sarah and Reuben Heathcote, that he hath been seen in the house of ungodly self-seekers, and notorious papists and malignants, even with our enemies at Garswood. He hath likewise been found resorting unto that high place of papistry, Windleshaw, of late; despising, yea, reviling, the warnings and godly exhortations of the reverend Master Haydock, who did purpose within himself to win, peradventure it might be to afflict with stripes, this lost one from the fold, that he might bring him back. But he hath sorely buffeted, and evil entreated this diligent shepherd with many grievous indignities; such as tying him unto a gate, and vexing him with sundry of Satan's devices. Yet we would fain hope that he is a chosen vessel, though now defiled by the adversary. He will return, peradventure, as heretofore, when the day of his visitation is past." The good man did, indeed, yearn over this erring sinner, and lifting up his voice, he wept aloud.

"There came two men to our habitation, where they abode certain days," said Marian.

"And they departed this morning," said the minister sharply: "knowest thou that these be enemies of our faith, and contemners of the word?"

"I knew them not," she replied, "save that I suspected them as such, ere they departed."

"Thou wouldest not have them taken with thee in the house, and in that thou judgedst wisely; for I care not that a maiden's thoughts were so soon disposed for deeds like these, which be fitter for iron hearts and brazen hands. Though Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, slew Sisera in her tent, and Rahab the harlot received the spies in peace; yet thou didst, I doubt not, point out the way by which they went to the spies sent by the council of the holy state, to follow after these sons of Belial, and deliver them into their hands."

"I know not the path they took," said Marian, evasively.

"Heed not, for the men shall be delivered unto us; even now are they pursued, and, I doubt not, overtaken. Which way soever they turn, their steps are holden, and a snare is laid for their feet; for they shall surely die!" The preacher lifted up his eyes in righteous indignation. "They have made themselves drunk with the blood of the saints."

"Will not their lives be given them for a prey?" enquired Marian, apparently in great alarm.

"I have sought counsel, I tell thee; and the Philistine and the Canaanite shall be destroyed utterly from the land."

"I fear me they be other than I had imagined," returned the maiden, weeping; "yet still, and I trust I shall be forgiven, I could not betray them who have abided with us, and eaten of our bread."

"Thou knowest them not, wench," said Gilgal; "and 'tis perhaps well thou shouldest not." Here he looked fiercely from under his brows, as though he would have pierced the very inmost recesses of her soul.—"Beware,"

continued he, "for thou art comely, and these men do use devilish and subtle devices to allure and to betray."

Marian was silent. A swollen tear, the overflowing of an overwhelmed and oppressed heart, slowly wandered down her cheek. It was the very crisis of the conflict; and the old man forbore to break the bruised reed. She seemed uneasy, and anxious to depart; but he hindered her for a space.

"Wilt thou not, as thou art wont, approach with me to the footstool of Him, who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men?"

Marian felt the rebuke, though it was so finely tempered, and administered so tenderly. She was one of his earlier converts, and his love for her was that of a spiritual parent. Bending the knee, she covered her burning cheeks, and poured out her heart with him in fervour and sincerity. Whether both of them had precisely the same object in view as the end of their supplications, or whether the maiden's fears and inclinations might not lead her to offer up a sincere petition for the safety of others besides those of the household, we will not take upon ourselves to determine; but, on leaving the dwelling of Gilgal Snape, a suppressed sigh and an involuntary whisper escaped her, — "He may yet be spared." She raised her eyes in thankfulness, and a gleam of hope, but not of happiness, irradiated her heart; for she now felt that a great gulf separated them for ever.

She had ascertained by her converse with the puritan, who was well informed in all matters connected with his party, that they were yet unacquainted as to the ulterior proceedings of the strangers; and it seemed probable,

from this circumstance alone, that, at any rate, Egerton had not fallen into their hands.

Her next object was to find out "Steenie," and to elicit from him the knowledge of the stranger's fate; for, unless this mischievous personage had, in some wild erratic freak or another, conveyed him off, she could not tell what mishap could have befallen him. Despite of her prejudices, and the true bent of her disposition, which, though it partook not of the furious and headlong intolerance of the times, was yet sufficiently imbued with the spirit of her sect, the cavalier had won so unsuspectingly upon her kindness, that she started, as though she would have escaped from her own thoughts, when she felt the deep and agonising shudder which crossed her at the bare possibility that he might fall into the hands of the avenger of blood. At a glance she saw the fearful involutions, and the almost inextricable toils by which the fugitives were encompassed. Unaided, she was well aware that their attempts would be fruitless. She knew not the intentions of the crazy sexton on this point. The wayward and apparently capricious movements of this strange compound of puritanism and papistry were too dangerous and uncertain to allow any hope for ultimate safety under his management. Whether or not he had a hand in Egerton's removal was still a matter of conjecture. She felt, in addition to this uncertainty, no slight degree of awe and apprehension in her approaches to this solitary being; and a sort of undefined notion, that, however modified and controlled by circumstances, yet his communications with the world of spirits were still in operation, imparting to his converse and communion with his fellow men a strange and dubious character,

which even strangers did not fail to perceive, and to shrink from contact with a being of such doubtful qualities. His predictions and dark sayings were often quoted, and much more importance was attached to them than their real and obvious meaning should have warranted. They derived greater credence, perhaps, from their usually vague and ambiguous character, suiting any accident and condition, according to the fancy of the hearer, however remotely allied in their meaning and application. Whatsoever might be the event, there was little difficulty in shaping out an appropriate or equivalent prediction; and it did seem, at times, sufficiently marvellous, that few occurrences should take place which could not be traced to some dark foretokening enveloped in one or other of these mystical revelations. Events happen to ourselves, that do, occasionally, and not unfrequently, rush back upon our minds with unaccountable and almost appalling force, as though, however novel in reality, they were but facts and feelings with which we had long ago been familiar, yet in what manner, we are unable to determine. It might seem that they had suddenly, and for a moment, started forth from the Lethe which divides our present existence from some past state of being; that a sudden light had flashed from the portals of oblivion, too rapid, or too dazzling, perhaps, to be apprehended or defined.

As she returned, the shadows of evening were coming on dim and softly over the quiet glades and dewy meadows. The noisy rooks, having lately ventured forth, were cawing cheerily on their homeward flight, "beguiling the way with pleasant intercourse." The lesser birds were flitting towards the bushes; and through the

lingering mist-wreath, floating still and tranquilly on the moist meadows, came forth, at times, a solitary twitter, as though the lark had alighted softly and joyously on her nest. The glow and the brightness of evening were gone, when Marian passed the threshold of her home, uncertain yet as to the fate of Egerton, and the course she should pursue. She allayed, as well as she was able, the fretfulness and impatience of Chisenhall, entreating that he would remain quiet until the morrow, after which it was possible that something would transpire with regard to his friend. The irresistible conclusion that, by venturing forth, he would compromise the safety of all parties, alone rendered him tractable, and prevented the consequences of any rash exposure.

Too much occupied in resolves and plans for to-morrow's enterprise, the maiden, on retiring to her chamber, felt no inclination for repose, and her little couch was left vacant. It was a low room within the thatch, into which a narrow window, projecting from the roof, admitted the clear mellow radiance of the moon, now shining uninterruptedly from above. So lovely and inviting was the aspect of the night, that, after a long and anxious train of thought, she resolved to enjoy the calm and delicious atmosphere, free and unconfined, hoping to feel its invigorating effects upon her exhausted spirits.

It might be within a short half hour of midnight when she tripped lightly down the stairs, and was soon across the stile which led to the deserted chapel of Windleshaw. Attracted by the beauty and the reviving freshness of all around her, fearing no evil, and conscious of no alarm, she proceeded, wandering without aim or purpose, into the quiet cemetery.

In the dark shadow of the building she walked on, fearless and alone. Her bosom had been hitherto the abode of happiness and peace. To the stranger's appearance might be attributed the source of her present disquiet. She would have breathed after communion with heavenly things, but earthly objects mingled in her aspirations; charity, peradventure, for those of another creed, and anxiety for another's fate. But she was not satisfied that this was the sole cause of her unhappiness; and the pang of separation, too, came, like a barbed arrow, into her soul. She felt alarmed, amazed at the sudden change. She feared that her weak and wandering heart was going back to the world, and resting for support on its frail and perishing interests. Tossed and buffeted with temptation, she still passed on; when, turning the angle of the grey tower, she emerged again into the clear, unbroken moonlight; the little hillocks and upright grave-stones alone disturbing the broad and level beam. She was startled from her reverie by dull and heavy sounds near her, as though a pickaxe were employed, by invisible hands, in disturbing the ground close to where she stood. She paused a moment, and listened: the blows were still falling, and she felt the ground vibrating beneath her feet. A sudden thought crossed her, — it might be "Steenie," even at this untimely hour, plying his accustomed vocation. He had been retarded, probably, by the accidents of the day; and the occasion being urgent, according to his own anticipations, had led him to labour so late for its completion. It was doubtless the grave which had been so mysteriously assigned to the lot of Egerton; — a cold tremor crept upon her; she remembered the denunciation, and the uncertain fate of the victim. Even now he might be hastening to his final account, and this horrid

goul might be scenting the dissolution of the body that he was preparing to entomb.

"Graciously forbid it, Heaven!" she inwardly ejaculated, approaching the grave; but so softly, that her footsteps were not heard by the invisible workman, who was deep in the abyss of his own creating. The blows had ceased, and the mattock was now in requisition. Shovelfuls of earth were thrown out; thick and heavy clods were hurled forth in rapid succession. The scene would have driven back many a timid girl; and even some stout hearts and fierce stomachs would have shrunk from the trial. She was within range, and almost within the grasp, of a being whose evil dispositions were known and acknowledged — a being whose mysterious connection with intelligences of an unfriendly nature was universally admitted. A grave, dug in secret, peradventure during some baneful and preternatural process, yawned before her. Midnight, too, was nigh; and she was not devoid of apprehension, — that inherent dread of the invisible things of darkness universally bound up with our feeble and fallen nature. Since the day of his first estrangement, man never, even in imagination or apprehension, approaches the dark and shadowy threshold of a world unseen, without terror, lest some supernatural communication should break forth: it seems a feeling coëval with the curse on our first parents, when they heard "the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden, and were afraid." This apprehension still clings to us; but, though surrounded, in light, as well as in darkness, by a world of disembodied spirits, whose attributes and capacities are inconceivably superior to our own, our nature is so material, and our very essence so engrossed and identified with earth, that it is only when

the startling realities of their existence become manifest in those visible emblems of their nature — darkness and death — that we shrink back in horror, lest our very being should suffer contact with spiritual and eternal things.

Concealed from view, Marian stood still at a very short distance from the grave. Steenie was humming a plaintive ditty, or rather dirge; for it partook of a double character, something between an alehouse roundelay and a funeral chant.

She soon perceived that each spadeful, as it was thrown out, was accompanied by a separate distich, the meaning of which she could distinctly gather from some uncouth and barbarous rhymes — the remnants, probably, of a more superstitious age — almost cabalistic in their form and acceptation. The following may serve as a specimen, though we have taken the precaution to render them a little more intelligible: —

> "Howk back, and dig spade;
> Tenant ne'er grumbled that grave was ill made."

Then came a heavy spadeful of earth again from the narrow house. Another shovelful produced the following doggrel: —

> "Housen, and castles, and kings, decay;
> But the biggins we big last till doomus-day."

Some more coarse and less intelligible jargon followed, which it is not needful that we repeat. Again he threw forth a burden of more than ordinary bulk, resting from his labours during the following more elaborate ditty: —

> "Dark and dreary though it be,
> Thou shalt all its terrors dree;
> Dungeon dark, where none complain,
> Nor 'scape to tell its woe and pain."

Again he bent him to his task, and again the earth went rolling forth, accompanied by something like the following verse: —

> " Though I dig for him that be living yet,
> O'er this narrow gulf he shall never get;
> The mouth gapes wide, that ' Enough ' ne'er cries:
> Each clod that I fling on his bosom lies;
> In darkness and coldness it rests on thee,
> With the last stroke that falls thy doom shall be!"

With increasing energy did he work on, as though to accelerate the fate of his victim. Marian felt herself on the brink of the tomb, and its icy touch was perceptible through every part of her frame.

The mystic chant was again audible, and more distinct than before —

> " The charm is wound, and this stroke shall be
> The last, when it falls, of his destiny;
> Save he sell to another his birthright here,
> Then the buyer shall buy both grave and bier."

Uttering this malediction, he scrambled out of the grave, and suddenly stood before the astonished maiden, who shuddered as she beheld the unshapely outline of a form which she instantly recognised.

He did not seem a whit surprised or startled, though he could not have been aware previously that a listener was nigh.

" What, ho, wench!" said he; " art watching for a husband?" His sharp shrill voice grated on her ear like the cry of the screech-owl.

" I came to meet thee!" said she, firmly. He broke forth into a loud laugh at this reply, more terrible than

the most violent expression of hate or malignity. No wonder, in those ages, that it was supposed to be the operation of some demon, animate in his form, controlling and exercising the bodily functions to his own malignant designs.

"Where is he whom I seek?" enquired the maiden.

"Ask the clods of the valley, and the dust unto which man departs!" he replied, pointing significantly to the gulf at his feet.

"Nay," said Marian, apparently to humour the fantastical turn of his ideas; "thou knowest, if he sell that grave to another, he shall escape, and the doom shall be foregone."

"Ay, lassie; but there be no fools now-a-days, I wot, to buy a man's grave over his head, for the sake of a bargain!"

"I warrant thee now, Steenie, but thou hast hidden him hereabout." She said this in as careless and indifferent a tone as she could well assume.

"I am but a keeping of him safe till his time comes. Neither priest nor presbyterian shall cheat me out of him. He's mine, as sure as that grave gives not back its prey.

"He is living, I trow?"

"Good wot, I reckon so; but living men may die; and this pick never, for man or woman, opened a mouth that was left to gape long without victuals."

"Thou wouldst not harm him?"

"I'd not hurt the hair on a midge-tail, though it stung me. But his doom was shown me yesternight," said he, lowering his voice to a whisper; "and I would have him laid here in consecration, that the devil get not his

bones to pick, for neither priest nor puritan can bless the ground now-a-days like unto this."

Whether the cause of his anxiety was really a wish to provide a hallowed resting place for the cavalier, or this pretence was merely to cover some ulterior purposes of his own, the maiden was left without a clue to form any plausible conjecture. She had heard sufficient, however, to ascertain that he was in some way or another accessory to the disappearance of Egerton, and that, in all likelihood, he knew the retreat of the unfortunate captive.

A woman's wits are proverbially sharpened by exigencies, and Marian was not slow in obeying their impulse.

"Where art thou abiding? I would fain speak with thee to-morrow touching thy condition, for thou hast been much estranged from us of late."

He pointed to the ivied belfry, where a grated loophole formed a dark cross on the wall.

"A man may sleep, if the wind will let him; but such fearsome visions I have had of late, that I ha' been just nigh 'reft o' my wits. Wilt' be a queen, or a queen-mother, Marian? Something spake to me after this fashion; but I was weary with watching. The spirit passed from me, and I comprehended him not."

She was silent, apprehensive that his wits were at present too bewildered for her purpose; being always subject to aberration, under any peculiar excitement of either mind or body.

"I will visit thee yonder, to-morrow," said Marian.

"Me!" he shouted in a tone of surprise. "Bless thy pretty face, Marian! I have bolted him in. He is but waiting for his dismissal."

"Whither?"

Again he pointed to the grave.

"Tush!" said Marian; "he will not, may be, get his passport thither so soon, unless, indeed, thou shouldst starve him to death."

"Starve him! Nay, by" —— he stopped just as he was on the point of uttering some well-remembered, but long quiescent oath.

"I thought not of that before, Marian: he will want some food. Ay—ay, bless thy little heart, I did not think on't. But for thee, Marian, I should ha' kept him there, and he might ha' starved outright; though he will not need it long, I trow, poor fool!" said he, with a sigh, ludicrous enough under other circumstances, but now invested with all the solemnity of a supernatural disclosure.

"I will away for victuals," said Marian: "stay here until I return." A short time only elapsed, ere she came again, laden with provisions and other restoratives, judging that the captive stood in need of some refreshment.

Stephen was waiting for her in a deep and solemn fit of abstraction, before the low door leading to a staircase at the foot of the tower. He spoke not until she stood beside him.

"My brain, Marian—oh! my brain. Here—here!" Seizing her hand, he pressed it hurriedly over his brow, which was hot, almost scorching. The blood beat rapidly through his throbbing temples. Fearful lest the approaching hallucination might prevent her benevolent designs, she soothed and coaxed him to lead the way, which had the desired effect; muttering as he went on, at times, unintelligibly, at others speaking with peculiar emphasis and vehemence.

"The foul fiend came again, though he was cast out; and I—I yielded. He promised me gold, if I would dig for 't. And I digg'd, and digg'd; but it always shaped itself into a grave;—another's grave;—and I never found any. Yea, once. Look thee, wench," said he, pulling out a bright Jacobus from his belt, and holding it in the beam that shot through a loophole of the ascent. "Yes; this—this! the devil brought it that tempted me. No, no; I sold my own grave for 't. Would it were mine again: I had been where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Nay; there will be no rest for me. I am an apostate—a castaway,—the devil that seduced me hath said it again and again,—for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness, and the noisome pit for ever! But as long, look thee, as I keep this gold, I die not. No! though twice ten thousand were on my track; for I sold my grave to a doomed one; nor, till I buy another with the same piece of gold, shall death and hell prevail against me. So sayeth the fiend."

Marian felt actually as though in the presence of the Evil One, so completely had the frenzy of this poor deluded idiot developed itself in this short interval. Some violent paroxysm was evidently approaching; and her object was, if possible, to procure the liberation of Egerton before her guide should be rendered either unwilling or incapable. He suddenly assumed a more calm and consistent demeanour, while, to her great joy, she heard him climbing the stair. She followed as closely as the darkness would permit, and heard him pause after ascending a few steps. Then a bolt was withdrawn, her hand was seized, and she was led hastily through the aperture. It was the entrance to a small chamber in the tower,

lighted by the grating before named, though which the moonlight came softly, like a wizard stream, into the apartment.

By this light she saw something coiled up in a corner, like a human form in the attitude of repose. It was the prisoner, Egerton, fast asleep. Nature, worn out with suffering, was unconsciously enjoying, for a season, the bliss of oblivion. He heard not the intruders, until Marian gently touched him, when, starting up, he cried—

"Is mine hour come? so soon! I thought ——"

"Here be victuals; thy grave's not ready yet," said the maniac.

Soon the soft voice of the maiden fell calmly and quietly on his bosom; and, in that hour, Egerton felt how noble, how self-denying, was the spirit guiding the hand that ministered to him in the hour of danger and distress. Her disinterestedness was now manifest. Of another creed, and fully aware, perhaps, that he had been one of the most zealous persecutors of those who aforetime were hunted like the wild roe upon the mountains; he found that she had knowledge of him, generally, as belonging to the royalist party, though not individually as to his rank and character.

If she had set herself to win his favour by draughts and love-philters, she could not have compassed her design more effectually. His impetuous nature was alike impatient of restraint either in love or in war; but in the latter instance the flame had burnt so rapidly, that it was nigh extinguished. This maiden being renowned through the whole neighbourhood for her beauty, as well as the natural and engaging simplicity, and gentleness of her manners, appertaining to one of high birth, nurtured in courts,

rather than in so humble a station, the cavalier had beforetime looked on her with a favourable glance, but not with eyes at which the god Hymen would have lighted his torch. Now, so strange and wayward is that capricious passion which men call love, that when beset with dangers, his life in jeopardy, and threatened with death on every hand, he seemed to cling even to this lowly one as though his soul were bound to hers. Love, that mighty leveller, for a season threw down every barrier,—the pride of birth, and the rank and sphere which were his birthright,—nor did a licentious thought find a resting-place in his bosom. Young and ardent, he had spoken to her beforetime, though not explicitly, on the subject; and Marian, knowing none other but that he was a wayfaring man, of little note,—so he represented himself,—regarded his handsome person, his kindness, and his attentions, with still less appearance of disfavour.

"Thou shouldest be mine, Marian," said he, "were I ——"

"Never!" she replied, interrupting him; but a sudden heaving of the breast showed the anguish that one hopeless word cost her.

Stephen was in the chamber, still hurrying to and fro, too fully absorbed in his own abstractions to understand or attend to what was passing.

"And wherefore?" enquired the cavalier, with some surprise.

"Wherefore? Ask your own nature and condition; your pride of station, which I have but lately known; your better reason, why; and see if it were either wise or fitting that one like yourself—though of your precise condition I am yet ignorant—should wive with the daughter of a poor

but honest tapster. Suffer this plainness;—I might be your bauble to-day, and your chain to-morrow!"

"Thou dost wrong me!" said the cavalier; and he took her hand tenderly, almost unresistingly, for a moment. "I would wear thee as my heart's best jewel, and inlay thee in its shrine. It is but fitting that the life thou hast preserved should be rendered unto thee."

"Nay, sir," said she, withdrawing her hand, "my pride forbids it; ay, pride! equal, if not superior to your own. I would not be the wife of a prince on these terms; nor on any other. 'Be not unequally yoked.' Will not this wholesome precept hold even in a carnal and worldly sense. I would not endure the feeling of inferiority, even from a husband. 'Twould but be servitude the more galling, because I could neither persuade myself into an equality, nor rid me of the chain."

"Thou dost reason wondrously, maiden. 'Tis an easy conquest, when neither passion nor affection oppose our judgment; when the feelings are too cold to kindle even at the spark which the Deity himself hath lighted for our solace and our blessing in this valley of tears."

"Mine!—Oh! say not they are too cold, too slow to kindle. They are too easily roused, too ardent, too soon bent before an earthly idol; but"—— here she laid her hand on his arm; "but the right hand must be cut off, the right eye plucked out. I would not again be their slave, under the tyranny and dominion of these elements of our fallen nature, for all the pomps and vanities which they would purchase. There be mightier obstacles than those of expediency, as thou dost well imagine, to thy suit; but these are neither coldness nor indifference." Here her voice faltered with emotion, and her heart rose,

rebelling against her own inflexible purpose, in that keen, that overwhelming anguish of the spirit. She soon regained her composure, as she uttered firmly—"They are — my altar, and my faith!"

Egerton felt as though a sudden stroke had separated them for ever — as though it were the last look of some beloved thing just wrenched from his grasp. This very feeling, had none other prompted, made him more anxious for its recovery; and he would have urged his suit with all the energy of a reckless desperation, but the maiden firmly resisted.

"Urge me not again: not all the inducements, I trust, that even thou couldst offer, would make me forget my fealty! No more—I hear thee not. The tempter, I know, hath too many allies within the citadel — worldly vanities and unsubdued affections—to suffer me to parley with the traitors, and listen to their unholy suggestions. Again I say, I hear thee not!"

Finding it was in vain, he forbore to persecute her farther; and after having merely tasted of the cordial, and partaken of a slight refreshment, he listlessly enquired if the term of his imprisonment would soon expire.

"Tarry here for a season, until the heat and energy of the pursuit be overpast, or at least abated. We could not find a more fitting place of concealment."

"Being straitened for moneys, until we can obtain succour from our friends, I cannot reward your hospitality as I would desire; but, if we are brought forth and delivered safely from this thrall, thy father's house shall not be forgotten."

"We will not touch the least of all thy gifts," said the maiden: "forbid that we sold our succour to the dis-

tressed, though it were to the most cruel and bitter of our enemies!"

A sudden thought excited this noble-hearted female. She cautiously approached her companion, who, having discontinued his perambulations, had seated himself in a corner, awaiting the termination of their interview. Knowing that he had generally a hoard of moneys about his person,—for covetousness was ever his besetting sin,—she ventured to solicit a loan, either for herself or the stranger, judging that Egerton's escape would be much impeded, if, as he had just confessed, his finances were hardly sufficient for his ordinary expenditure.

"And so I must give my blood and my groats to nourish thy sweethearts, wench," said the surly money-lender. "I have saved this prelatist and malignant from his adversaries, and now"—— he considered a while, muttering his thoughts and arguments to himself with a most confused and volatile impetuosity of ratiocination. In a short time he seemed to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion through all this obscurity, and drew out a handful of coin, of some low denomination, apparently by the sound, and placed it in the hands of his fair suitor.

"There — there — one, two, three. Never mind, wench; I could have counted 'em once with the best clerkman i' the parish; and, for the matter of that, I 've told 'em oft enough, though, — but — the count always seems to slip from me. It is all I have, save the price of my life; and I would not part with that for a world's worth; for what should it profit me, when with it I had bought my grave?"

Marian immediately transferred the long-hoarded treasure into the hands of the cavalier.

"Thanks; yea, better than these, for they were a poor recompence, my peerless maiden. I scruple not to receive this loan at thine hands, because it is part of the means thou dost employ for my escape. Yet doubt not of my willingness and ability to repay thee tenfold. Thou wilt not deny me this silly suit."

As he said this, he, with the greatest gallantry and devotedness, kissed the hand held forth to supply his exigency. He was accompanying the movement with some fair and courtly speech, when a loud and terrible cry startled him. It was more like the howl of some ravenous beast, than any sound which human organs ever uttered. Curses followed, horrible, untold, the suggestion of fiends in their bitterness and malignity. Then came the cry, or rather shriek —

"Lost! lost!" at irregular intervals.

The cavalier and his companion were much alarmed by this unexpected occurrence. They doubted not that the foul fiend was before them, bodily, in the form of this poor maniac. After a short interval of silence, he cried, approaching them fiercely —

"Ye have sold me, soul and body, to the wicked one. May curses long and heavy light on ye! The coin! the coin! Oh, that accursed thing! I have bought thy grave, stranger; and my day of hope is past!"

The latter part of the speech was uttered in a tone of such deep and heart-rending misery, that pity arose in place of terror in the bosom of his auditors. Marian ventured to address him, hoping she might assuage or dissipate the fearful hallucination under which he laboured.

"There is yet hope for the repenting sinner. The hour of life is the hour of grace; for that, and that only,

is life prolonged. Turn to Him from whom thou hast backslidden, nor add unto thy crime by wilfully rejecting the free offers of His mercy."

"Mercy! — Life!" Here he laughed outright. — "Hearest thou not my tormentor? — Life! — I am dead, wench; and my grave is waiting for me, dug by these accursed fingers. That grave I digged for thee, is now mine. Unwittingly have I bought it, and the coin is in thy purse!"

It seems the poor maniac, in replacing the mysterious coin, to which, from some cause or other, he attached such importance, had unthinkingly added it to the common hoard, and in this manner conveyed it to the stranger, whose grave he persisted he had bought by this transfer; and nothing could shake his belief in so marvellous a conclusion.

The cavalier attempted to comfort him; and, in order to make the delusion subservient to the removal of its terrors, he offered to restore the coin, or even the whole of what he had received, that the simple grave-digger might be certain he had it in possession.

"'Tis needless; the token, once from my grasp, and in the fingers of another whose grave I have digged, would never change my doom by its return. Keep what thou hast; and may it serve thee more faithfully than it hath served me! But remember, — let me say it while my senses hold together, for I feel the blast coming that shall scatter them to the four winds, — remember, if thou part therefrom, as I have done, to some doomed one, thou shalt go to the grave in his stead. But a charmed life is thine as long as it is in thy possession. Away — leave me — the master will be here presently for his own. — Leave me, I say; for when the fiend cometh, he 'll not

tarry. But be sure you make fast the door, lest I escape, and mischief happen, should I get abroad."

"Stephen!" said Marian, "slight not the mercy of thy God, nor dishonour his name, by hearkening to the suggestions of the enemy. His arm is not shortened, nor his ear heavy."

"I know it;—but when the fiend came, and found the house swept and garnished, did he not take unto himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and was not the latter end of that man worse than the first?"

"Yet," said Marian, "would he have been delivered if he had cried out to the strong man armed?"

But he would hear no refutation, persisting in the thought that his crime was unpardonable, since he had relapsed after the devil was cast out. During the present paroxysm, it was in vain to thwart him farther; indeed their stay was attended with some hazard, of which, it seems, he felt aware, inasmuch as he drave them forth without ceremony. Availing themselves of his suggestion, they bolted the door on the outside, thus preventing any further mischief. Here was a perplexing and unforeseen dilemma; and how to dispose of the cavalier was a question of no slight importance. At present the only alternative was to convey him to his fellow-traveller, Chisenhall, who, comfortably established in his narrow loft, was quite unconscious of the events that were passing so near him.

As they left the cemetery they heard the groans and cries of the unfortunate victim, suffering, as he imagined, from the resistless power of his tormentor.

Early, with the early dawn, Marian again sought the

dwelling of Gilgal Snape. She earnestly entreated him that he would make all speed to the chapel, — again exercising his peculiar gift in "binding the strong man armed," or, in other words, dispossessing the demoniac.

The benevolent divine instantly accompanied her, and forthwith proceeded to the relief of the possessed. Howls and shrieks accosted him as he ascended the stair.

"I must be alone," said he; "no earthly witness may be nigh. Strong in faith, by the grace that is given me, I doubt not that this also thou wilt vouchsafe to thine unworthy dust," — he raised his eyes toward Heaven; — "yet, should I fail, he will not let me be overcome, nor fall into the snare of the wicked one; for I know, and am assured, that this trial shall turn out to the furtherance of his glory!"

Marian left him at the entrance. But, with the minister's appearance in the chamber, the agony of the deluded sufferer seemed to quicken; as if the sight of him, who was the herald of mercy, only added fresh fuel to his torments. Marian was fain to depart; her ears almost stunned with the cries and howlings of the demoniac. She withdrew in great agitation, her knees almost sinking under their burden. Hardly conscious of the removal, she reached her own chamber, where, covering her face with both hands, she wept bitterly. This outburst of tears relieved her; though she still suffered from the recent excitement. Her former resolutions were strengthened by the terrible example she had just witnessed; and the backsliding impenitent she looked upon as a watchlight to warn her from the rocks whereon he had made shipwreck.

Some hours passed on, but no tidings came from the

"abbey." She often looked out across the path, and towards the stile which led to the ruins; but all was undisturbed. The sun shining down, bright and unclouded, — all was harmony and peace, — "all, save the spirit of man, was divine," — all fulfilling their Maker's ordinances, and his behest.

The sun was creeping down towards the dark low tower of the chapel; and Marian was still at the door, gazing out anxiously for intelligence. She saw a figure mounting the stile. It was — she could not be mistaken — it was the reverend, and easily recognised, form of Gilgal Snape. She ran down the path to meet him; and she could not help noticing that he looked more sedate than usual, appearing harassed and disquieted, betraying more obviously the approach of age and infirmities.

"Have you wrestled with the adversary, and prevailed?" enquired she anxiously.

"I have had a fearful and a perilous struggle. The fight was long; but, by the sword of the Spirit, I *have* prevailed."

"Has the backslider been brought again to the fold?"

"He hath, I trust, been found of the good Shepherd; and he now sleepeth — in Abraham's bosom!"

"Dead! Hath the grave so soon demanded its prey?"

"I left him not until the spirit was rendered unto Him who gave it. He entreated me sore that I would not leave him until I had watched his dismissal from the body."

"Then do I know of a surety that the evil spirit was cast out, and the lost one restored."

"There was joy in Heaven over a repentant sinner

this day. When the dark foe was vanquished, his spirit came again as a little child, and the leprosy of his sin was healed. Verily, the evil one, ere he was overthrown, did utter many strange words touching things to come, and our present perplexities. There seemed to be a spirit of divination within him, which did prophesy. Marian," continued the divine, with a scrutinising look, "he did tell of thy dealing with our enemies, and that thou dost even now nourish and conceal those of whom we are in search."

"If thine enemy hunger" —— but Marian was hastily interrupted in her plea.

"But of the secrets which, by virtue of mine office and godly vocation, men do intrust to my safe keeping, I may not use, even to the hurt of our enemies, and the welfare of the church, yet buffeted by Satan in the wilderness. Nevertheless I was sore troubled that thou, even thou, shouldest harbour and abet these wicked men, who have broken the covenant, and plucked up the seed of the kingdom. Truly, I wot not where the afflicted church shall find succour, when her foes be they of her own household."

"I knew not that they were enemies when first they sought our habitation. They had eaten and drunken at our board, and the" ——

"These sons of Belial found favour in thy sight, even the chief captain of the king's host. I would not accuse or blame thee rashly; but, verily, thou hast not judged wisely in this matter, for now must they depart, inasmuch as I cannot use, even to the advantage of our just cause, the knowledge I have gained; nor wilt thou render them

up, I trow; but mark me, the avenger of blood is behind them, and though the city of refuge be nigh, they shall not escape! —— Yet there be other marvels this wicked one did set forth," said the minister, with a searching eye directed to the maiden. "One of these uncircumcised Philistines did woo thee for his bride. What answer gavest thou?"

"Such answer as becometh one who seeketh not fellowship with the works of darkness."

"'Tis well. — Now lead me to this Joab the son of Zeruiah, this captain of the king's host; for I have a message unto him also."

Following the astonished and trembling maiden, the divine, fraught with some weighty commission, was admitted into the temporary concealment of the fugitives. It was a narrow and inconvenient loft, above one of the out-buildings; the roof so low that it was only in some places the upright figure of the minister might be sustained. The light penetrated through an aperture in the roof, showing the guests within, seated, and enjoying a frugal but sufficient repast.

"I am one of few words," said the divine, "and so much the rather as that I now stand in the presence of mine enemies. What sayest thou, Prince Rupert, the persecutor of God's heritage, who didst not stay thine hand from the slaughter, even of them that were taken captive? What sayest thou that the word should not go forth to kill and slay, even as thou didst smite and not spare, but didst destroy utterly, them who, when beleaguered by thine armies in Bolton, were delivered into thine hand?"

"Ha!" said the Prince; "thou — a cockatrice to betray me!"

"She hath not betrayed thee. Yonder poor and afflicted sinner, when in bondage unto Satan, led captive by him at his will, did reveal it by the spirit of prophecy that was in him. But we take not advantage of this to thine hurt; we may not use the devil's works for the building up and welfare of the Church, even though she were mightily holpen thereby. — But listen: thou hast wooed this maiden to be the wife of thy bosom. In the dark roll of destiny it is written, — so spake the unclean spirit, — that if thou shouldest wed, a son springing from thy loins shall sit upon the throne of this unhappy realm. He shall govern the people righteously, every one under his own vine and his own fig-tree, none daring to make them afraid. Surely it would not be a vain and an evil thing should the maiden be—— Yet — this is my temptation. Get thee behind me, Satan. May the thought and the folly of my heart be forgiven me! No! proud and cruel persecutor, this maiden is a pearl of rare price which thou shalt not win, — a chosen one who hath had grace given unto her above measure, even above that vouchsafed unto me. I do loathe and abhor myself for the iniquity of my heart, and the unsubdued carnality of my spirit."

"Your highness had need of great meekness and patience to endure this grievous outpouring," said Chisenhall to the silent and bewildered prince. "Shall I thrust him through, and make sure of his fidelity?"

"Hurt him not," said his highness to this effectual admonisher unto secresy. — "And what if I should not

wed?" continued he, addressing the divine, and at the same time looking tenderly on the damsel.

"To this point too was the prophecy accordant. The sceptre shall nevertheless be given to one of thy race; thy sister's son shall carry down the line of kings to this people, and the Lord's work shall still prosper. Now, daughter of many prayers, — for I have yearned over thee with more than a father's love, — choose thee without constraint this day. Thou hearest the words of this prophecy: wilt thou be the mother of kings, or the lowly and despised follower of God's heritage?"

"I will not grasp the bubble of ambition. It bursts —, a hollow vapour when possessed. Let me choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than obtain all the treasures of Egypt. But tempt me not again, for my soul cleaveth to the dust — flesh and blood shrink from the trial!"

She sobbed aloud, and threw herself on the old man's neck, who scarcely refrained from joining in her tears.

"Thou hast come forth as gold from the furnace, — thou hast kept the faith, and holden fast thy profession," said the divine, with a glance of triumph. Marian held out her hand to the prince, who grasped it with fervour. She seemed more like to some holy and heavenward thing than a denizen of this polluted earth, — more like a type of the confessors and martyrs of the primitive church, than a disciple of our own, nurtured in the lap of carnal security, with little show of either zeal or devotion.

"Your highness must depart — but whither?" said she, with an anxious and enquiring glance directed to the minister.

"Take no thought for their safety, thy constancy hath

earned their deliverance. My safe-conduct will carry them unharmed beyond the reach of their enemies — but let them not return. It is at their own peril if they be found again harboured in this vicinage, and their blood be on their own heads!"

They departed, and the subsequent history of the gallant Rupert is well known. He joined the king at Oxford, and helped him to retrieve his defeat at Newbury, bringing off his artillery left at Dunnington Castle, in the very face of the enemy. At the decisive battle of Naseby we find him performing feats of extraordinary valour: but, as before, his headlong and precipitate fury led him into the usual error; and though the loss of the battle was not to be attributed entirely to his imprudence, yet a little more caution would have altered materially the results of that memorable conflict. Harassed and dispirited, he threw himself with the remainder of his troops into Bristol, intending to defend it to the last extremity; but even here his constitutional fortitude and valour seemed to forsake him, — a poorer defence was not made by any town during the whole war, and the general expectations were extremely disappointed. No sooner had the parliamentary forces entered the lines by storm, than the prince capitulated, and surrendered the place to General Fairfax. A few days before, he had written a letter to the king, in which he undertook to defend it for four months, if no mutiny obliged him to surrender it. Charles, who was forming schemes and collecting forces for the relief of the city, was astonished at so unexpected an event, which was little less fatal to his cause than the defeat at Naseby. Full of indignation, he instantly recalled all

Prince Rupert's commissions, and sent him a pass to go beyond sea.*

Several years afterwards, we find him in command of a squadron of ships, intrusted to him by Charles II., when an exile in Normandy. Admiral Blake received orders from the parliament to pursue him. Rupert, being much inferior in force, took shelter in Kinsale, and escaping thence fled toward the coast of Portugal. Blake pursued and chased him into the Tagus, where he intended to attack him. But the King of Portugal, moved by the favour which throughout Europe attended the royal cause, refused Blake admission, and aided the prince in making his escape. Having lost the greater part of his fleet off the coast of Spain, he made sail toward the West Indies; but his brother, Prince Maurice, was there shipwrecked in a hurricane. Every where his squadron subsisted by privateering, sometimes on English, sometimes on Spanish vessels. Rupert at last returned to France, where he disposed of the remnants of his fleet, together with his prizes.†

He was never married; peradventure the remembrance of the noble and heroic maiden marred his wiving; he cared not for the presence of those courtly dames by whom he was surrounded, though a soldier, and a brave one. By one of his race the crown of these realms was inherited; and the same line is yet perpetuated in the person of our gracious monarch, whom God preserve! The sister of Rupert, Princess Sophia, by marriage with the Elector of Hanover, became the mother of George I.;

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* Clarendon. † Hume.

and thus was that singular prediction of the supposed demoniac strangely and happily verified. Of Marian little remains to be told; the lives of the virtuous and well-doing furnish little matter for the historian; their deeds are not of this world; the bright page of their history is unfolded only in the next.

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